







L. E. Landon

POETICAL WORKS
of
LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON



PHILADELPHIA
JAS. B. SMITH & CO.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

L. E. L.

With a Memoir, by a Lady.



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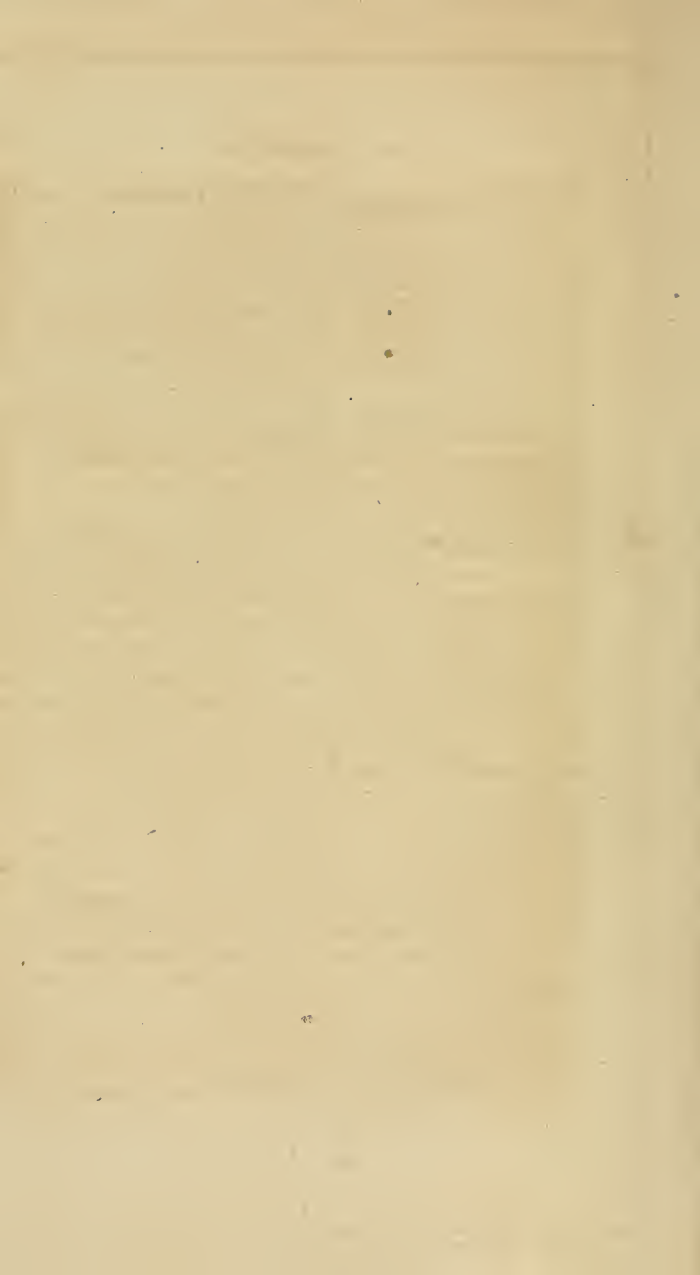
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P R E F A C E .

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DIFFIDENCE of their own abilities, and fear, which heightens the anxiety for public favor, are pleas usually urged by the youthful writer : may I, while venturing for the first time to speak of myself, be permitted to say they far more truly belong to one who has had experience of both praise and censure. The feelings which attended my first publication, were very different from those that accompany the present volume. I believe I *then* felt little beyond hope, vague as the timidity which subdued it, and that excitement which every author must know : *now*, mine is a “further looking hope ;” and the timidity which apprehended the verdict of others, is now deepened by distrust of my own powers. Or, to claim my poetical privilege, and express my meaning by a simile, I should say, I am no longer one who springs forward in the mere energy of exercise and enjoyment ; but rather like the Olympian racer, who strains his utmost vigor, with the distant goal and crown in view. I have devoted my whole life to one object : in society I have but sought the material for solitude. I can imagine but one interest in existence,—that which has filled my past, and haunts my future,—the perhaps vain desire, when I am nothing, of leaving one of those memories at once a good and a glory. Believing, as I do, in the great and excellent influence of poetry, may I hazard the expression of what I have myself sometimes trusted to do ? A highly cultivated state of society must ever have for concomitant evils, that

selfishness, the result of indolent indulgence ; and that heartlessness attendant on refinement, which too often hardens while it polishes. Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wish to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavored to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave. Surely we must be less worldly, less interested, from this sympathy with the sorrow in which our unselfish feelings alone can take part. And now a few words on a subject, where the variety of the opinions offered have left me somewhat in the situation of the prince in the fairy tale, who, when in the vicinity of the magic fountain, found himself so distracted by the multitude of voices that directed his way, as to be quite incapable of deciding which was the right path. I allude to the blame and eulogy which have been equally bestowed on my frequent choice of Love as my source of song. I can only say, that for a woman, whose influence and whose sphere must be in the affections, what subject can be more fitting than one which it is her peculiar province to refine, spiritualize, and exalt ? I have always sought to paint it self-denying, devoted, and making an almost religion of its truth ; and I must add, that such as I would wish to draw her, woman actuated by an attachment as intense as it is true, as pure as it is deep, is not only more admirable as a heroine, but also in actual life, than one whose idea of love is that of light amusement, or at worst of vain mortification. With regard to the frequent application of my works to myself, considering that I sometimes portrayed love unrequited, then betrayed, and again destroyed by death—may I hint the conclusions are not quite logically drawn, as assuredly the same mind cannot have suffered such varied modes of misery. However, if I must have an unhappy passion, I can only console myself with my own perfect unconsciousness of so great a misfortune. I now

leave the following poems to their fate ; they must speak for themselves. I could but express my anxiety, an anxiety only increased by a popularity beyond my most sanguine dreams.

With regard to those whose former praise encouraged, their best recompense is the happiness they bestowed. And to those whose differing opinion expressed itself in censure, I own, after the first chagrin was past, I never laid down a criticism by which I did not benefit, or trust to benefit. I will conclude by apostrophizing the hopes and fears they excited, in the words of the Mexican king—"Ye have been the feathers of my wings."

L. E. L. .

MEMOIR.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was descended from Sir William Landon, a successful participator in the South Sea Bubble, but who afterwards contrived to lose the whole patrimonial estates. About the commencement of the eighteenth century the family were settled at Crednall in Herefordshire, where they enjoyed some landed property. Her great grand father was rector of Nursted and Ilsted in Kent, and a zealous antagonist of all dissent. His son was rector of Tedstone Delamare, near Bromyard, Herefordshire. At his death, the property of the family being exhausted, his children, eight in number, were left to make their way through the world as they could. L. E. L.'s father, John Landon, was the eldest of these children. He went to sea and made two voyages, one to the coast of Africa, and one to Jamaica. His friend and patron, Admiral Bowyer, dying, his career in the naval service was stopped. In the mean time, the next of his brothers, Whittington Landon, had acquired promotion in the church, and eventually became Dean of Exeter. By his influence the father of the poet was established as a partner in the prosperous house of Adair, army agents, in Pall Mall. On this he married Catherine Jane Bishop, a lady of Welsh extraction, and settled in Hans-place. Here L. E. L. was born, on the 14th of August, 1802. Besides her, was an only brother, the Rev. Whittington Henry Landon.

In her sixth year she was sent to school to Miss Rowden, at No. 22 Hans-place; the house in which she was destined to pass the greater part of her life: This lady, herself a poet, afterward became Countess St. Quentin, and died near Paris. In this school, Miss Mitford was educated; and here Lady Caroline Lamb was for a time an inmate. At this period L. E. Landon was here only a few months. She had been occasionally taken into the country, to a farm in which her father

was deeply interested, called Coventry Farm, in Hertfordshire. She now went with her family to reside at Trevor Park, East Barnet, where her education was conducted by her cousin, Miss Landon. She was now about seven years old, and here the family continued to live about six years. Here she read a great deal of romance and poetry, and began to show the operation of her fancy by relating long stories to her parents, and indulging in long meditative walks in the lime-walks in the garden. Her brother was her companion, and, spite of her nascent authorship, they seemed to have played, and romped, and enjoyed themselves as children should do. They read Plutarch, and had a great ambition of being Spartans. An anecdote is related of their taking vengeance on the gardener, for some affront, by shooting at him with arrows with nails stuck in them, for piles, and of his tossing them upon a quickset hedge for punishment; most probably one of the old-fashioned square cut ones, where they would be rather prisoners than sufferers. This man, whose name was Chambers, L. E. L. taught to read; and he afterwards saved money, and retired to keep an Inn at Barnet.

Now she read the Arabian Nights, Scott's Metrical Romances, and Robinson Crusoe, besides a book called "Silvester Trampe." This last professed to be a narrative of travels in Africa, and seems especially to have fascinated her imagination. No doubt that the united effects of this book, of other African travels, and of the fact of her father and one of her cousins having made voyages to that continent, had no little influence in deciding the fatal step of marrying to go out to Cape Coast. To the happy days spent at Trevor Park, and the reading of books like these, always a period of elysium to a child, L. E. Landon makes many references, both in her poems and her prose sketches, called "Traits and Trials of Early Life." Some lines addressed to her brother commemorate these imaginative pleasures very graphically:—

"It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his voyages, who found the fair South Seas.
For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at sea,
And the pond amid the willows, our ocean seemed to be:
The water lilies growing beneath the morning smile,
We called the South Sea Islands, each flower a different Isle.
Within that lovely garden what happy hours went by,
While we fancied that around us spread a foreign Sea and Sky.

From this place the family removed to Lower-place, Fulham, where they continued about a year, and then removed again to Old Brompton. L. E. Landon now gave continually increasing signs of a propensity to Poetry. Mr. Jerdan, the editor of "The Literary Gazette," was a neighbor of her father, and from time to time her compositions were shown to him, who at once saw and acknowledged their great promise. It does not appear very clear whether she continued at home during this period—that is, from the time the family came to live here, when she was about fourteen, till the death of her father when she was about twenty; but it is probable that she was for a good part of this time at the school, No. 22 Hans-place, which was now in the hands of the Misses Lance, as she says of herself,—“I have lived all my life since childhood with the same people. The Misses Lance,” etc. However, it was at about the age of eighteen that her contributions appeared in "The Literary Gazette," which excited universal attention. These had been preceded by a little volume, now forgotten, "The Fate of Adelaide," a Swiss romantic tale; and was speedily followed by "The Improvisatrice." It was during the writing of this her first volume of successful poetry that her father died, leaving her in narrow circumstances.

L. E. Landon was a creature of town and social life. The bulk of her existence was spent in Hans-place, Sloane-street, Chelsea. Like Charles Lamb, she was so moulded to London habits and tastes, that that was the world to her. The country was not to her what it is to those who have passed a happy youth there, and learned to sympathize with its spirit and enjoy its calm. In one respect she was right. Those who look for society alone in the country, are not likely to be much pleased with the change from London, where every species of intelligence concentrates; where the rust of intellectual sloth is briskly rubbed off; and old prejudices, which often lie like fogs in low still nooks in the country, are blown away by the lively winds of discussion. Dr. Sam. Johnson, said on one occasion: "Sir, the man that is tired of London, is tired of life;" and on another, in reply to a question asked him of his preferences, while in Scotland, "the finest sight I saw, was the road to London."

Though descended from a country family, and spending some time, as a child, in the country, she was not there long enough to cultivate those associations with places and things which cling to the heart in

after life. Her mind, naturally quick, and all her tastes, were developed in the city. City life was part and parcel of her being; and as she was one of the most brilliant and attractive of its children, we must be thankful to take her as she was. It robs us of nothing but of certain attributes of the picturesque in the account of her abodes.

The history of her life from this time is chiefly the history of her works. "The Improvisatrice" was published in 1824; "The Troubadour" in 1825; "The Golden Violet" in 1826; "The Venitian Bracelet" in 1829. In 1830, she produced her first prose work, "Romance and Reality." In 1831, she commenced the editorship of "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," which she continued yearly till the time of her marriage—eight successive volumes. In 1835, she published "Francesca Carrara;" "The Vow of the Peacock," 1835; "Traits and Trials of Early Life," 1836; and in the same year "Ethel Churchill." Besides these works she wrote immensely in the annuals and periodicals, and edited various volumes of illustrated works for the publishers.

None of the laborious tribe of authors ever toiled more incessantly or more cheerfully than Letitia Elizabeth Landon, none with a more devotedly generous spirit. She had the proud satisfaction of contributing to the support of her family, and, to the last minute of her life, this great object was uppermost in her mind. On her marriage, she proposed to herself to go on writing still, with the prospect of being thus enabled to devote the whole of her literary profits to the comfort of her mother and the promotion of the fortunes of her brother. In all social and domestic relations no one was ever more amiable or more beloved. With occasional visits to different parts of the country, and once to Paris, L. E. Landon continued living in Hans-place till 1837. The Misses Lance had given up the school about 1830, but she continued still to reside there with Mrs. Sheldon, their successor. In 1837, Mrs. Sheldon quitted Hans-place, for 28 Upper Berkley-street West, whither L. E. Landon accompanied her. Here she resided only a few months, when at the request of some much attached friends, she took up her abode with them in Hyde Park-street. On the 7th of June, 1838, she was married to Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and almost immediately left this country, never to return.

Of the abode where the greatest part of her life was spent, and where almost every one of her works was written, the reader will naturally wish to have some description. The following particulars are

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given by Laman Blanchard, as from the pen of a female friend. "Genius," says our accomplished informant, "hallows every place where it pours forth its inspirations." Yet how strongly contrasted, sometimes, is the outward reality, round the poet, with the visions of his inward being. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, referring to this frequent incongruity, mentions, among other facts, that Moore composed his *Lalla Rookh* in a barn. L. E. L. remarks on this subject, "a history of the *how* and *where* works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves." Her own case, is, in some degree, an illustration of independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L. of whom so many nonsensical things have been said, as "that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing," a *dillettante* of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-colored and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fairy sketch? L. E. Landon's Drawing Room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bedroom. I see it now, that homely looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished; with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing table, quite covered with a common, worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk; a high-backed cane chair, which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort, and a few books scattered about, completed the author's paraphernalia.

Certainly one would have imagined a girls' school in London just the last place that a poet would have fixed upon to live and work in. But as London was the city of cities to L. E. L., so no doubt Hans-place, from early associations, was to her the place of places; and when she was shut in her little bed-room, was just as poetical as any other place in the world. I recollect there was a little garden behind the house, which, if I remember aright, you saw into, through a glass door from the hall. At all events a person full of poetic admiration once calling upon her, saw a little girl skipping very actively in this court or garden, and was no little astonished to see the servant go up to her, and announce the caller, whereupon the little girl left her skip-

ping, and turned out to be no other than L. E. L. herself. "Nobody," said Laman Blanchard, "who might happen to see her for the first time enjoying the little quiet dance of which she was fond, or the snug corner of the room where the lively little discussion, which she liked still better, was going on, could possibly have traced, in her, one feature of the sentimentalist which popular error reported her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit, never ill-natured, and often brilliant; scattering quotations as thick as hail, opinions as wild as the winds; defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her,—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her, perhaps, looking younger than she really was, and struck by her animated air, his impression might at once find utterance in the exclamation which a year or two afterwards escaped the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being first presented to her, whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains—'Hey! but I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie!'—staring at the same time with all a poet's capacity of eye."

Her intimacy with Mrs. S. C. Hall, which commenced in 1828, continued till the close of her life; and among the pleasures which were opened to her by the fame she had established, and the friendships it commanded for her, few were more delightful to her than the social and literary intercourse which for years she enjoyed under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. They resided near her; she was their frequent guest in Sloane-street and at Fulham; and her talents could not be better known to the public than her estimable qualities as a companion and friend were known to them.

It was at the house of this friend, in Sloane-street, that L. E. Landon first met

"The prince of the bards of his time,"

Wordsworth. Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, Barry Cornwall, Allen Cunningham, Michael Thomas Sadler, and many others, then and since distinguished, were present. L. E. L. was delighted with her evening. In a letter she says: "There is a story in Plutarch, I

think, (I never vouch for the correctness of my classics,) that the day after the festival complained bitterly, that its predecessor had left nothing for its portion, but weariness and lassitude. I have no such complaint to make. I am so well to-day that I really think I must have been a little *la malade imaginaire*. Amusement is mighty good for most complaints—I found it very beneficial for mine.”

Mrs. Hall gives the following portraiture of her lamented friend.

“I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well-developed head; her forehead lofty, and full, and open, although the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, and flashing, as they might be—gray, well formed and beautifully set—the lashes long and black, the under ones turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing; her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retrouée*); the nostril well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to; it would be difficult to describe her mouth, it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projecting a little beyond the upper; her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small and even, and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical; her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who understand the beauty of the human head know that the ear is either pleasing to look upon, or much the contrary; her’s were very small, and of a delicate hue, and her hands and feet even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry were it not that her shoulders were rather high. Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and lady-like, but when excited, they become sudden and almost abrupt. When she was in the first blush of her fame, Pickersgill made her the subject of one of his most perfect pictures—as a *picture*, but I never thought it like: it was too womanly, too self-confident for L. E. L. And one of her greatest charms as a woman was the deference she paid to the opinions of others, and the sweet modesty with which she urged her own. She would defend a position with admirable wit and tact, but always with

good temper and a playful sweetness that was quite her own, never suffering her opponent to feel any bitterness or self-reproach if she gained a victory. It was almost impossible to believe the slight, bounding girl—bounding like a fawn to meet those she loved, those of high minds and unspotted reputation, who knew all her fitful life, and who mourn over her early grave, as though they had lost a sister or a child; it was almost impossible to fancy her the poet of so many gems of poetry, or the author of such bitter bitterness as steals out in her novels; but, after ten minutes conversation, a person of ordinary observation would be convinced that, like the lily floating on the bosom of our own beautiful Thames, though the blossom was on the surface, the roots were firmly fixed in the depths below. Where she was known, the only wonder was that one of such solid and varied information, cultivated so many graces, and was so anxious—perhaps too anxious—to please those who sought her society, for fashion's sake, without being able to appreciate her as she deserved. Though often light of heart, she was never light of mind; upon the latter the weight of knowledge, the heaviness that grows with the knowledge of human nature, rested and remained. She was not hopeful either: if she did express a hope she generally checked herself immediately, and her bright smile was usually the herald of a sigh; she had enough of fame, but fame never filled a woman's heart—and wherever she could find domestic affections, she wound her very soul about them."

For eight successive years she edited the "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book." In the introduction to her first essay she says—"It is not an easy thing to write illustrations to prints selected rather for their pictorial excellence than their poetic capabilities, and mere description is certainly not the most popular species of composition." The difficulty was gracefully overcome, and immediate popularity was the result. She had long become accustomed to the task of writing to the subject set before her, whatever it might be, and here the topics presented for poetical illustration were certainly miscellaneous enough. On all of them, or nearly all, she found something pointed, something touching or eloquent to say: investing common-place with beauty—

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations;"

while in the higher class of subjects, she found opportunities of exercising her matured powers, seemingly unconscious of restraint. Not

merely does this work contain unquestionable evidence of the versatility of her talents, and the ease with which she could adapt them to the most unpromising subjects, but it comprises much of her best writing—poems exhibiting a greatly improved taste, a more studious care for the harmonies of versification, a deeper and clearer vein of thought, and a knowledge of “the greatest art, the art to blot.”

She produced twelve accompaniments to engravings in “The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering.” These sacred poems are in every way worthy of the feeling with which they were introduced. “They were written,” she says, “in a spirit of the deepest humility, but whose fear is not of this world:” and she states that the illustration of these scriptural subjects had given her the opportunity of embodying many a sad and serious thought, which had arisen in hours of solitude and despondency. “I believe I myself am the better for their existence; I wish their effects may be the same on others. In this hurrying and deceitful world, no page will be written utterly in vain, which awakens one earnest or heavenward thought, one hope, or one fear, in the human heart.”

Wm. Howitt, in his “Homes and Haunts,” says of L. E. Landou: “In society, your first impressions of her were—what a little, light, simple, merry-looking girl. If you had not been aware of her being a popular poet, you would have suspected her of being nothing more than an agreeable, bright and joyous young lady. This feeling in her own house, or among a few congenial people, was quickly followed by a feeling of the kind-heartedness and goodness about her. You felt that you could not be long with her without loving her. There was a frankness and a generosity about her that won extremely upon you. On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect her to say.” At one time there was a strong report that she was actually married. Mrs. Hoffland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way and said, “Ah, my

MEMOIR

dear, what must I call you?—Miss Landon, or who?" After a well-feigned surprise at the question, L. E. Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule of this report, and ended by declaring that, as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of.

"What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?"

"Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it?" showing her arm.

"You never think of such a thing as love!" exclaimed a young, sentimental man; "you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?"

"Oh! that's all professional, you know!" exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn.

"Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker; who stood near. "Why, dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?"

To this the astonished poet made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed.

And, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others, as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free will choose, but what they expected from her.

The following lines, addressed to her by Miss Jewsbury, indicate that such was her opinion.

LINES TO L. E. L.

Good night! I have no jewels
As parting gifts to bring,
But here's a frank and kind farewell
Thou gay and gifted thing.

In the lonely hour of night,
When the face puts off its mask,
When the fevered day is over,
And the heart hath done its task:

MEMOIR.

When reason mourns the vanities
That stoop the lofty will,
Till the spirit's rock of worldliness
Is struck, and yields no rill:

Then, then I think of thee, friend,
With sad and earnest thought,
As of a child from Fairy land
Into the desert brought:

Forgetting there the visions
That make of Childhood part;
And singing songs of Fairy land
Without the Fairy heart:

As of a rose at noon-tide,
Waving proudly to the view;
Yet wanting in its crimson depth
The early drop of dew

I would my home were lovely
As some which thou hast sung,
I would there were around it,
All lavish beauty flung—

I would bear thee to its bosom,
Thou shouldst dwell with nature free,
And the dew of early truthfulness
Would soon come back to thee.

Thy life is false and feverish,
It is like a masque to thee:
When the task and glare is over,
And thou grieveest—come to me!

The subject of L. E. L.'s first volume was love: a subject which we might have supposed, in one so young, would have been clothed in all the gay and radiant colors of hope and happiness: but, on the contrary, it was exhibited as the most fatal and melancholy of human passions. With the strange wayward delight of the young heart, ere it has known actual sorrow, she seemed to riot and revel amid death

and wee; laying prostrate life, hope, and affection. Of all the episodic tales introduced into the general design of the principal poem, not one but terminated fatally or sorrowfully; the heroine herself was the fading victim of crossed and wasted affections. The shorter poems which filled up the volume, and which were mostly of extreme beauty, were still based on the wrecks and agonies of humanity.

It might be imagined that this morbid indulgence of so strong an appetite for grief, was but the first dipping of the playful foot into the sunny shallows of that flood of mortal experience, through which all have to pass; and but the dallying, yet desperate pleasure afforded by the mingled chill and glittering eddies of the waters, which might hereafter swallow up the passer-through: and that the first real pang of actual pain would scare her youthful fancy into the bosom of those hopes and fascinations with which the young mind is commonly only too much delighted to surround itself. But it is a singular fact, that, spite of her own really cheerful disposition, and spite of all the advice of her most influential friends, she persisted in this tone from the first to the last of her works, from that time to the time of her death. Her poems, though laid in scenes and times capable of any course of events, and though filled to overflowing with the splendors and high-toned sentiments of chivalry; though enriched with all the colors and ornaments of a most fertile and sportive fancy, were still but the heralds and delineations of melancholy, misfortune, and death. Let any one turn to any, or all, of her poetical volumes and say whether this be not so, with very few exceptions. The very words of her first heroine might have literally been uttered as her own:—

“Sad were my shades: methinks they had
Almost a tone of prophecy—
I ever had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be.

“*The Improvisatrice.*”

But it was in her last few years that her heart and mind seemed every day to develop more strength, and to gather a wider range of humanity into their embrace. Nothing was more striking than the steady development of growing intellectual power, and of deep, generous, and truly philosophical sentiments, tone of thought and serious experience. In the last hours of Walter Maynard she makes him

utter what must, at that period, have been daily more and more her own conviction. "I am far cleverer than I was. I have felt, have thought so much! Talk of the mind exhausting itself! Never! Think of the mass of materials which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility and our greater power."

The circumstances connected with the last home of the young poet are strange enough in themselves, independent of the closing tragedy. That she who was educated in, and for London; who could hardly bear the country; who says, she worshipped the very pavement of London; who was the idolized object of the ever-moving and thronging social circles of the metropolis; should go voluntarily out to the desert of an African coast, to a climate generally fatal to Englishwomen, and the year long solitude of that government fort, was a circumstance which astonished every one. The picture of this home of exile, and of herself and her duties in it, is drawn livingly by herself. Before giving this we may simply state that Cape Coast Castle is one of the eight British settlements on the Gold Coast. The Castle stands on a rock of gneiss and mixed slate, about twenty feet above the level of the sea, in $5^{\circ} 6'$ N. lat. and $1^{\circ} 10'$ W. long. Outside there is a native town; and the adjacent country, to a considerable distance, has been cleared and rendered fit for cultivation. The ruling natives are the Fantees, a clever, stirring, turbulent race.

In one of her letters, she gives this account of the situation and scenery of the Castle:—"On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks. One wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance, up springs the shining froth of love and hope—a moment white, then gone forever! The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night, the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have been only once out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun; and as we returned, they seemed a faint violet by the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars; while before us was the red beacon light. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely sa-

MEMOIR.

perior to all that I ever dreamed of. The Castle is a fine building; the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute: from seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else."

Such was her own account to relations, friends, and acquaintances, of her health, her feelings, her situation, her prospects, up to the evening of Sunday, the 14th of October, the night before the expected sailing of the vessel which was to bring that gratifying and welcome tidings to her native country. From herself there is no further intelligence. The *Maclean* arrived at the close of the year, bringing with these seeming evidences of life and hope, intelligence of the dreadful reality—Death, sudden death. The public papers of the 1st of January, 1839, contained the following announcement:

"Died, on Monday, the 15th of October last, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, suddenly, LETITIA ELIZABETH, wife of GEORGE MACLEAN, Esq. Governor of Cape Coast." The intelligence created but one sentiment of grief and pity in all to whom it came; but to the few who received, at the same moment, an apparent testimonial, under her own hand, of health and spirits, cheerful views and honorable endeavors, the shock was profound, the anguish bitter. There was a pang beyond even that; and it followed quick, upon the announcement that, according to the verdict of a coroner's jury, summoned to inquire into the cause of death, the lamented lady had died by poison, incautiously administered by her own hand, as a remedy for a spasmodic attack with which she had been seized on the morning of the 15th.

Such was the last, strange, solitary home of L. E. L.; such the strange life of one who had been before employed only in diffusing her beautiful fancies amid her countrymen. Here she was rising at seven, giving out flour, sugar, &c. from the stores, seeing what room she would have cleaned, and then sitting down to write. In the midst of this new species of existence, she is suddenly plunged into the grave, leaving the wherefore a wonder. The land which was the attraction of her childhood, singularly enough, thus became her sepulchre. A marble slab, with a Latin inscription, is said to be erected there by her husband; and in Brompton Church a monument has been placed by her admiring friends.

LANDON'S POEMS.

ROSALIE.

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh
That young lips breathe when Love's first
dreamings fly:

When blights and cankerworms, and chilling
showers,

Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-
flowers.

Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee,—

Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,

Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears;

What thou hast ever been, and still will be,

Life's best, but most betraying witchery!

It is a night of summer,—and the sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.

Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight
breaks;

Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its
zone,

Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it
seeks,

Some face it loves, yet fears to dwell upon.
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.

Odours are on the air:—the gale has been
Wandering in groves where the rich roses
weep,—

Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,

Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,
Seen like the monuments of other days—
Monuments time half shadows, half displays.
And there are many, who, with witching song

And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,
Or the lute's melting music, float along

O'er the blue waters, still and silently.
That night had Naples sent her best display
Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.

There was a bark a little way apart

From all the rest, and there two lovers
leant:—

One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;

She might not meet the gaze the other sent
Upon her beauty;—but the half-breathed sighs
The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,

Told that she listen'd Love's sweet flatteries.

Then they were silent:—words are little aid

To love, whose deepest vows are ever made

By the heart's beat alone. O, silence is

Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!—

Music swept past:—it was a simple tone;

But it has waken'd heartfelt sympathies;—

It has brought into life things past and gone;

Has waken'd all those secret memories,

That may be smother'd, but that still will be

Present within thy soul, young ROSALIE!

The notes had roused an answering chord
within:

ROSALIE.

In other days, that song her vesper hymn had
been.

Her alter'd look is pale :—that dewy eye

Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear ;—
That smile is mock'd by a scarce-breathing
sigh

Which tells of silent and suppress'd care—
Tells that the life is withering with despair,
More irksome from its unsunned silentness—

A festering wound the spirit pines to bear ;
A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude,
Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's lightest
mood.

Where are her thoughts thus wandering !—A
spot,

Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,—
A chestnut shadowing a low white cot,

With rose and jasmine round the casement
twined,

Mix'd with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind,
Alone, (O ! should such solitude be here ?)

An aged form beneath the shade reclined,
Whose eye glanced round the scene—and then
a tear

Told that she miss'd one in her heart en-
shrined !

Then came remembrances of other times,

When eve oped her rich bowers for the pale
day ;

When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes
Were answer'd by the lute and vesper lay ;—

When the fond mother blest her gentle child,
And for her welfare prayed the Virgin mild

And she has left the aged one to steep

Her nightly couch with tears for that lost
child,—

The ROSALIE,—who left her age to weep,

When that the tempter flatter'd her and wiled
Her steps away, from her own home beguiled,

She started up in agony :—her eye

LONDON'S POEMS.

Met MANFREDI's. Softly he spoke, and
smiled

Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.
They floated o'er the waters, till the moon
Look'd from the blue sky in her zenith noon,—
Till each glad bark at length had sought the
shore,

And the waves echo'd to the lute no more ;
Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray
Of lamps shed light only less bright than day ;
And there they feasted till the morn did fling
Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling.

And life was as a tale of faërie,—
As when some Eastern genie rears bright
bowers,
And spreads the green turf and the colour'd
flowers ;

And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky,
To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,
Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.
And ROSALIE had pledged a magic cup—

The maddening cup of pleasure and of love !
There was for her one only dream on earth !

There was for her one only star above !—
She bent in passionate idolatry
Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI !

II.

'Tis night again—a soft and summer night ;—
A deep blue-heaven, white clouds, moon and
starlight ;—

So calm, so beautiful, that human eye
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky :—
A night just form'd for Hope's first dream of
bliss,
Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness !

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees,
Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining
breeze ;

ROSALIE.

Echoing the music of a rill, whose song
Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.

There is a little chapel in the shade,
Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and
pray'd

To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the
shrine,

The painter's skill has made all but divine.
It was a pale, a melancholy face,—

A cheek which bore the trace of frequent
tears

And worn by grief,—though grief might not
efface

The seal that beauty set in happier years;
And such a smile as on the brow appears

Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since
subdued

Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and
fears—

The worldly dreams o'er which the many
brood.—

The heart-beat hush'd in mild and chasten'd
mood.

It was the image of the maid who wept

Those precious tears that heal and purify.

Love yet upon her lip his station kept,

But heaven and heavenly thoughts were in
her eye.

One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as pale

As was the cold white marble. Can this be

The young—the loved—the happy ROSALIE?

Alas! alas! hers is a common tale:—

She trusted,—as youth ever has believed;—

She heard Love's vows—confided—was de-
ceived!

Oh, Love! thy essence is thy purity!

Breathe one unhallow'd breath upon thy
flame,

And it is gone forever,—and but leaves

A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame!

LANDON'S POEMS.

And ROSALIE was loved,—not with that pure
And holy passion which can age endure ;
But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—
A torch which glares—and scorches—and ex-
pires.

A little while her dream of bliss remain'd,—
A little while Love's wings were left unchain'd.
But change came o'er the trusted MANFREDI :
His heart forgot its vow'd idolatry ;
And his forgotten love was left to brood,
O'er wrongs and ruin in her solitude !

How very desolate that breast must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory !
And what must woman suffer, thus betray'd !—
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings
made

But things wherewith to wound : that heart—
so weak,

So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak !
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn
It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne .
And, sorer, still, that bitterer emotion,
To know the shrine which had our soul's
devotion

Is that of a false deity !—to look
Upon the eyes we worshipp'd, and brook
Their cold reply ! Yet these are all for her !—
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer !
Alas ! that love, which is so sweet a thing,
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering !
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest
thrall !

She thought upon her love ; and there was not
In passion's record one green sunny spot—
It had been all a madness and a dream,
The shadow of a flower on the stream,
Which seems, but is not ; and then memory
turn'd

ROSALIE.

To her lone mother. How her bosom burn'd
With sweet and bitter thoughts! There might
be rest—

The wounded dove will flee into her nest—
That mother's arms might fold her child again,
The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain,
And falsehood be remember'd no more.

In that calm shelter :—and she might weep o'er
Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she

To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes
Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice

A broken heart? And might not pardon be
Also for her? She look'd up to the face

Of that pale saint; and in that gentle brow,
Which seemed to hold communion with her
thought,

There was a smile which gave hope energy.
She pray'd one deep, wild prayer,—that she
might gain

The home she hoped;—then sought that home
again.

A flush of beauty is upon the sky—
Eve's last warm blushes—like the crimson dye
The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes
meet

The graceful lover's sighing at her feet.
And there were sounds of music on the breeze,
And perfume shaken from the citron trees;
While the dark chestnuts caught a golden ray
On their green leaves, the last bright gift of day;
And peasants dancing gayly in the shade
To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made
An echo fit to the glad voices singing.
The twilight spirit his sweet urn is flinging
Of dew upon the lime and orange stems,
And giving to the rose pearl diadems.

There is a pilgrim by that old gray tree,
With head upon her hand bent mournfully;
And looking round upon each lovely thing,
And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring
To her no beauty and no solacing.

Tis ROSALIE! Her prayer was not in vain,
The truant-child has sought her home again!

It must be worth a life of toil and care,—
Worth those dark chains the wearied one must
bear
Who toils up fortune's steep,—all that can
wring
The worn-out bosom with lone suffering,—
Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,
And long-deferr'd hopes of many years,—
To reach again that little quiet spot,
So well-loved once, and never quite forgot;—
To trace again the steps of infancy,
And catch their freshness from their memory!
And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun
Has shone upon us, and our task is done,
To show our harvest to the eyes which were
Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are
Some who had presaged kindly of our youth;
Feel we not proud their prophecy was sooth?

But how felt ROSALIE?—The very air
Seem'd as it brought reproach! there was
no eye
To look delighted, welcome none was there!
She felt as feels an outcast wandering by
Where every door is closed! She looked
around!—
She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound.
There were some changed, and some remem-
ber'd things;
There were girls, whom she left in their first
springs,
Now blush'd into full beauty. There was one
Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone!
She was not dancing gayly with the rest;
A rose-cheek'd child within her arms was
prest;
And it had twined its small hands in the hair
That cluster'd o'er its mother's brow: as fair
As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove

ROSALIE.

To one who clasp'd it with a father's love ;
And if a painter's eye had sought a scene
Of love in its most perfect loveliness—
Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,—
He would have painted the sweet MADELINE !
But ROSALIE shrank from them, and she stray'd
'Through a small grove of cypresses, whose
shade
Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low
stone
And the gray cross recorded those now gone !
There was a grave just closed. Not one
seem'd near,
To pay the tribute of one long—last tear !
How very desolate must that one be
Whose more than grave has not a memory !

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—
Just such her end would be with her away :
No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—
No child by her neglected tomb to pray !
She ask'd—and like a hope from heaven it
came ?—

To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reach'd her mother's cottage ; by that
gate

She thought how her once lover wont to wait
To tell her honey'd tales ; and then she thought
On all the utter ruin he had wrought !

The moon shone brightly, as it used to do
Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been un-
true ;

But it shone o'er the desolate ! The flowers
Were dead ; the faded jessamine, unbound,
Trail'd, like a heavy weed, upon the ground ;
And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,
Which had not even one rose,—although the
breeze,

Almost as if in mockery, had brought
Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught !

L A N D O N ' S P O E M S .

She enter'd in the cottage. None were there !
The hearth was dark,—the walls look'd cold
and bare !

All—all spoke poverty and suffering !
All—all was changed ! and but one only thing
Kept its old place ! ROSALIE'S mandolin
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.
There was one other room,—and ROSALIE
Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame
Gleam'd from a dying lamp ; a cold air came
Damp from the broken casement. There one
lay,

Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray !
And ROSALIE drew near. One wither'd hand
Was stretch'd, as it would reach a wretched
stand

Where some cold water stood ! And by the bed
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—
dead !

H O M E .

I LEFT my home ;—'twas in a little vale
Shelter'd from snow-storms by the stately
pines,

A small clear river wander'd quietly,
Its smooth waves only cut by the light barks
Of fishers, and but darken'd by the shade
The willows flung, when to the southern wind
They threw their long green tresses. On the
slope

Were five or six white cottages, whose roofs
Reach'd not to the laburnum's height, whose
boughs
Shook over them bright showers of golden
bloom.

Sweet silence reign'd around :—no other sound
Came on the air, than when the shepherd made
The reed-pipe rudely musical, or notes
From the wild birds, or children in their play

THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

Sending forth shouts of laughter. Strangers
come

Rarely or never near the lonely place. . . .
I went into far countries. Years past by,
But still that vale in silent beauty dwelt
Within my memory. Home I came at last.
I stood upon a mountain height, and look'd
Into the vale below ; and smoke arose,
And heavy sounds ; and through the thick dim
air
Shot blacken'd turrets, and brick walls, and
roofs

Of the red tile. I enter'd in the streets :
There were ten thousand hurrying to and fro ;
And masted vessels stood upon the river,
And barges sullied the once dew-clear steam.
Where were the willows, where the cottages ?
I sought my home ; I sought, and found a city,
Alas ! for the green valley ?

THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

But the war-storm came on the mountain gale,
And man's heart beat high, though his cheek was pale
For blood and dust lay on the white hair,
And the maiden wept o'er her last despair ;
The hearth was cold, and the child was prest
A corpse to the murder'd mother's breast ;
And fear and guilt, and sorrow and shame,
Darken'd wherever the war-fiend came.

It stood beneath a large old chestnut tree,
And had stood there for years :—the moonlight
fell

Over the white walls, which the vine had hung
With its thick leaves and purple fruit : a pair
Of pigeons, like the snow, were on the roof
Nestled together ; and a plaining sound
Came from a fountain murmuring through the
wood,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Less like the voice of sorrow than of love.
Tall trees were gather'd round:—the dark
green beech;
The sycamore, with scarlet colours on,
The herald of the autumn; dwarf rose trees,
Cover'd with their last wealth; the poplar tall,
A silver spire; olives with their pale leaves;
And some most graceful shrubs, amid whose
boughs
Were golden oranges: and hollow oaks,
Where the bees built their honey palaces.
It was a silent and a lovely place.
Where Peace might rest her white wings. But
one came
From out the cottage,—not as one who comes
To gaze upon the beauty of the sky
And fill his spirit with a calm delight;
But with a quick though noiseless step, as one
Who fears the very echo of that step
May raise a spectre. When he reach'd the
fount,
He sat down by its side, and turn'd to gaze
Upon the cottage: from his brow the sweat
Pour'd down like summer rain; there came no
sound
From his white lips, but you might hear his
heart
Beating in the deep silence. But at length
A voice came to his sorrow—"Never—never
Shall I look on their face again! Farewell!
I cannot bear that word's reproach, nor look
On pale lips breathing blessings which the tear
Belie in speaking! I have blighted all—
All—all their hopes, and my own happiness!"

"LEANDRO!" said a sweet and gentle voice;
And a soft hand press'd on his throbbing brow;
And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek.
He look'd upon the maiden:—'twas the one
With whom his first pure love had dwelt,—the
one
Who was the sun and starlight of his youth!

THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

She stood beside him, lovely as a saint
Looking down pity upon penitence—
Perhaps less bright in colour and in eye
Than the companion of his infancy :—
But was that cheek less fair because he knew
That it had lost the beauty of its spring
With passionate sorrowing for him ? She stood
One moment gazing on his face, as there
Her destiny was written ; and then took
A little crucifix of ebony,
And placed it in his bosom from her own :—
“ And this, LEANDRO !—this shall be thy guide !
Thy youth has been a dream of passion ; guilt
And evil has been round thee :—go thy way !
The showers of thy youth will clear to summer.
My prayers be with thee ! ” — “ Prayers ! — O !
nothing more !
Have I then lost thy love—thy precious love ?
The only green leaf of my heart is wither'd ! ”
She blush'd a deep-red blush ; her eloquent eyes
Met his almost reproachfully, and her face
Was the next moment hidden on his bosom.
But there was happiness even in that farewell,
Affection and deep confidence,
Tenderness, hope,—for Love lights Hope—and
tears,
Delicious tears ! the heart's own dew.

They parted.

LEANDRO kept that little cross like life :
And when beneath the sky of Mexico,—
When earth and even heaven were strange to
him,—
The trees, the flowers were of another growth
The birds wore other plumes ; the very stars
Were not those he had looked upon in boyhood.

'Tis something, if in absence we can see
The footsteps of the past :—it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips belov'd ; to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely,—where the
rose

LANDON'S POEMS.

Reminds us of the hair we used to wreath
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone
by ;—
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's
ashes.

LEANDRO felt not these :—that crucifix
Was all that wore the look of other days—
'Twas as a dear companion. Parents, home,
And more than all, BIANCA, whose pure reign,
Troubled by the wild passions of his youth,
Had now regain'd its former influence,—
All seem'd to hear the vows he made for her,
To share his hopes, feel for his deep remorse,
And bless him, and look forward.

And at last
Once more the white sail bore him o'er the sea,
And he saw SPAIN again. But war was there—
And his road lay through ruin'd villages.
Though cold, the ashes still were red, for blood
Had quench'd the flames : and aged men sat
down,
And would not leave the embers, for they said
They were too old to seek another home.
LEANDRO met with one whom he had known
In other days, and ask'd of his own valley :—
It yet was safe, unscath'd by the war storm.
He knelt down in deep thankfulness ; and then,
Through death and danger, sought the grove
once more.

His way had been through a thick beechen
wood ;
The moon, athwart the boughs, had pour'd her
light,
Like hope, to guide him onwards.
One more turn, and he should gaze upon his
home !
He paused in his heart's overflowing bliss,
And thought how he should wake them from
their dreams—

THE GUERRILLA CHIEF.

Perchance of him!—of his BIANCA's blush!
He heard the music of the fountain come—
A sweet and welcome voice upon the wind—
He bounded on with the light steps of hope,
Of youth and happiness. He left the wood,
And look'd upon—a heap of mingled blood
And blacken'd ashes wet upon the ground!

He was awaken'd from his agony
By the low accents of a woman's voice;—
He look'd, and knew BIANCA. She was laid
Beside the fountain, while her long black hair
Hung like a veil down to her feet: her eyes,
So large, so dark, so wild, shone through the
gloom,
Glares like red insanity. She saw
Her lover, shriek'd, and strove to fly—
But fell:—her naked feet were gash'd with
wounds.

"And I have met thee but to see thee die!"

LEANDRO cried, as he laid the pale face
Upon his breast, and sobb'd like a young child.
In vain he dash'd the cold stream on her face
Still she lay like a corpse within his arms
At length he thought him of a giant tree,
Whose hollow trunk, when children, they had
oft

Call'd home in playfulness. He bore her there,
And of fresh flowers and the dry leaves he made
A bed for his pale love. She waked at last,
But not to consciousness; her wandering eyes
Fix'd upon him, and yet she knew him not!—
Fever was on her lip and in her brain,
And as LEANDRO watch'd, his heart grew sick
To hear her rave of outrage, wrongs, and
death;—

How they were waken'd from their midnight
sleep
By gleaming steel—curses—and flaming roof!
And then she groan'd and pray'd herself to die!

It was an evening when through the green
leaves

LANDON'S POEMS.

Of the old chestnut shot the golden light
Of the rich sunset ; into the fresh air
LEANDRO bore the maiden he had nurst
As the young mother nurses her sick child.
She laid her head upon his heart, and slept
Her first sweet, quiet sleep : the evening star
Gleam'd through the purple twilight when she
waked

Her memory aroused not to the full—
O, that was mercy !—but she knew her love ,
And over her pale face a calm smile shone,—
Fondly though faintly breathed and bless'd his
name !

'That night the moonlight shone upon LEANDRO
And in his arms—a corpse ! * * * *

He lived in one deep feeling—in revenge :
With men he mingled not but in the battle ;—
His mingling there was deadly ! When the
GAUL

Was driven from the land which he had spoil'd,
That dark chief sought BIANCA's grave !—A
cross

Marks the GUERILLA AND THE MAIDEN'S TOMB !

LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

Love may be increased by fears,
May be fann'd with sighs,
Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts ;
But without Hope it dies !
As in the far Indian isles
Dies the young cocoa tree,
Unless within the pleasant shade
Of the parent plant it be :
So Love may spring up at first
Lighted at Beauty's eyes :—
But Beauty is not all its life,
For without hope it dies.

THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

["The BAYADERE" was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard; and meeting with the word "Bayadere" many years after, recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been, since, told it was a poem of Goethe's. This poem has never been, to my knowledge, translated; and, being ignorant of the German language, I am unable to say whether the tale conforms to the original or not.]

THERE were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreath'd gold was each capital,
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems;
The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stain'd by its fall below :
In the midst play'd a fountain, whose starry
showers
Fell, like beams, on the radiant flowers,
Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burnt from the kisses just caught from the sun ;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon
shrouds.

But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sun-bright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone ;
And the purple canopy overhead
Was like the shade o'er the day-fall shed ;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone ;
And round, like festoons a vine was roll'd,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of
gold.

But though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall :
There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute :
There are flowers of light, and spiced per
fume,—

But there wants the sweetest of breath and of
bloom :

And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear,
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.
With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping :
His radiant hair is bound with stars,
Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond rays,
Only than his own curls less bright.

And such a brow, and such an eye
As fit a young divinity ;
A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,
Now glancing through the veil of dreams
As sudden light at daybreak streams.
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made,
His orient wings closed o'er his head ;

Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,
Is fix'd in scented Araby.

Some dream is passing o'er him now—
A sudden flush is on his brow ;
And from his lip come murmur'd words,
Low, but sweet as the light lute chords
When o'er its strings the night winds glide
To woo the roses by its side.

He, the fair boy-god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast ;
He of the many-arrow'd bow,
Of the joys that come and go
Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer skies,

THE BAYADERE.

Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing ;
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears—
Young CAMDEO, he has brought
A sweet dream of colour'd thought,
One of love and woman's power,
'To MANDALLA's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewell'd throne,
When MANDALLA awaken'd and found him
alone.
He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he
slept ;
There was music, but where was the voice at
whose thrill
Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still ?
And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar ;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veil'd the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face ;
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in his
throne.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest
The bee from the midst of its honey quest,
And open the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer day.
It was glory, and light, and beauty all,
When MANDALLA closed his wing in Bengal.
He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea roll'd the thousands
there ;
Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the Subadar ;
For his sabre was red with the blood of the
slain,

And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his
name,

Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he
came.

With gems and gold on his ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in
light;

And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, arm'd with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.
Then follow'd the foot ranks,—their turbans
show'd

Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,
For white were the turbans as winter snow,
And death-black the foreheads that darken'd
below;

Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
For this was the chosen band that bore
The lion standard,—it floated o'er
Their ranks like morning; at every wave
Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave
A martial salute to the radiant fold
That bore the lion king wrought in gold.
And last the elephant came, whose tower
Held the lord of this pomp and power:
And round that chariot of his pride,

Like chains of white sea-pearls,
Or braids enwove of summer flowers,
Glided fair dancing girls;

And as the rose leaves fall to earth,
Their light feet touch'd the ground,—
But for the zone of silver bells

You had not heard a sound,
As, scattering flowers o'er the way,
Whirl'd round the beautiful array.
But there was one who 'mid them shone
A planet lovely and alone,

THE BAYADERE.

A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any :
Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white ;
Though light her feet as music's fall,
Others might be as musical ;
But where were such dark eyes as hers ?
 So tender, yet withal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
 Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul.
The Almas had pass'd lightly on,
The arm'd ranks, the crowd, were gone,
Yet gazed MANDALLA on the square
As she he sought still glided there,—
O that fond look, whose eyeballs' strain,
And will not know its look in vain !
At length he turn'd,—his silent mood
Sought that impassion'd solitude.
The Eden of young hearts, when first
Love in its loneliness is nurst.
He sat him by a little fount ;
 A tulip tree grew by its side,
A lily with its silver towers
 Floated in silence on the tide ;
And far round a banana tree
Extended its green sanctuary ;
And the long grass, which was his seat,
With every motion grew more sweet,
Yielding a more voluptuous scent
At every blade his pressure bent.
And there he linger'd, till the sky
Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
And crimson shadows roll'd on the west,
And raised the moon her diamond crest,
And came a freshness on the trees,
Harbinger of the evening breeze,
When a sweet far sound of song,
Borne by the breath of flowers along,

LANDON'S POEMS.

A mingling of the voice and lute,
Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
Its pleasant music to the gale
Which kisses first the chords it breaks.
He follow'd where the echo led,
Till in a cypress-grove he found
A funeral train, that round a grave
Pour'd forth their sorrows' wailing sound ;
And by the tomb a choir of girls,
With measured steps and mournful notes.
And snow-white robes, while on the air, .
Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,
Paced round and sang to her who slept
Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept.
And she, that loveliest one, is here,
The morning's radiant Bayadere :
A darker light in her dark eyes,—
For tears there are,—a paler brow
Changed but to charm the morning's smile,
Less sparkling, but more touching now.
And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
A nightingale waked by the rose,
And when that honey breath was mute,
Was heard her low song's plaintive close,
Wailing for the young blossom's fall,
The last, the most beloved of all.
As died in gushing tears the lay,
The band of mourners pass'd away :
They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
As fading leaves, and long perfume
Of her were emblems ; and unbound
Many a cage's gilded round,
And set the prisoners free, as none
Were left to love now she was gone,
And azure wings spread on the air,
And songs, rejoicing songs, were heard
But, pining as forgotten now,
Linger'd one solitary bird :
A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
Alone in its remembering love.
It was a strange and lovely thing
To mark the drooping of its wing.

THE BAYADERE.

And how into the grave it prest,
Till soil'd the dark earth stain its breast;
And darker as the night-shade grew,
Sadder became its wailing coo,
As if it miss'd the hand that bore,
As the cool twilight came, its store
Of seeds and flowers.—There was one
Who like that dove, was lingering lone,
The Bayadere: her part had been
Only the hired mourner's part
But she had given what none might buy,—
The precious sorrow of the heart.
She woo'd the white dove to her breast
It sought at once its place of rest:
Round it she threw her raven hair,—
It seem'd to love the gentle snare,
And its soft beak was raised to sip
The honey-dew of her red lip.
Her dark eyes fill'd with tears, to feel
The gentle creature closer steal
Into her heart with soft caress,
As it would thank her tenderness;
To her 'twas strange and sweet to be
Beloved in such fond purity,
And sigh'd MANDALLA to think that sin
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
“O, grief to think that she is one
Who like the breeze is woo'd and won!
Yet sure it were a task for love
To come like dew of the night from above
Upon her heart, and wash away,
Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,
And win her back in her tears to heaven
Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven:
Yes! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall
Her smile shall light up my starry hall!”

The moonlight is on a little bower,
With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,
Built of that green and holy tree
Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.
Like a bridal canopy overhead

LANDON'S POEMS.

The jasmines their slender wreathings spread,
One with stars as ivory white,
The other with clusters of amber light ;
Rose trees four grew by the wall,
Beautiful each, but different all :
One with that pure but crimson flush
That marks the maiden's first love-blush ;
By its side grew another one,
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone ;
The next was rich with the damask dye
Of a monarch's purple drapery ;
And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold
Work'd on that drapery's royal fold,
And there were four vases with blossoms fill'd,
Like censers of incense, their fragrance dis-
till'd :

Lilies, heap'd like the pearls of the sea,
Peep'd from their large leaves' security ;
Hyacinths with their graceful bells,
Where the spirit of odour dwells
Like the spirit of music in ocean shells ;
And tulips, with every colour that shines
In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines ;
One tulip was found in every wreath,
That one most scorch'd by the summer's
breath,

Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow
Hide the heart that lies burning and black
below

And there, beneath the flower'd shade
By a pink acacia made,
MANDALLA lay, and by his side,
With eyes, and breath, and blush that vied
With the star and with the flower
In their own and loveliest hour,
Was that fair Bayadere, the dove
Yet nestling in her long black hair ;
She has now more than that to love,
And the loved one sat by her there.
And by the sweet acacia porch
They drank the softness of the breeze.—
O more than lovely are love's dreams,

THE BAYADERE.

'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these !
And sometimes she would leave his side,
And like a spirit round him glide ;
A light shawl now wreath'd round her brow,
Now waving from her hand of snow,
Now-zoned around her graceful waist,
And now like fetters round her placed ;
And then, flung suddenly aside,
Her many curls, instead, unbound,
Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,
Her long dark tresses swept the ground :
Then, changing from the soft slow step,
Her white feet bounded on the wind
Like gleaming silver, and her hair
Like a dark banner swept behind ;
Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's
When it pours forth its first song in spring,
The one like an echo to the other,
She answer'd the sigh of her soft lute-string.
And with eyes that darken'd in gentlest tears,
Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,
Would she sing those sorrowing songs that
breathe
Some history of unhappy love.
“ Yes, thou art mine ! ” MANDALLA said, —
“ I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart :
I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part ;
And then, from my earth stains purified,
In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my
bride.”

It was an evening soft and fair,
As surely those in Eden are,
When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
Enter'd the Bayadere her bower :
Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,
And playfully a bunch she caught
Of azure hyacinth bells, and o'er
His face she let the blossoms fall :
“ Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
Awaken at thy Aza's call.”

LANDON'S POEMS.

No answer came from him whose tone
Had been the echo of her own.

She spoke again,—no words came forth ;
She clasp'd his hand,—she raised his head,—
One wild, loud scream, she sank beside,
As pale, as d, almost as dead ?
By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun
To shed his earliest beams upon,
Is a funeral pile,—around it stand
Priests and the hired mourners' band.
But who is she that so wildly prays
To share the couch and light the blaze ?
MANDALLA's love, while scornful eye
And chilling jeers mock her agony :
An Alma girl ! O shame, deep shame
To Brahma's race and Brahma's name .
Unmark'd, unpitied, she turn'd aside,
For a moment, her bursting tears to hide,
None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre ;
Then like a thought she darted by,
And sprang on the funeral pile to die !

“ Now thou art mine ! away, away
To my own bright star, to my home of day ? ”
A dear voice sigh'd, as he bore her along
Gently as spring breezes bear the song,
“ Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
The breath of immortality.
Maid of earth, MANDALLA is free to call
Aza the queen of his heart and hall ! ”

LINES OF LIFE.

Orphan in my first years, I early learnt
To make my heart suffice itself, and seek
Support and sympathy in its own depths.

LINES OF LIFE.

WELL, read my cheek, and watch my eye,
Too strictly school'd are they
One secret of my soul to show,
One hidden thought betray.

I never knew the time my heart
Look'd freely from my brow ;
It once was check'd by timidity,
'Tis taught by caution now.

I live among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them ;
And such I am, for I am false
As those I most condemn.

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone :
I borrow others' likeness, till
Almost I lose my own.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve,
Whatever I would say ;
In social life, all, like the blind,
Must learn to feel their way.

I check my thoughts like curbed steeds
That struggle with the rein ;
I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks
In the unfathom'd main.

I hear them speak of love, the deep,
The true, and mock the name ;
Mock at all high and early truth,
And I too do the same.

I hear them tell some touching tale,
I swallow down the tear ;
I hear them name some generous deed,
And I have learnt to sneer.

LANDON'S POEMS.

I hear the spiritual, the kind,
The pure, but named in mirth;
Till all of good, ay, even hope,
Seems exiled from our earth.

And one fear, withering ridicule,
Is all that I can dread;
A sword hung by a single hair
For ever o'er the head.

We bow to a most servile faith,
In a most servile fear;
While none among us dares to say
What none will choose to hear.

And if we dream of loftier thoughts,
In weakness they are gone;
And indolence and vanity
Rivet our fetters on.

Surely I was not born for this!
I feel a loftier mood
Of generous impulse, high resolve,
Steal o'er my solitude!

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.

I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind;
And feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

I think on that eternal fame,
The sun of earthly gloom,
Which makes the gloriousness of death,
The future of the tomb—

LINES OF LIFE.

That earthly future, the faint sign
Of a more heavenly one ;
—A step, a word, a voice, a look,—
Alas! my dream is done.

And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
Again is on my soul ;
And I am but a nameless part
Of a most worthless whole.

Why write I this? because my heart
Towards the future springs,
That future where it loves to soar
On more than eagle wings.

The present, it is but a speck
In that eternal time,
In which my lost hopes find a home,
My spirit knows its crime.

O! not myself,—for what am I?
The worthless and the weak,
Whose every thought of self should raise
A blush to burn my cheek.

But song has touched my lips with fire,
And made my heart a shrine ;
For what, although alloy'd, debased,
Is in itself divine.

I am myself but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain ;
But I have spoken hallow'd words,
O do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish,
Say will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words?

LONDON'S POEMS.

Will the young maiden, when her tears
Alone in moonlight shine—
Tears for the absent and the loved
Murmur some song of mine ?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside,
Choose that which bears my name ?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead ;
I care not so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THERE is no change upon the air,
No record in the sky :
No pall-like storm comes forth to shroud
The year about to die.

A few light clouds are on the heaven,
A few far stars are bright ;
And the pale moon shines as she shines
On many a common night.

Ah, not in heaven, but upon earth ;
Are signs of change exprest ;
The closing year has left its mark
On human brow and breast.

How much goes with it to the grave
Of life's most precious things !
Methinks each year dies on a pyre,
Like the Assyrian kings.

LINES OF LIFE.

Affections, friendships, confidence,—
There's not a year hath died
But all these treasures of the heart
Lie with it side by side.

The wheels of time work heavily ;
We marvel day by day
To see how from the chain of life
The gilding wears away.

Sad the mere change of fortune's chance,
And sad the friend unkind ;
But what has sadness like the change
That in ourselves we find ?

I've wept my castle in the dust,
Wept o'er an alter'd brow ;
'Tis far worse murmuring o'er those tears,
“ Would I could weep them now ! ”

O, for mine early confidence,
Which like that graceful tree
Bent cordial, as if each approach
Could but in kindness be !

Then was the time the fairy Hope
My future fortune told,
Or Youth, the alchymist, that turn'd
Whate'er he touch'd to gold.

But Hope's sweet words can never be
What they have been of yore :
I am grown wiser, and believe
In fairy tales no more.

And Youth has spent his wealth, and bought
The knowledge he would fain
Change for forgetfulness, and live
His dreaming life again.

LANDON'S POEMS.

I'm weary, weary : day-dreams, years,
I've seen alike depart,
And sullen Care and Discontent
Hang brooding o'er my heart.

Another year, another year,-
Alas! and must it be
That Time's most dark and weary wheel
Must turn again for me?

In vain I seek from out the past
Some cherish'd wreck to save;
Affection, feeling, hope, are dead,—
My heart is its own grave?

THE BATTLE FIELD.

It was a battle field, and the cold moon
Made the pale dead yet paler. Two lay there;
One with the ghastly marble of the grave
Upon his face; the other wan, but yet
Touch'd with the hues of life, and its warm breath
Upon his parted lips.

He sleeps—the night wind o'er the battle-field
Is gently sighing;
Gently, though each breeze bear away
Life from the dying.

He sleeps,—though his dear and early friend
A corpse lies by him;
Though the ravening vulture and screaming
crow
Are hovering nigh him.

He sleeps,—where blood has been pour'd like
rain,
Another field before him:

THE SAILOR.

And he sleeps as calm as his mother's eyes
Were watching o'er him.

To-morrow that youthful victor's name
Will be proudly given,
By the trumpet's voice, and the soldier's shout,
To the winds of heaven.

Yet life, how pitiful and how mean,
Thy noblest story ;
When the high excitement of victory,
The fulness of glory,

Nor the sorrow felt for the friend of his youth
Whose corpse he is keeping,
Can give his human weakness force
To keep from sleeping.

And this is the sum of our mortal state,
The hopes we number,—
Feverish, waking, danger, death,
And listless slumber.

THE SAILOR.

O! gloriously upon the deep
The gallant vessel rides,
And she is mistress of the winds,
And mistress of the tides.

And never but for her tall ships
Had England been so proud ;
Or before the might of the Island Queen
The kings of the earth had bow'd.

But, alas ! for the widow and orphan's tear
When the death-flag sweeps the wave ;
Alas ! that the laurel of victory
Must grow but upon the grave.

LANDON'S POEMS

An aged widow with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea :
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room ; but still it had
A look of comfort ; on the whitewash'd walls
Were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a
blush

Caught from the sunset on the waters ; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds ;
Long dark sea-weeds, and black and crimson
berries,

Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.
Her sailor brought them, when from his first
voyage

He came so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth. •
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table ; and a fragrant air
Came from the window : there stood a rose
tree—

Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds and beautifully blown
flowers :

It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane
Where her home stood—the home where yet
she thought

To end her days in peace : that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her boy,
Who said that God would bless the efforts made
For his old mother.—Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way
She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles ; and many marvell'd, one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how
glad

THE SAILOR.

The sunshine of the country, to the eyes
That look'd so seldom on them. She would
sit

Long after service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,
The lane where yet her home might be; and
then

Return with lighten'd heart to her dull street,
Refresh'd with hope and pleasant memories,—
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein they say the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him. * * *

A shout awoke the sleeping town, the night
Rang with the fleet's return and victory!
Men that were slumbering quietly rose up
And join'd the shout: the windows gleam'd
with lights,

The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were fill'd with people: even the lone street
Where the poor widow dwelt, was roused, and
sleep

Was thought upon no more that night. Next
day—

A bright and sunny day it was—high flags
Waved from each steeple, and green boughs
were hung

In the gay market place; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea
Was cover'd with proud vessels; and the boats
Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckon'd from crowded decks to the glad
strand

Where the wife waited for her husband,—
maids

Threw the bright curls back from their glisten-
ing eyes

And look'd their best, and as the splashing oars
Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness! And there
Stood that old widow woman with the rest.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Watching the ship wherein had sail'd her son.
A boat came from that vessel,—heavily
It toil'd upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipp'd in slowly. As it near'd the beach,
A mourning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they look'd on each ghastly countenance
For that lone boat was fill'd with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital,—and then
That aged woman saw her son. She pray'd
And gain'd her prayer, that she might be his
nurse,

And take him home. He lived for many days.
It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses—
The roses that were gather'd one by one
For him by his fond parent nurse ; the last
Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died ! And he was laid
In the same churchyard where his father lay,—
Through which his mother as a bride had
pass'd.

The grave was closed ; but still the widow sat
Upon a sod beside, and silently
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for)
The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left
Alone amid the tombs ;—but once she look'd
Towards the shadowy lane, then turn'd again,
As desolate and sick at heart, to where
Her help, her hope, her child, lay dead to-
gether !

She went home to her lonely room. Next morn
Some enter'd it, and there she sat,
Her white hair hanging o'er her wither'd hands
On which her pale face leant ; the Bible lay
Open beside, but blister'd were the leaves
With two or three large tears, which had
dried in.

O, happy she had not survived her child !
And many pitied her, for she had spent
Her little savings, and she had no friends ;

MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID.

But strangers made her grave in that church
yard,
And where her sailor slept, there slept his
mother !

MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID,

FLOATING DOWN THE GANGES.*

THERE is a darkness on the sky,
And the troubled waves run high,
And the lightning flash is breaking,
And the thunder peal is waking ;
Reddening meteors, strange and bright,
Cross the rainbow's timid light,
As if mingled hope and fear,
Storm and sunshine, shook the sphere.
Tempest winds rush fierce along,
Bearing yet a sound of song,
Music's on the tempest's wing,
Wafting thee young MANMADIN !
Pillow'd on a lotus flower
Gather'd in a summer hour,
Rides he o'er the mountain wave
Which would be a tall ship's grave !
At his back his bow is slung,
Sugar-cane, with wild bees strung.—
Bees born with the buds of spring,
Yet with each a deadly sting ;
Grasping in his infant hand
Arrows in their silken band,
Each made of a signal flower,
Emblem of its varied power ;

* Camdeo, or Manmadin, the Indian Cupid, is pictured in Ackermann's pretty work on Hindostan in another form. He is riding a green parrot, his bow of sugarcane, the cord of bees, and his arrows all sorts of flowers : but one alone is headed, and the head covered with honey-comb.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Some form'd of the silver leaf
 Of the almond, bright and brief,
 Just a frail and lovely thing,
 For but one hour's flourishing ;
 Others, on whose shaft there glows
 The red beauty of the rose ;
 Some in spring's half-folded bloom,
 Some in summer's full perfume ;
 Some with wither'd leaves and sere,
 Falling with the falling year ;
 Some bright with the rainbow dyes
 Of the tulip's vanities ;
 Some, bound with the lily's bell
 Breathe of love that dares not tell
 Its sweet feelings ; the dark leaves
 Of the esignum, which grieves
 Droopingly, round some were bound ,
 Others were with tendrils wound
 Of the green and laughing vine,—
 And the barb was dipp'd in wine,
 But all these are summer ills,
 Like the tree whose stem distils
 Balm beneath its pleasant shade
 In the wounds its thorns have made.
 Though the flowers may fade and die,
 'Tis but a light penalty.
 All these bloom-clad darts are meant
 But for a short-lived content !
 Yet one arrow has a power
 Lasting till life's latest hour—
 Weary day and sleepless night,
 Lightning gleams of fierce delight,
 Fragrant and yet poison'd sighs,
 Agonies and ecstacies ;
 Hopes, like fires amid the gloom,
 Lighting only to consume !
 Happiness one hasty draught,
 And the lip has venom quaff'd.
 Doubt, despairing, crime, and craft
 Are upon that honey'd shaft !
 It has made the crowned king
 Crouch beneath his suffering ;

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

Made the beauty's cheek more pale
Than the foldings of her veil ;
Like a child the soldier kneel
Who had mock'd at flame or steel ;
Bade the fires of genius turn
On their own breasts, and there burn :
A wound, a blight, a curse, a doom,
Bowing young hearts to the tomb !
Well may storm be on the sky,
And the waters roll on high,
When MANMADIN passes by.
Earth below, and heaven above,
Well may bend to thee, O Love !

THE FEMALE CONVICT.*

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude :
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not
brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look ;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to
hear !—
She still was young, and she had been fair ;
But weather stains, hunger, toil, and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colours of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing o'er the salt sea-foam,
Far from her country, far from her home ;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep !
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,
To live forsaken—to die forgot !

* Suggested by the interesting description in the
Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the
Review of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

LANDON'S POEMS.

She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and wither'd from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She call'd me once to her sleeping place;
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flash'd over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!

'I had last night the loveliest dream:
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;
There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come;
But I stopp'd, methought, by mine own sweet
home.

I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there.
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echo'd one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since
fled;
And hopes which I deem'd in my heart were
dead!

• We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the northern accents that dwell on thy
tongue;
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by Memory's pall.
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him." . . .

MOON.

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

THE VIOLET.

VIOLETS!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet;
I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that deep harp roll'd
With gems of the East and bands of gold;
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep blue violet!
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

MOON.

THE Moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it was in vain she shined:

LANDON'S POEMS.

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne,
She is a beauty and a queen;
But what is this? she is alone.

Is there not one—not one—to share
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother Earth, on thee
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death,
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a Solitary there.

I N E Z . *

Alas! that clouds should ever steal
O'er Love's delicious sky;
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
Aught but the gentlest sigh!

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
But stormy waves are round it;
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it.

THE lips that breathed this song were fair
As those the rose-touched Houries wear,
And dimpled by a smile, whose spell
Not even sighs could quite dispel;
And eyes of that dark azure light
Seen only at the deep midnight;
A cheek, whose crimson hues seem'd caught
From the first tint by April brought

'To the peach bud ; and clouds of curl
 Over a brow of blue-veined pearl,
 Falling like sunlight, just one shade
 Of chestnut on its golden braid.
 Is she not all too fair to weep ?
 Those young eyes should be closed in sleep,
 Dreaming those dreams the moonlight brings,
 When the dew falls and the nightingale sings
 Dreams of a word, of a look, of a sigh,
 Till the cheek burns and the heart beats high.
 But INEZ sits and weeps in her bower,
 Pale as the gleam on the white orange flower,
 And counting the wearying moments o'er
 For his return, who returns no more !

There was a time—a time of bliss,—
 When to have met his INEZ' kiss,
 To but look in her deep-blue eye,
 To breathe the air sweet with her sigh,
 Young JUAN would have urged his steed
 With the lightning of a lover's speed,—
 Ere she could have shed one single tear,
 He had courted danger, and smiled at fear :
 But he had parted in high disdain,
 And sworn to dash from his heart the chain
 Of one, who, he said, was too light to be
 Holy and pure in her constancy.
 Alas ! that woman, not content
 With her peculiar element
 Of gentle love, should ever try
 The meteor spells of vanity !
 Her world should be of love alone,
 Of one fond heart, and only one.
 For heartless flattery, and sighs
 And looks false as the rainbow's dyes,
 Are very worthless. And that morn
 Had JUAN from his INEZ borne
 All woman's pettiness of scorn ;
 Had watch'd for her averted eye
 In vain,—had seen a rival nigh
 And smiled upon : he wildly swore
 To look on the false one no more,

Who thus could trifle, thus could break
 A fond heart for the triumph's sake.—
 And yet she loved him,—O ! how well,
 Let woman's own fond spirit tell.
 When the warriors met in their high career,
 Went not her heart along with his spear ?
 'The dance seem'd sad, and the festival dim,
 If her hand was unclaim'd by him ;
 Waked she her lute, if it breathed not his name ?
 Lay she in dreams, but some thought of him
 came ?

No flowers, no smiles, were on life's aull tide,
 When JUAN was not by his INEZ' side.
 And yet they parted ! Still there clings
 An earth-stain to the fairest things •
 And love, that most delicious gift
 Upon life's shrine of sorrow left,
 Has its own share of suffering :
 A shade falls from its radiant wing,
 A spot steals o'er its sunny brow,
 Fades the rose-lip's witching glow.
 'Tis well,—for earth were too like heaven,
 If length of life to love were given.
 He has left the land of the chestnut and lime
 For the cedar and rose of a southern clime,
 With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand
 To fight in the wars of the Holy Land.
 No colours are placed on his helm beside,
 No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied,
 A dark plume alone does young JUAN wear :—
 Look where warriors are thickest, that plume
 will be there.

But what has fame to do with one
 Whose light and hope of fame are gone ?
 O, fame is as the moon above,
 Whose sun of light and life is love.
 There is more in the smile of one gentle eye
 Than the thousand pages of history ;
 There is more in the spell of one slight gaze,
 Than the loudest plaudits the crowd can raise.
 Take the gems in glory's coronal,
 And one smile of beauty is worth them all.

INEZ.

He was not lonely quite,—a shade,
 A dream, a fancy, round him play'd ;
 Sometimes low, at the twilight hour,
 He heard a voice like that whose power
 Was on his heart : it sang a strain
 Of those whose love was fond, yet vain :
 Sweet like a dream,—yet none might say
 Whose was the voice, or whose the lay.
 And once, when worn with toil and care,
 All that the soldier has to bear,
 With none to soothe and none to bless
 His hour of sickly loneliness,
 When, waked to consciousness again,
 The fire gone from his heart and brain,
 He could remember some fair thing
 Around his pillow hovering ;
 Of white arms in whose clasp he slept
 Of young blue eyes that o'er him wept •
 How, when on the parched lip and brow
 Burnt the red fever's hottest glow,
 Some one had brought dew of the spring.
 With woman's own kind solacing
 And he had heard a voice, whose thrill
 Was echo'd by his bosom still.
 It was not hers—it could but be
 A dream, the fever's fantasie. * * *

Deadly has been the fight to-day ;
 But now the infidels give way,
 And cimeter and turban'd band
 Scatter before the foeman's hand ;
 And in the rear, with sword and spur
 Follows the Christian conqueror.
 And one dark chief rides first of all—
 A warrior at his festival—
 Chasing his prey, till none are near
 To aid the single soldier's spear,
 Save one slight boy. Of those who flew,
 Three turn, the combat to renew :
 They fly, but death is on the field—
 That page's breast was JUAN's shield.
 He bore the boy where, in the shade

LONDON'S POEMS.

Of the green palm, a fountain made
Its pleasant music ; tenderly
He laid his head upon his knee,
And from the dented helm unroll'd
The blood-stain'd curls of summer gold.
Knew he not then those deep blue eyes.
That lip of rose, and smiles, and sighs?
His INEZ !—his !—could this be her,—
Thus for his sake a wanderer !—
He spoke not, moved not, but sate there,
A statue in his cold despair,
Watching the lip and cheek decay,
As faded life's last hue away,
While she lay sweet and motionless,
As only faint with happiness.
At length she spoke, in that sweet tone
Woman and love have for their own :
“ This is what I have pray'd might be—
Has death not seal'd my truth to thee ? ” * * *

A cypress springs by yonder grave,
And music from the fountain wave
Sings its low dirge to the pale rose
That, near, in lonely beauty blows.
Two lovers sleep beneath. O, sweet,
Even in the grave, it is to meet ;
Sweet even the death-couch of stone,
When shared with some beloved one ;
And sweeter than life the silent rest
Of INEZ on her JUAN's breast.

THE OAK.

. . . It is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest pride when I was young.
I can remember when, for miles around,
In place of those smooth meadows and corn-
fields,
There stood ten thousand stately trees,

LOVE.

Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the
depth

Of hot July the glades were cool ; the grass,
Yellow and parch'd elsewhere, grew long and
fresh.

Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest ; and overhead the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs ; and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle link'd
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers ;
Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antler'd
kings.

But this is as a dream,—the plough has pass'd
Where the stag bounded, and the day has look'd
On the green twilight of the forest trees.
This oak has no companion ! . . .

LOVE.

SHE prest her slight hand to her brow or
pain
Or bitter thoughts were passing there. The
room
Had no light but that from the fireside,
Which show'd, then hid her face. How very
pale
It look'd, when over it the glimmer shone !
Is not the rose companion of the spring ?
Then wherefore has the red-leaved flower for-
gotten
Her cheek ? The tears stood in her large dark
eyes—
Her beautiful dark eyes—like hyacinth stars

LANDON'S POEMS.

When shines their shadowy glory through the
dew

That summer nights have wept ;—she felt them
not,

Her heart was far away ! Her fragile form,
Like the young willow when for the first time
'The wind sweeps o'er it rudely, had not lost
Its own peculiar grace ; but it was bow'd
By sickness, or by worse than sickness—sor-
row !

And this is Love '—O ? why should woman
love ;

Wasting her dearest feelings, till health, hope
Happiness, are but things of which henceforth
She'll only know the name ? Her heart is
sear'd :

A sweet light has been thrown upon its life,
To make its darkness the more terrible.
And this is Love !

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

AND the muffled drum roll'd on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there ;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turn'd to the ground ;
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear.
There were white plumes waving over the bier ;
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall
For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain :
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by.
And he came to his native land to die
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand !
'Twas hard to be number'd amid the dead,

LINES.

Or ere he could hear his welcome said !
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore ;
To think that the friends of his youth might
weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground ;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead !—
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan :
He knelt him down on the new raised mound,
His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground,
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The father had pray'd o'er his only son !

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF A GIRL BURN-
ING A LOVE LETTER.

The lines were filled with many a tender thing,
All the impassion'd heart's fond communing.

I took the scroll : I could not brook,
An eye to gaze on it save mine ;
I could not bear another's look
Should dwell upon one thought of thine.
My lamp was burning by my side,
I held thy letter to the flame,
I mark'd the blaze swift o'er it glide,
It did not even spare thy name.
Soon the light from the embers past,
I felt so sad to see it die,
So bright at first, so dark at last,
I fear'd it was love's history.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder
tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying.
The death wound came amid sword and plume
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded ;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his house in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing ;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over :
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claim'd by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky ;
He left his sweet home for battle :
And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an alter'd man :
The path of the grave was before him,

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer:—
These are words that are vainly spoken—
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was
won,
But who died on his own home-pillow!

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

ANOTHER day—another day
And yet he comes not nigh;
I look amid the dim blue hills,
Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain streams
Upon the echoes borne;
I hear the singing of the birds,
But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past,
The watchful chamois bounds;
But what I look for comes not near,—
My ULRIC's hawk and hounds

Three times I thus have watch'd the snow
Grow crimson with the stain,
The setting sun threw o'er the rock,
And I have watch'd in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow
Across his shoulder slung,—

LANDON'S POEMS.

I love to see the golden horn
Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love
His falcon's sweeping flight ;
I love to see his manly cheek
With mountain colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now
Would that the chase was o'er :
Well may he love the hunter's toil,
But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus ?—he would be here
If his love equall'd mine ;
Methinks had I one fond caged dove,
I would not let it pine.

But, hark ! what are those ringing steps
That up the valley come ?
I see his hounds—I see himself,—
My ULRIC, welcome home !

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS
BREATHE THEIR VOWS.

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows ?
When should ladies hear them ?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them ;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping ;
When the stars are bright on high
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
Like soft fears to shade their beaming.
The fairest smiles are those that live

THE FACTORY.

On the brow by starlight wreathing;
And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
O, softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night flowers.
O, when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen !

THE FACTORY.

'Tis an accursed thing !

THERE rests a shade above yon town,
A dark funereal shroud :
'Tis not the tempest hurrying down,
'Tis not a summer cloud.

The smoke that rises on the air
Is as a type and sign ;
A shadow flung by the despair
Within those streets of thine.

That smoke shuts out the cheerful day,
The sunset's purple hues,
The moonlight's pure and tranquil ray,
The morning's pearly dews.

Such is the moral atmosphere
Around thy daily life ;
Heavy with care, and pale with fear,
With future tumult rife.

There rises on the morning wind
A low appealing cry,

LANDON'S POEMS.

A thousand children are resign'd
To sicken and to die !

We read of Moloch's sacrifice,
We sicken at the name,
And seem to hear the infant cries—
And yet we do the same ;—

And worse—'twas but a moment's pain
The heathen altar gave,
But we give years,—our idol, Gain,
Demands a living grave !

How precious is the little one,
Before his mother's sight,
With bright hair dancing in the sun,
And eyes of azure light !

He sleeps as rosy as the south
For summer days are long ;
A prayer upon the little mouth,
Lull'd by his nurse's song.

Love is around him, and his hours
Are innocent and free ;
His mind essays its early powers
Beside his mother's knee.

When after-years of trouble come,
Such as await man's prime,
How will he think of that dear home,
And childhood's lovely time !

And such should childhood ever be,
The fairy well ; to bring
To life's worn, weary, memory
The freshness of its spring.

THE FACTORY.

But here the order is reversed,
And infancy, like age,
Knows of existence but its worst,
One dull and darken'd page;—

Written with tears and stamp'd with toil
Crush'd from the earliest hour.
Weeds darkening on the bitter soil,
That never knew a flower.

Look on yon child, it droops the head,
Its knees are bow'd with pain;
It mutters from its wretched bed,
“O, let me sleep again!”

Alas! 'tis time, the mother's eyes
Turn mournfully away;
Alas! 'tis time, the child must rise,
And yet it is not day.

The lantern's lit—she hurries forth,
The spare cloak's scanty fold
Scarce screens her from the snowy north,
The child is pale and cold.

And wearily the little hands
Their task accustomed ply;
While daily, some 'mid those pale bands,
Droop, sicken, pine, and die.

Good God! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No careless play, no frolics wild,
No words of prayer and praise.

Man from the cradle—'tis too soon
To earn their daily bread,
And heap the heat and toil of noon
Upon an infant's head.

LANDON'S POEMS.

To labour ere their strength be come,
Or starve,—is such the doom
That makes of many an English home
One long and living tomb ?

Is there no pity from above,—
No mercy in those skies ;
Hath then the heart of man no love,
To spare such sacrifice ?

O, England ! though thy tribute waves
Proclaim thee great and free,
While those small children pine like slaves,
There is a curse on thee !

GLENCOE.

LAY by the harp, sing not that song,
Although so very sweet ;
It is the song of other years,
For thee and me unmeet.

Thy head is pillow'd on my arm,
Thy heart beats close to mine ;
Methinks it were unjust to heaven,
If we should now repine.

I must not weep, you must not sing
That thrilling song again,—
I dare not think upon the time
When last I heard that strain.

It was a silent summer eve :
We stood by the hill side,
And we could see my ship afar
Breasting the ocean tide.

GLENCOE.

Around us grew the graceful larch,
A calm blue sky above,
Beneath were little cottages,
The homes of peace and love.

Thy harp was by thee then, as now,
One hand in mine was laid ;
The other, wandering 'mid the chords,
A soothing music made :

Just two or three sweet chords, that seem'd
An echo of thy tone,—
The cushat's song was on the wind,
And mingled with thine own.

I look'd upon the vale beneath,
I look'd on thy sweet face ;
I thought how dear, this voyage o'er
Would be my resting place.

We parted ; but I kept thy kiss,—
Thy last one,—and its sigh,
As safely as the stars are kept
In yonder azure sky.

Again I stood by that hill side,
And scarce I knew the place,
For fire, and blood, and death, had left
On every thing their trace.

The lake was cover'd o'er with weeds,
Choked was our little rill,
There was no sign of corn or grass,
The cushat's song was still :

Burnt to the dust, an ashy heap
Was every cottage round ;—
I listen'd but I could not hear
One single human sound :

LANDON'S POEMS.

I spoke, and only my own words
Were echo'd from the hill;
I sat me down to weep, and curse
The hand that wrought this ill.

We met again by miracle:
Thou wert another one
Saved from this work of sin and death,—
I was not quite alone.

And then I heard the evil tale
Of guilt and suffering,
Till I pray'd the curse of God might fall
On the false-hearted king.

I will not think on this,—for thou
Art saved, and saved for me!
And gallantly my little bark
Cuts through the moonlight sea.

There's not a shadow in the sky,
The waves are bright below
I must not, on so sweet a night,
Think upon dark Glencoe.

If thought were vengeance, then its thought
A ceaseless fire should be
Burning by day, burning by night,
Kept like a thought of thee.

But I am powerless and must flee;—
That e'er a time should come.
When we should shun our own sweet land,
And seek another home!

This must not be,—yon soft moonlight
Falls on my heart like balm;
The waves are still, the air is hush'd,
And I too will be calm.

CHANGE.

Away! we seek another land
Of hope, stars, flowers, sunshine;
I shall forget the dark green hills
Of that which once was mine!

CHANGE.

AND this is what is left of youth! . . .
There were two boys, who were bred up to
gether,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same
board
Each tried the other's sport, from their first
chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they follow'd the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Play'd on the bubbles: shared each in the store
Of either's garden: and together read
Of him the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they
parted
With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those
warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which
shed them,
But which are thought upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed once
more.

They met again,—but different from them-
selves,

LANDON'S POEMS.

At least what each remember'd of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles: and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gather'd it; each with a brow
And heart alike darken'd by years and care.
They met with cold words, and yet colder
looks:

Each was changed in himself, and yet each
thought

The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet
thoughts

That linger'd yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring
word,

Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they
spoke,

Their speech was wormwood!
. . . . And this, this is life!

THE GRAY CROSS.

A GRAY cross stands beneath yon old beech
tree;

It marks a soldier's and a maiden's grave:
Around it is a grove of orange trees,
With silver blossoms and with golden fruit.
It was a Spaniard, whom he saved from death,
Raised that cross o'er the gallant Englishman.

He left home a young soldier, full of hope
And enterprise!—he fell in his first field!
There came a lovely pilgrim to his tomb,
The blue-eyed girl, his own betroth'd bride,—
Pale, delicate,—one looking as the gale

THE LOST STAR.

That bow'd the rose could sweep her from the
earth.

Yet she had left her home, where every look
Had been watch'd, O, so tenderly!—and miles,
Long weary miles had wander'd. When she
came

To the dim shadow of the aged beech,
She was worn to a shadow; colourless
The cheek once dyed by her own mountain
rose.

She reach'd the grave and died upon the sod!
They laid her by her lover:—and her tale
Is often on the songs that the guitar
Echoes in the lime valleys of Castile.

THE LOST STAR.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world as here?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night?—
No; few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright!

What wert thou star of?—vanish'd one.
What mystery was thine?
Thy beauty from the east is gone:
What was thy sway and sign?

Wert thou the star of opening youth?—
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be?

Of hope—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade;

LANDON'S POEMS.

Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade ?
How was thy dying ? like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then forever past ?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
The fair moon renders vain ?
The rest shone forth the next dark night,
Thou didst not shine again.
Didst thou fade gradual from the time
The first great curse was hurl'd,
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
Star of our early world ?

Forgotten and departed star !
A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal car,
Who then remembers thine ?
Save when some mournful bard like me
Dreams over beauty gone,
And in the fate that waited thee,
Reads what will be his own.

THE
DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

AWAY, away ! your care is vain ;
No leech could aid me now ;
The chill of death is at my heart,
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
Within a warrior's eyes :
Away ! how can ye weep for him
Who in the battle dies ?

If I had died with idle head
Upon my lady's knee--

THE CHANGE.

Had Fate stood by my silken bed,
Then might ye weep for me.

But I lie on my own proud deck
Before the sea and sky ;
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
Another droops below :
Well with my heart's best blood is paid
Such purchase from a foe.

Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells
A fair hair'd boy of mine ;
Give him my sword, while yet the blood
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him that only other blood
Should wash such stains away ;
And if he be his father's child,
There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark ! farewell, my friends !
Now fling me on the wave ;
One cup of wine, and one of blood,
Pour on my bounding grave.

THE CHANGE.

Thy features do not wear the light
They wore in happier days ;
Though still there may be much to love,
There's little left to praise.

The rose has faded from thy cheek—
There's scarce a blush left now ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

And there's a dark and weary sign
Upon thine alter'd brow.

Thy raven hair is dash'd with gray.
Thine eyes are dim with tears;
And care, before thy youth is past,
Has done the work of years.

Beautiful wreck! for still thy face,
Though changed, is very fair;
Like beauty's moonlight, left to show
Her morning sun was there.

Come, here are friends and festival,
Recall thine early smile;
And wear yon wreath, whose glad red rose
Will lend its bloom awhile.

Come, take thy lute, and sing again
The song you used to sing—
The birdlike song:—See, though unused,
The lute has every string.

What, doth thy hand forget the lute?
Thy brow reject the wreath?
Alas! whate'er the change above,
There's more of change beneath?

The smile may come, the smile may go,
The blush shine and depart;
But farewell when their sense is quench'd
Within the breaking heart.

And such is thine: 'tis vain to seek
The shades of past delight:
Fling down the wreath, and break the lute;
They mock our souls to-night.

THE ASPEN TREE.

THE quiet of the evening hour
Was laid on every summer leaf;
That purple shade was on each flower,
At once so beautiful, so brief.

Only the aspen knew not rest,
But still, with an unquiet song,
Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
And cast a changeful shade along.

Not for its beauty—other trees
Had greener boughs, and statelier stem,
And those had fruit, and blossoms these,
Yet still I chose this tree from them.

Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
Which dwells within the human heart;
From earth below to heaven above,
In each, in all, it fain has part.

It must find sympathy, or make;
And hence beliefs, the fond, the vain,
The thousand shapes that fancies take,
To bind the fine connecting chain.

We plant pale flowers beside the tomb,
And love to see them droop and fade;
For every leaf that sheds its bloom
Seems like a natural tribute paid.

Thus Nature soothes the grief she shares:
What are the flowers we hold most dear?
The one whose haunted beauty wears
The sign of human thought or tear.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Why hold the violet and rose
A place within the heart, denied
To fairer foreign flowers, to those
To earlier memories allied ?

Like those frail leaves, each restless thought
Fluctuates in my weary mind ;
Uncertain tree ! my fate was wrought
In the same loom where thine was twined.

And thus from other trees around
Did I still watch the aspen tree,
Because in its unrest I found
Somewhat of sympathy with me

THE EMERALD RING.

A SUPERSTITION.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no :
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring ;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering
Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no colour in the stone ;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone !
Take back your gift, and give me mine--
The kiss that seal'd our last love-vow ;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,--
My kiss is lost and sullied now !
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed .
But *my* true love has alter'd not,
My heart is broken—not estranged ?

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head ;
And gather'd early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He said,—“ I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet,
O, mother, do not weep !”

O, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was fill'd with tender fears ;
O, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrain'd its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud
A taper in his hand.

LONDON'S POEMS.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only ask'd of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

THE WRECK.

THE moonlight fell on the stately ship;
It shone over sea and sky;
And there was nothing but water and air
To meet the gazing eye.

Bright and blue spread the heaven above,
Bright and blue spread the sea;
The stars from their home shone down on the
wave,
Till they seem'd in the wave to be.

With silver foam like a cloud behind,
That vessel cut her way;
But the shadow she cast, was the sole dark thing
That upon the waters lay.

With steps of power, and with steps of pride,
The lord of the vessel paced
The deck, as he thought on the wave below,
And the glorious heaven he faced.

THE WRECK.

One moment's pause, and his spirit fell
From its bearing high and proud
But yet it was not a thought of fear,
That the seaman's spirit bow'd :

For he had stood on the deck when wash'd
With blood, and that blood his own ;
When the dying were pillow'd upon the dead,
And yet you heard not a groan—

For the shout of battle came on the wind,
And the cannon roar'd aloud ;
And the heavy smoke hung round each ship,
Even like its death shroud.

And he had guided the helm, when fate
Seem'd stepping every wave,
And the wind swept away the wreath of foam
To show a yawning grave.

But this most sweet and lighted calm,
Its blue and midnight hour,
Waken'd the hidden springs of his heart
With a deep and secret power.

Is there some nameless boding sent,
Like a noiseless voice from the tomb ?—
A spirit note from the other world,
To warn of death and doom !

He thought of his home, of his own fair land,
And the warm tear rush'd to his eye ;
Almost with fear he look'd around,
But no cloud was on the sky.

He sought his cabin, and join'd his band—
The wine cup was passing round ;
He join'd in their laugh, he join'd in the song,
But no mirth was in the sound.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Peaceful they sought their quiet sleep,
In the soft and lovely night ;
But, like life, the sea was false, and hid
The cold dark rock from sight.

At midnight there came a sudden shock,
And the sleepers sprang from bed;
There was one fierce cry of last despair—
The waves closed over head.

There was no dark cloud on the morning sky,
No fierce wind on the morning air ;
The sun shone over the proud ship's track,
But no proud ship was there !

THE FROZEN SHIP.

THE fair ship cut the billows,
And her path lay white behind,
And dreamily amid her sails
Scarce moved the sleeping wind.

The sailors sang their gentle songs,
Whose words were home and love ;
Waveless the wide sea spread beneath—
And calm the heaven above.

But as they sung, each voice turn'd low,
Albeit they knew not why ;
For quiet was the waveless sea,
And cloudless was the sky.

But the clear air was cold as clear ;
'Twas pain to draw the breath ;
And the silence and the chill around
Were e'en like those of death.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

Colder and colder grew the air,
Spell-bound seem'd the wave to be,
And ere night fell, they knew they were lock'd
In the arms of that icy sea.

Stiff lay the sail, chain-like the ropes,
And snow pass'd o'er the main;
Each thought, but none spoke, of distant home
They never should see again.

Each look'd upon his comrade's face,
Pale as funereal stone;
Yet none could touch the other's hand,
For none could feel his own.

Like statues fix'd, that gallant band
Stood on the dread deck to die;
The sleet was their shroud, the wind their dirg^{es},
And their churchyard the sea and the sky.

Fond eyes watch'd by their native shore,
And prayers to the wild winds gave;
But never again came that stately ship
To breast the English wave.

Hope grew fear, and fear grew hope,
Till both alike were done:
And the bride lay down in her grave alone,
And the mother without her son.

Years pass'd, and of that goodly ship
Nothing of tidings came;
Till, in after-time, when her fate had grown
But a tale of fear and a name—

It was beneath a tropic sky
The tale was told to me;
The sailor who told, in his youth had been
Over that icy sea.

LANDON'S POEMS.

He said it was fearful to see them stand,
Nor the living, nor yet the dead,
And the light glared strange in the *glaazy* eyes
Whose human look was fled.

For frost had done one-half life's part,
And kept them from decay;
Those they loved had moulder'd, but these
Look'd the dead of yesterday.

Peace to the souls of the graveless dead!
'Twas an awful doom to dree;
But fearful and wondrous are thy works
O God. in the boundless sea!

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

A NAMELESS grave,—there is no stone
To sanctify the dead:
O'er it the willow droops alone,
With only wild flowers spread.

"O, there is nought to interest here,
No record of a name,
A trumpet call upon the ear,
High on the roll of fame.

"I will not pause beside a tomb
Where nothing calls to mind
Aught that can brighten mortal gloom,
Or elevate mankind;—

"No glorious memory to efface
The stay of meaner clay;
No intellect whose heavenly trace
Redeem'd our earth :—away!"

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

Ah, these are thoughts that well may rise
On youth's ambitious pride;
But I will sit and moralize
This lowly stone beside.

Here thousands might have slept, whose name
Had been to thee a spell,
To light thy flashing eyes with flame,—
To bid thy young heart swell.

Here might have been a warrior's rest,
Some chief who bravely bled,
With waving banner, sculptured crest,
And laurel on his head.

That laurel must have had its blood,
That blood have caused its tear,—
Look on the lovely solitude—
What! wish for warfare here!

A poet might have slept,—what! he
Whose restless heart first wakes
Its life-pulse into melody,
Then o'er it pines and breaks?—

He who hath sung of passionate love,
His life a feverish tale:—
O! not the nightingale, the dove
Would suit its quiet vale.

See, I have named your favourite two,—
Each had been glad to crave
Rest 'neath this turf's unbroken dew,
And such a nameless grave.

REVENGE.

Ay, gaze upon her rose-wreath'd hair,
And gaze upon her smile :
Seem as you drank the very air
Her breath perfumed the while ;

And wake for her the gifted line,
That wild and witching lay,
And swear your heart is as a shrine,
That only owns her sway.

'Tis well : I am revenged at last,—
Mark you that scornful cheek,—
The eye averted as you pass'd,
Spoke more than words could speak.

Ay, now by all the bitter tears,
That I have shed for thee,—
The racking doubts, the burning fears,—
Avenged they well may be—

By the nights pass'd in sleepless care,
The days of endless wo ;
All that you taught my heart to bear,
All that yourself will know.

I would not wish to see you laid
Within an early tomb ;
I should forget how you betray'd,
And only weep your doom :

But this is fitting punishment
To live and love in vain,—
O my wrung heart, be thou content,
And feed upon his pain.

A SUMMER DAY.

Go thou and watch her lightest sigh,
Thine own it will not be ;
And back beneath her sunny eye,—
It will not turn on thee.

'Tis well : the rack, the chain, the wheel,
Far better hadst thou proved ;
Ev'n I could almost pity feel,
For thou art not beloved.

A SUMMER DAY.

SWEET valley, whose streams flow as spark-
ling and bright
As the stars that descend in the depths of the
night ;
Whose violets fling their rich breath in the air,
Sweet spendthrifts of treasure the Spring has
flung there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine
own ;
Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown :
But still it is something to gaze upon thee,
And bless earth, that such peace on her bosom
can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light as I
bound
O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful
ground ;
And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the
leaves,
A blessing in giving and taking receives.

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the
sweet,
As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's
feet ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy
broom,—

I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colours
may flee,

As if dying with sorrow at parting from thee ;
And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt
but seem

Like the flitting shape morning recalls of a
dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave
they behind

One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the
mind :

One leaf or one flower to memory will bring
The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

CAN you forget me ?—I who have so cherish'd

The veriest trifle that was memory's link ;

The roses that you gave me, although perish'd.

Were precious in my sight ; they made me
think.

You took them in their scentless beauty stooping

From the warm shelter of the garden wall ;

Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,

Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? I am not relying

On plighted vows—alas ! I know their worth :

Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying

Upon the very breath that gave it birth.

But I remember hours of quiet gladness,

When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then.

When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of
sadness,

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

And then unconsciously grow glad again.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? My whole soul was
blended ;

At least it sought to blend itself with thine ;
My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seem'd
ended ;

Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my
spirit's shrine.

Can you forget me ?—when the firelight burning,
Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
How would thy words, to long past moments
turning,

Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy
gloom !

Can you forget them ?

There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
And heaven itself could scarcely seem more
true—

Sadly have I awaken'd from the dreaming,
Whose charm'd slumber—false one !—was
of you.

I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping—
I had no thought I did not seek to share ;
Feelings that hush'd within my soul were
sleeping,

Waked into voice, to trust them to thy care.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? This is vainly tasking

The faithless heart where I, alas ! am not.

Too well I know the idleness of asking—

The misery—of why am I forget ?

The happy hours that I have pass'd while
kneeling

Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.

--But what to thee this passionate appealing—

Let my heart break—it is a common case.

You have forgotten me.

DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE ATTENDANTS.

THEY bend above the page with anxious eyes,
Devoutly listening to sacred words
Which have awaken'd all the spirit-chords
Whose music dwells in the eternal skies.
And still their teacher hope and aid supplies.
For those dark priests are God's own messen-
gers.

To bring their land glad tidings from above,
And to the creed that in its darkness errs,
To teach the words of truth and Christian
love.

Blessings be on their pathway, and increase !
These are the moral conquerors, and belong
To them the palm-branch and triumphal
song—

Conquerors, and yet the harbingers of peace.

THE WREATH.

NAY, fling not down those faded flowers,
Too late they're scatter'd round ;
And violet and rose-leaf lie
Together on the ground.

How carefully this very morn
Those buds were cull'd and wreath'd,
And, 'mid the cloud of that dark hair,
How sweet a sigh they breathed !

THE WREATH.

And many a gentle word was said
Above their morning dye,
How that the rose had touch'd thy cheek,
The violet thine eye.

Methinks, if but for memory,
I should have kept these flowers ;
Ah ! all too lightly does thy heart
Dwell upon vanish'd hours.

Already has thine eager hand
Stripp'd yonder rose-hung bough ;
The wreath that bound thy raven curls
Thy feet are on it now.

That glancing smile, it seems to say
"Thou art too fanciful ;
What matters it what roses fade,
While there are more to cull !

Ay, I was wrong to ask of thee
Such gloomy thoughts as mine :
Thou in thy Spring, how shouldst thou dream
Of Autumn's pale decline ?

Young, lovely, loved,—O ! far from thee
Life's after-dearth and doom ;
Long ere thou learn how memory clings
To even faded bloom !

THE DYING CHILD.

The woman was in abject misery—that worst of poverty, which is haunted by shame—the only relic left by better days. She shrunk from all efforts at recovery, refused to administer the medicines, and spoke of the child's death but as a blessing.

My God! and is the daily page of life
Darken'd with wretchedness like this.

HER cheek is flush'd with fever red;
Her little hand burns in my own;
Alas! and does't pain rack her sleep?
Speak! for I cannot bear that moan.

Yet, sleep, I do not wish to look
Again within those languid eyes;
Sleep, though again the heavy lash
May never from their beauty rise.

—Aid, hope for me?—now hold thy peace,
And take that healing cup away,
Life, length of life, to that poor child!—
It is not life for which I pray.

Why should she live for pain, for toil,
For wasted frame and broken heart,
Till life has only left, in death,
With its base fear of death to part!

How could I bear to see her youth
Bow'd to the dust by abject toil,
Till misery urge the soul to guilt,
From which its nature would recoil?

THE GANGES.

The bitterness of poverty,
The shame that adds the worst to wo,—
I think upon the life I've known,
Upon the life that I shall know.

Look through yon street,—a hundred lamps
Are lighting up the revels there,—
Hark ! you can hear the distant laugh
Blending with music on the air.

The rich dwell there, who know not want ;
Who loathe that wretchedness whose name
Is there an unfamiliar sound :—
Why is not my estate the same ?

I may have sinn'd, and punishment
For that most ignorant sin incur ;
But be the curse upon my head,—
O, let it not descend to her !

Sleep, dear one ! 'tis a weary world ;
Sleep the sweet slumber of the grave
Vex me no more with thy vain words : -
What worth is that you seek to save ?

Tears—tears—I shame that I should weep ;
I thought my heart had nerved my eye ;—
I should be thankful, and I will,—
There, there, my child, lie down and die !

THE GANGES.

ON sweeps the mighty river—calmly flowing,
Through the eternal flowers
That light the summer hours,
Year after year, perpetual in their blowing.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Over the myriad plains that current ranges,
Itself as clear and bright
As in its earliest light,
And yet the mirror of perpetual changes.

Here must have ceased the echo of those
slaughters,
When stopp'd the onward jar
Of Macedonian war,
Whose murmur only reach'd thy ancient
waters.

Yet have they redden'd with the fierce out-
pouring
Of human blood and life,
When over kingly strife
The vulture on his fated wing was soaring.

How oft its watch, impatient of the morrow,
Hath mortal misery kept,
Beside thy banks, and wept,
Kissing thy quiet night winds with their sor-
row!

Yet thou art on thy course majestic keeping,
Unruffled by the breath
Of man's vain life or death,
Calm as the heaven upon thy bosom sleeping.

Still dost thou keep thy calm and onward
motion,
Amid the ancient ranks
Of forests on thy banks,
'Till thou hast gain'd thy home—the mighty
ocean.

And thou dost scatter benefits around thee :
Thy silver current yields
Life to the green rice-fields,
That have like an enchanted girdle bound thee.

THE GANGES.

By thee are royal gardens, each possessing
A summer in its hues,
Which still thy wave renews,
Where'er thou flowest dost thou bear a blessing.

Such, O my country! should be thy advancing—
A glorious progress known
As is that river's, shown
By the glad sunshine on its waters glancing.

So should thy moral light be onwards flowing—
So should its course be bound
By benefits around,
The blessings which itself hath known bestowing,

Faith—commerce—knowledge—law—those
should be springing,
Where'er thy standard flies
Amid the azure skies,
Whose highest gifts that red-cross flag is bringing.

Already much for man has been effected;
The weak and poor man's cause
Is strengthen'd by the laws,
The equal right, born with us, all respected.

But much awaits, O England! thy redressing;
Thou hast no nobler guide
Than yon bright river's tide:
Bear as that bears—where'er thou goest, blessing!*

* Will General Fagan permit me to quote an expression of his which struck me most forcibly?—"We have," said he, "been the conquerors of India: we have now to be its benefactors, its legislators, its instructors, and its liberators."

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not
to know,
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon
quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though 'twere enamour'd itself of its
shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour
slumbers
On the stream, as it loved the bright place of
its rest ;
And its waves pass in song, as the sea shell's soft
numbers
Had given to those waters their sweetest and
best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and
sunny ;
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers
weep—
There the bee heaps his earliest treasures of
honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their
prison,
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun ;

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Who can tell me from whence that glad river
has risen !

Who can say whence it springs in its beauty ?
—not one.

O my heart, and my song, which is as my
heart's flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine
own.

'Mid those the chief praise on thy music be-
stowing,
Who cares for the lips from whence issue
the tone ?

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody
came :

'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will
inherit

The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

“And the same John had his raiment of camel's
hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his
meat was locusts and wild honey.”

ST. MATTHEW iii. 4

AFAR, he took a gloomy cave,
For his accustomed dwelling-place,
As dark, as silent as the grave,
As unfamiliar with man's face ;

The stern and knotted trees grew round,
Blasted, and desolate, and gray,
And 'mid their sullen depths was found
A home for birds and beasts of prey.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Morning broke joyless, for the land
Knew no green grass, nor fragrant flower,
The barren rock, the burning sand,
Bless'd not the sunshine, nor the shower.

Yet there the prophet dwelt alone,
Far from the city and the plain ;
For him in vain their glory shone,
For him their beauty spread in vain.

He left his youth and life behind ;
Each idol of the human heart,
Pleasures and vanities resign'd,
Content to choose the better part.

Methinks, when hope is cold or weak,
And prayers seem but unwelcome tasks,
And worldly thoughts and feelings seek
To fill the hours religion asks ;

If, when the light of faith is dim,
The spirit would but ponder thus—
How much there was required of him,
How little is required of us !

All-Merciful, did we declare,
The glories which to Thee belong,
All life would pass in thankful prayer
All breathe in one triumphant song.

THE NATIVITY.

"Lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."

ST MATTHEW ii. 9-11.

FAR in the desert east it shone,
A guiding-star, and only one ;
The other planets left the sky,
Trembling, as if rebuked on high.
The moon forsook her silvery height,
Abash'd before that holier light :
The storm clouds that on ether lay
Melted before its glorious ray ;
Till half the heaven shone pure and clear,
Like some diviner atmosphere
Than ours, where heavy vapours rise
From the vile earth, to dim the skies ;

Meet herald of that promised day,
When soul shall burst the bond of clay,
And, purified from earth-stains come,
Radiant to its eternal home.
On roll'd the star, nor paused to shed
Its glory o'er the mountain's head,
Whereon the morning sunshine fell,
Where eve's last crimson loved to dwell ;
The gilded roof, the stately fane,
The garden, nor the corn-hid plain,
The camp, where red watch-fires were keeping
Guard o'er a thousand soldiers sleeping.
But temple, palace, city past,

LANDON'S POEMS.

That star paused in the sky at last.
It pruned where, roused from slumbers mild,
Lay 'mid the kine a newborn child.

Are there no clarions upon earth
To tell mankind their monarch's birth?
Are there no banners to unfold,
Heavy with purple and with gold?
Are there no flowers to strew the ground,
Nor arches with the palm-branch bound!
Nor fires to kindle on the hill?
No! man is mute—the world is still.
All would all earthly pomp agree

With this hour's mild solemnity;
The tidings which that infant brings,
Are not for conquerors nor for kings:
Nor for the sceptre, nor the brand,
For crowned head, nor red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
"All glory to our newborn King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen."

THE SNOWDROP.

THOU beautiful new comer,
With white and maiden brow;
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now?
This dim and shelter'd alley
Is dark with winter green;
Not such as in the valley
At sweet spring time is seen.

THE SNOW DROP.

The lime tree's tender yellow,
The aspen's silvery sheen,
With mingling colours mellow
The universal green.
Now solemn yews are bending
'Mid gloomy fires around;
And in long dark wreaths descending,
The ivy sweeps the ground.

No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dewdrops pass;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass.
Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb;
Thus lovely, and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.

Though the singing rill be frozen,
While the wind forsakes the west,
Though the singing birds have chosen
Some lone and silent rest;
Like thee, one sweet thought lingers
In a heart else cold and dead,
Though the summer's flowers, and singers,
And sunshine, long hath fled:

'Tis the love for long years cherish'd,
Yet lingering, lorn, and lone;
Though its lovelier lights have perish'd
And its earlier hopes are flown.
Though a weary world hath bound it,
With many a heavy thrall;
And the cold and changed surround it,
It blossometh o'er all.

THE INDIAN GIRL

SHE sat alone beside her hearth—
For many nights alone ;
She slept not on the pleasant couch
Where fragrant herbs were strown.

At first she bound her raven hair
With feather and with shell ;
But then she hoped ; at length, like night,
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering 'mid the woods,
Lone, with the cheerless dawn,
And then they said, " Can this be her
We call'd ' The Startled Fawn.' "

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade ;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of every thing afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily
Fell down to autumn earth,
Than her light feet, which seem'd to move
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart !
Ah ! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history
That Indian girl could tell ,
Fate sets apart one common doom
For all who love too well.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

The proud—the shy—the sensitive,
Life has not many such;
They dearly buy their happiness,
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,
That fair young stranger came
They raised for him the funeral song—
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity,—and her arms
Around his arms she threw;
She told her father, “If he dies,
Your daughter dieth too.”

For her sweet sake they set him free—
He linger'd at her side;
And many a native song yet tells
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have pass'd—how much two years
Have taken in their flight!
They've taken from the lip its smile,
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung!

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—
They only grew more dear.
She served him meekly, anxiously,
With love—half faith, half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart
Be worthless in those eyes
For which it beats?—Ah! wo to those
Who such a heart despise.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Poor child ! what lonely days she pass'd,
With nothing to recall
But bitter taunts, and careless words,
And looks more cold than all.

Alas ! for love, that sits at home,
Forsaken, and yet fond ;
The grief that sits beside the hearth,
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she follow'd him—
She thought he could not bear
When she had left her home for him
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream
She took her lonely way !
The stars at night her pilots were,
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully !—
The Indian look'd behind,
When the last sound of voice or step
Died on the midnight wind.

Yet still adown the gloomy stream
She plied her weary oar ;
Her husband—he had left their home,
And it was home no more.

She found him—but she found in vain—
He spurn'd her from his side ;
He said, her brow was all too dark,
For her to be his bride.

She grasp'd his hands,—her own were cold,—
And silent turn'd away,
As she had not a tear to shed,
And not a word to say.

KALENDRIA.

And pale as death she reach'd her boat,
And guided it along ;
With broken voice she strove to raise
A melancholy song.

None watch'd the lonely Indian girl,—
She pass'd unmark'd of all,
Until they saw her slight canoe
Approach the mighty Fall !*

Upright, within that slender boat
They saw the pale girl stand,
Her dark hair streaming far behind—
Upraised her desperate hand.

The air is fill'd with shriek and shout—
They call, but call in vain ;
The boat amid the waters dash'd—
'Twas never seen again .

KALENDRIA;

A PORT IN CILICIA.

Do you see yon vessel riding,
Anchor'd in our island bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
For the morrow's onward way ?
See her white wings folded round her
As she rocks upon the deep ;
Slumber with a spell hath bound her,
With a spell of peace and sleep.

Seems she not as if enchanted
To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
By that sweet ship's shadowy grace.

* Niagara.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Yet, come here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain,
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
They will search the sea in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me,
For a parting word and tear ;
Other lands and lips may greet me ;
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say, other—
Mine again I shall not see ;
I have left mine aged mother,
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie ;
Where the myrtle groves are sighing,
Soft beneath our summer sky.
Mine will be a wilder ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave,
Where the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Mine may be a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse or sullen guard.
Dearest maiden, thou art weeping :
Must I from those eyes remove ?
Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping
Which might ripen into love ?

No ! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange ;
Ah ! when once the heart has chosen,
Well I know it cannot change.
And I know that heart has spoken
That another's it must be.
Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.

INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

No: be still the guileless creature
That upon my boyhood shone;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my faith in heaven were gone.
Still thy memory shall be cherish'd,
Dear as it is now to me;
When all gentler thoughts have perish'd,
One shall linger yet for thee.

Farewell!—With those words I sever
Every tie of youth and home;
Thou, fair isle! adieu for ever!
See, a boat cuts through the foam.
Wind, time, tide, alike are pressing,
I must hasten from the shore.
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love! we meet no more.

INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

A LUXURY of summer green
Is on the southern plain,
And water-flags, with dewy screen,
Protect the ripening grain.
Upon the sky is not a cloud
To mar the golden glow,
Only the palm-tree is allow'd
To fling its shade below.

And silvery, 'mid its fertile brakes,
The winding river glides,
And every ray in heaven makes
Its mirror of its tides.
And yet it is a place of death—
A place of sacrifice;
Heavy with childhood's parting breath,
Weary with childhood's cries.

LANDON'S POEMS.

The mother takes her little child—
Its face is like her own ;
The cradle of her choice is wild—
Why is it left alone ?

The trampling of the buffalo
Is heard among the reeds,
And sweeps around the carrion crow
That amid carnage feeds.

O ! outrage upon mother Earth
To yonder azure sky ;
A destined victim from its birth
The child is left to die.
We shudder that such crimes disgrace
E'en yonder savage strand ;
Alas ! and hath such crime no trace
Within our English land ?

Pause, ere we blame the savage code
That such strange horror keeps ;
Perhaps within her sad abode
The mother sits and weeps,
And thinks how oft those eyelids smil'd,
Whose close she may not see ;
And says, " O, would to God, my child,
I might have died for thee !"

Such law of bloodshed to annul
Should be the Christian's toil ;
May not such law be merciful,
To that upon our soil ?
Better the infant eyes should close
Upon the first sweet breath,
Than weary for their last repose,
A living life in death !

Look on the children of our poor,
On many an English child :
Better that it had died secure
By yonder river wild.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

Flung careless on the waves of life,
From childhood's earliest time,
They struggle, one perpetual strife,
With hunger and with crime.

Look on the crowded prison-gate—
Instructive love and care
In early life had saved the fate
That waits on many there.
Cold, selfish, shunning care and cost
The poor are left unknown ;
I say, for every soul thus lost,
We answer with our own.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

He stood by the river's side
A conqueror and a king,
None match'd his step of pride
Amid the armed ring.
And a heavy echo rose from the ground,
As a thousand warriors gather'd round.

And the morning march had been long,
And the noontide sun was high.
And weariness bow'd down the strong,
And heat closed every eye ;
And the victor stood by the river's brim
Whose coolness seem'd but made for him.

The cypress spread their gloom
Like a cloak from the noontide beam,
He flung back his dusty plume,
And plunged in the silver stream ;
He plunged like the young steed, fierce and wild,
He was borne away like the feeble child.

They took the king to his tent
 From the river's fatal banks,
 A cry of terror went
 Like a storm through the Grecian ranks:
 Was this the fruit of their glories won,
 Was this the death for AMMON'S son?

Many a leech heard the call,
 But each one shrank away;
 For heavy upon all
 Was the weight of fear that day:
 When a thought of treason, a word of death,
 Was in each eye and on each breath.

But one with the royal youth
 Had been from his earliest hour,
 And he knew that his heart was truth,
 And he knew that his hand was power;
 He gave what hope his skill might give,
 And bade him trust to his faith and live.

ALEXANDER took the cup,
 And from beneath his head a scroll,
 He drank the liquor up,
 And bade PHILIP read the roll;
 And PHILIP look'd on the page, where shame
 Treason, and poison were named with his name.

An angry flush rose on his brow,
 And anger darken'd his eye,
 What I have done I would do again now!
 If you trust my fidelity.
 The king watch'd his face, he felt he might dare
 Trust the faith that was written there.

Next day the conqueror rose
 From a greater conqueror free;
 And again he stood amid those
 Who had died his death to see:
 He stood there proud of the lesson he gave
 That faith and trust were made for the brave.

THE
SULTANA'S REMONSTRANCE.

It suits thee well to weep,
As thou lookest on the fair land,
Whose sceptre thou hast held
With less than woman's hand.

On yon bright city gaze,
With its white and marble halls,
The glory of its lofty towers,
The strength of its proud walls.

And look to yonder palace,
With its garden of the rose,
With its groves and silver fountains,
Fit for a king's repose.

There is weeping in that city,
And a cry of wo and shame,
There's a whisper of dishonour,
And that whisper is thy name.

And the stranger's feast is spread,
But it is no feast of thine ;
In thine own halls accursed lips
Drain the forbidden wine.

And aged men are in the streets,
Who mourn their length of days,
And young knights stand with folded arms
And eyes they dare not raise.

LANDON'S POEMS.

There is not one whose blood was not
As the waves of ocean free—
Their fathers died for thy fathers,
They would have died for thee.

Weep not, 'tis mine to weep
That ever thou wert born;
Alas, that all a mother's love
Is lost in a queen's scorn!

Yet weep, thou less than woman, weep,
Those tears become thine eye,—
It suits thee well to weep the land
For which thou dar'st not die.*

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

And the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air,
The leaves of the grove were still,
As the presence of death were there;

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea,
It was as if, like life
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
Pass'd through the sacred wood,
Which, like a mystery,
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
With the weight of casque and plume,
And sunburnt was his cheek,
And his eye and brow were gloom.

* These lines allude to the flight of the last king of
Grenada.

THE RECORD.

The child was young and fair,
But the forehead large and high,
And the dark eyes' flashing light
Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,
And stood before the shrine,
It stream'd with the victim's blood.
With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet
The thunder shook the dome,
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
O'er which tears of blood were wept,
And that page is the record
How that oath of hate was kept.

THE RECCRD.

HE sleeps, his head upon his sword,
His soldier's cloak a shroud ;
His churchyard is the open field,—
Three times it has been plough'd:

The first time that the wheat sprang up
'Twas black as if with blood,
The meanest beggar turn'd away
From the unholy food.

'The third year, and the grain grew fair,
As it was wont to wave ;
None would have thought that golden corn
Was growing on the grave.

LANDON'S POEMS

His lot was but a peasant's lot,
His name a peasant's name,
Not his the place of death that turns
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,
Trampled down where they fall,
While on a single name is heap'd
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave
Lies in the open fields,
Died not without a thought of all
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,
The lime trees almost hide,
Bears on the walls the names of those
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,
His mother read it there,
With pride,—O ! no, there could not be
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark
That peasant roll of fame,
Will think on prouder ones, yet say
This was a hero's name.

C O R F U .

O, LOVELY isle ! that, like a child,
Art sleeping on the sea,
Amid whose hair the wind is wild,
And on whose cheek the sun has smiled
As there it loved to be.

CORFU.

How fair thou art, how very fair,
A lone and lovely dream,
That sprung on the enchanted air,
A fairy likeness seems to wear,
A fairy world to seem.

Thou bringest to me a pleasant mood
Of fanciful delight :
To me thou art a solitude
Known only to the sea bird's brood,
And to the stars at night.

I should so like to have thee mine,
Mine own—my very own,
The shadows of thy sweeping vine,
Wherein the scarlet creepers twine,
Broken by me alone.

I would not have a footstep trace
Thy solitary shore :
No human voice—no human face
Should trouble my sweet resting place
With memories of yore.

I would forget the wretched years
Pass'd in this world of ours,
Where weary cares and feverish fears
Ending alike in bitter tears,
Darken the heavy hours.

But I would dwell beside the sea,
And of the scatter'd shells
Ask, when they murmur mournfully,
What sorrow in the past may be,
Of which their music tells.

Winds, waves, and breathing shells are sad—
Methinks I should repine,
If their low tones were only glad,
'Twould seem too much as if they had
No sympathy for mine.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Not long such fancies can beguile
Dreams of what cannot be ;
Gone is thy visionary smile,
And thou art but a distant isle
Upon a distant sea.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

FAIR lake, thy lovely and thy haunted shore
Has only echoes for the poet's lute ;
None may tread there save with unsandall'd
foot,
Submissive to the great that went before,
Fill'd with the mighty memories of yore.
And yet how mournful are the records
there—
Captivity, and exile, and despair,
Did they endure who now endure no more.
The patriot, the woman, and the bard,
Whose names thy winds and waters bear along ;
What did the world bestow for their reward
But suffering, sorrow, bitterness, and wrong ?—
Genius !—a hard and weary lot is thine—
The heart thy fuel—and the grave thy
shrine.

THE RIVER WEAR.

COME back, come back, my childhood,
To the old familiar spot,
Whose wild flowers, and whose wild wood
Have never been forgot.
It is the shining river,
With the bulrush by its tide,
Where I fill'd my green rush quiver
With arrows at its side ;

THE RIVER WEAR.

And deem'd that knightly glories
Were honour'd as of old,
My head was fill'd with stories
My aged nurse had told.
The Douglas and the Percy
Alike were forced to yield;
I had but little mercy
Upon the battle field.

Ah! folly of the fancies,
That haunt our childhood's hour,
And yet those old romances
On after life have power,
When the weight appears too weary
With which we daily strive,
'Mid the actual and the dreary,
How much they keep alive!

How often, amid hours
By life severely tried,
Have I thought on those wild flowers
On the sweet Wear's silver tide.
Each ancient recollection
Brought something to subdue;
I lived in old affection,
And felt the heart was true.

I am come again with summer.
It is lovely to behold,
Will it welcome the new comer,
As it seem'd to do of old?
Within those dark green covers,
Whose shade is downward cast,
How many a memory hovers
Whose light is from the past!

I see the bright trout springing,
Where the wave is dark yet clear.
And a myriad flies are winging,
As if to tempt him near.

LANDON'S POEMS.

With the lucid waters blending,
The willow shade yet floats,
From beneath whose quiet bending
I used to launch my boats.

Over the sunny meadows,
I watch them as of old,
Flit soft and sudden shadows
That leave a greener gold,
And a faint south wind is blowing
Amid the cowslip beds,
A deeper glow bestowing
To the light around their heads.

Farewell, sweet river! ever
Wilt thou be dear to me;
I can repay thee never
One half I owe to thee.
Around thy banks are lying
Nature's diviner part,
And thou dost keep undying
My childhood at my heart.

DEATH OF LOUIS OF BOURBON,

BISHOP OF LIEGE.

How actual, through the lapse of years,
That scene of death and dread appears,
The maiden shrouded in her veil,
The burghers half resolved, half pale;
And the young archer leant prepared,
With dagger hidden, but still bared—
Are real, as if that stormy scene
In our own troubled life had been.
Such is the magic of the page
That brings again another age.
Such, Scott, the charms thy pages cast,
O, mighty master of the past!

THE PROPHETESS.

In the deep silence of the midnight hours,
I call upon ye, O ye viewless powers,
Before whose presence mortal daring cowers.

I have subdued ye to my own stern will,
I fear ye not ; but I must shudder still,
Faint with the awful purpose ye fulfil.

Not for myself I call the ether-born,
They have no boon my being doth not scorn—
Wholly and bitterly am I forlorn.

Dearly is bought the empire of the mind ;
It sitteth on a sullen throne, designed
To elevate and part it from its kind.

Long years my stricken soul has turn'd away
From the sweet dreams that round my childhood lay :
Would it still own'd their false but lovely sway

In the dark grave of unbelief they rest,
Worthless they were, and hollow, while possess'd.
I am alone—unblessing. and unblest !

Knowledge is with me—guest that once received,
Love, hope, ambition, are no more believed ;
And we disdain what formerly had grieved.

A few fair flowers around their colours fling,
But what does questioning their sources bring ?
That from corruption and from death they spring.

LANDON'S POEMS.

'Tis thus with those sweet dreams which life
begin,
We weary of them, and we look within :
What do we find ? Guile, suffering, and sin.

I know my kind too well not to despise
The gilded sophistry that round it lies :
Hate, sorrow, falsehood—mocking their dis
guise.

O, thou old world ! so full of guilt and cares,
So mean, so small—I marvel heaven bears
Thy struggle, which the seeing almost shares.

Yet, mine ancestral city, for thy sake
A lingering interest on this earth I take ;
In the dim midnight 'tis for thee I wake.

Softly the starlight falleth over fanes
That rise above the myrtle-wooded plains,
Where summer hath her loveliest domains.

Beneath, the gardens spread their pleasant
shade,
The lutes are hush'd that twilight music made,
Sleep on the world her honey-spell hath laid.

Sweet come the winds that o'er these flower
beds rove,
I only breathe the perfumes that ye love.
Spirits ! my incense summons ye above.

What of yon stately city, where are shrined
The warrior's and the poet's wreath com-
bined—
All the high honours of the human mind !

Her walls are bright with colours, whose fine
dyes
Imbody shapes that seem from yonder skies,
And in her scrolls the world's deep wisdom lies.

ETTY'S ROVER.

What of her future?——Through the silvery
 smoke
 see the distant vision I invoke.
These glorious walls have bow'd to Time's
 dark yoke.

I see a plain of desert sand extend,
Scatter'd with ruins where the wild flowers
 bend,
And the green ivy, like a last sad friend.

Low are the marble columns on the sand,
The palm trees that have grown among them
 stand
As if they mock'd the fallen of the land.

Hence, ye dark Spirits! bear the dream away;
To-morrow but repeateth yesterday:
First, toil—then, desolation and decay.

Life has one vast stern likeness in its gloom,
We toil with hopes that must themselves con-
 sume—
The wide world round us is one mighty tomb.

ETTY'S ROVER.

Thou lovely and thou happy child,
 Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
 If such a thing might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
 To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
 Such pleasant moments are.

LONDON'S POEMS.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear;
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child—
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults?
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We overrule, and overteach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

DISENCHANTMENT.

No; only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by;

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder;—such at least
Its influence on me.

DISENCHANTMENT.

Do not ask me why I loved him,
Love's cause is to love unknown;
Faithless as the past has proved him,
Once his heart appear'd mine own.
Do not say he did not merit
All my fondness, all my truth;
Those in whom love dwells inherit
Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dream'd him,
Noble, generous, gifted, true,
Not the less I fondly deem'd him,
All those flattering visions drew.
All the hues of old romances
By his actual self grew dim;
Bitterly I mock the fancies
That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted,
From the moment when we met,
Henceforth with one image haunted,
Life may never more forget.

LANDON'S POEMS.

All my nature changed—his being
Seem'd the only source of mine,
Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing
Thy sad future to divine ?

Once, upon myself relying,
All I ask'd were words and thought;
Many hearts to mine replying,
Own'd the music that I brought.
Eager, spiritual, and lonely,
Visions fill'd the fairy hour,
Deep with love—though love was only
Not a presence, but a power.

But from that first hour I met thee,
All caught actual life from you,
Alas ! how can I forget thee,
Thou who mad'st the fancied true ?
Once my wide world was ideal,
Fair it was—ah ! very fair :
Wherefore hast thou made it real ?
Wherefore is thy image there ?

Ah ! no more to me is given
Fancy's far and fairy birth ;
Chords upon my lute are riven,
Never more to sound on earth.
Once, sweet music could it borrow
From a look, a word, a tone ;
I could paint another's sorrow—
Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter
Which at morning-tide they wore,
And the well within is bitter ;
Naught its sweetness may restore :
For I know how vainly given
Life's most precious things may be,
Love that might have look'd on heaven,
Even as it look'd on thee.

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

Ah, farewell!—with that word dying,
Hope and love must perish too :
For thy sake themselves denying,
What is truth with thee untrue ?
Farewell!—'tis a dreary sentence.
Like the death-doom of the grave,
May it wake in thee repentance,
Stinging when too late to save !

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

This song alludes to a well known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a cocoanut shell, place a small lamp and flowers within this tiny ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it float out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous : if it sinks, the love of which it questions, is ill-fated.

Float on—float on—my haunted bark,
Above the midnight tide ;
Bear softly o'er the waters dark
The hopes that with thee glide.

Float on—float on—thy freight is flowers,
And every flower reveals
The dreaming of my lonely hours.
The hope my spirit feels.

Float on—float on—thy shining lamp,
The light of love, is there ;
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.

Float on—beneath the moonlight float,
The sacred billows o'er :
Ah, some kind spirit guards my boat,
For it has gain'd the shore.

SPEKE HALL.

O, FAIR old house—how Time doth honour
thee,
Giving thee what to-day may never gain,
Of long respect and ancient poesy?
The yew trees at thy doors are black with
years,
And filled with memories of those warlike days,
When from each bough was löpp'd a gallant
bow;
For then the yew was what the oak is now,
And what our bowmen were, our sailors are,
How green the ivy grows upon the walls,
Ages have lent their strength to those frail
boughs,
A venerable wreath upon the past,
Which here is paramount;—the past, which is
Imagination's own gigantic realm.

SASSOOR, IN THE DECCAN.

It is Christmas, and the sunshine
Lies golden on the fields,
And flowers of white and purple,
Yonder fragrant creeper yields.

Like the plumes of some bold warrior,
The cocoa tree on high,
Lifts aloft its feathery branches,
Amid the deep blue sky.

From yonder shadowy peepul,
The pale fair lilac dove,

SASSOOR, IN THE DECCAN.

Like music from a temple,
Sings a song of grief and love.

The earth is bright with blossoms,
And a thousand jewell'd wings.
'Mid the green boughs of the tamarind
A sudden sunshine flings.

For the East is earth's first-born,
And hath a glorious dower
As nature there had lavish'd
Her beauty and her power.

And yet I pine for England,
For my own—my distant home ;
My heart is in that island,
Where'er my steps may roam.

It is merry there at Christmas—
We have no Christmas here ;
'Tis a weary thing, a summer
That lasts throughout the year.

I remember how the banners
Hung round our ancient hall,
Bound with wreaths of shining holly,
Brave winter's coronal.

And above each rusty helmet
Waved a new and cheering plume,
A branch of crimson berries,
And the latest rose in bloom.

And the white and pearly misletoe
Hung half conceal'd o'er head,
I remember one sweet maiden,
Whose cheek it died with red.

LANDON'S POEMS.

The morning waked with carols,*
A young and joyous band
Of small and rosy songsters,
Came tripping hand in hand.

And sang beneath our windows,
Just as the round red sun
Began to melt the hoar-frost,
And the clear cold day begun.

And at night the aged harper
Play'd his old tunes o'er and o'er,
From sixteen up to sixty,
All were dancing on that floor.

Those were the days of childhood,
The buoyant and the bright;
When hope was life's sweet sovereign,
And the heart and step were light.

I shall come again—a stranger
To all that once I knew,
For the hurried steps of manhood
From life's flowers have dash'd the dew.

I yet may ask their welcome,
And return from whence I came;
But a change is wrought within me,
They will not seem the same.

For my spirits are grown weary,
And my days of youth are o'er,
And the mirth of that glad season
Is what I can feel no more.

* This is one of those pretty customs that yet remain at a due distance from London—London, that Thalaba of all observances. I remember once being awakened by a band of children coming up the old beach avenue, singing carols with all their heart.

THE DESERTER.

Alas, for the bright promise of our youth !
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,
How soon we find that dreams we trusted most
Are very shadows.

'Twas a sweet summer morn, the lark had just
Sprang from the clover bower around her nest,
And pour'd her blithe song to the clouds: the
sun

Shed his first crimson o'er the dark gray walls
Of the old church, and stain'd the sparkling
panes

Of ivy-cover'd windows. The damp grass,
That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,
Was white with dew, but early steps had been
And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb:

'Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name
That many stopp'd to read—a soldier's name—
And two were kneeling by it, one who had

Been weeping; she was widow to the brave
Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.

From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,
But beauty still was there, that soften'd grief,

Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt
Too deeply for forgetfulness; her look,

Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,
And such as might beseem the Roman dame

Whose children died for liberty, was made
More soft and touching by the patient smile

Which piety had given the unearthly brow,
Which Guido draws when he would form a

saint

Whose hopes are fix'd on Heaven, but who has
yet

LANDON'S POEMS.

Some earthly feelings binding them to life.
Her arm was leant upon a graceful youth,
The hope, the comfort of her widowhood ;
He was departing from her, and she led.
The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—
As in the visible presence of the dead
She gave her farewell blessing ; and her voice
Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that father's steps, and told
How brave, how honour'd he had been. But
when

She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centred in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age,
Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,
Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs
Alone found utterance ; and he, whose cheek
Was flush'd with eagerness, whose ardent eye
Gave animated promise of the fame
That would be his, whose ear already rang
With the loud trumpet's war-song, felt these
dreams

Fade for a moment, and almost renounced
The fields he panted for, since they must cost
Such tears as these. The churchyard left,
they pass'd

Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet
May

Had shower'd its white luxuriance, intermix'd
With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,
And link'd with honeysuckle. O'er the path
Many an ancient oak and stately elm
Spread its green canopy. How EDWARD'S eye
Linger'd on each familiar sight, as if
Even to things inanimate he would bid
A last farewell ! They reach'd the cottage
gate

His horse stood ready ; many, too, were there,
Who came to say good-by, and kindly wish
To the young soldier health and happiness.
It is a sweet, albeit most painful, feeling

THE DESERTER.

To know we are regretted. "Farewell" said
And oft repeated, one last wild embrace
Given to his pale mother, who stood there,
Her cold hands press'd upon a brow as cold,
In all the bursting heart's full agony—
One last, last kiss,—he sprang upon his horse
And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.
He is past . . . out of sight. . .

The muffled drum is rolling and the low
Notes of the death-march float upon the wind,
And stately steps are pacing round that square
With slow and measured tread; but every brow
Is darken'd with emotion, and stern eyes,
That look'd unshrinking on the face of death,
When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
The silent ring is form'd, and in the midst
Stands the deserter! Can this be the same,
The young, the gallant EDWARD? and are these
The laurels promised in his early dreams!
Those fetter'd hands, this doom of open shame?
Alas! for young and passionate spirits! Soon
False lights will dazzle. He had madly join'd
The rebel banner! O 'twas pride to link
His fate with ERIN's patriot few, to fight
For liberty or the grave! But he was now
A prisoner; yet there he stood, as firm
As though his feet were not upon the tomb:
His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold;
But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes
Glanced proudly round. But when they bared
his breast

For the death-shot, and took a portrait thence,
He clench'd his hands, and gasp'd, and one
deep sob

Of agony burst from him; and he hid
His face awhile—his mother's look was there.
He could not steel his soul when he recall'd
The bitterness of her despair. It pass'd—
That moment of wild anguish; he knelt down;
That sunbeam shed its glory over one,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep
energy,

The next fell over cold and bloody clay.

There is a deep voiced sound from yonder
vale,

Which ill accords with the sweet music made
By the light birds nestling by those green elms ;
And, a strange contrast to the blossom'd thorns,
Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse
Is winding through that lane. They told it bore
A widow, who died of a broken heart :
Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had
been

Shot for desertion !

GLADESMUIR.

“There is no home like the home of our infancy,
no remembrances like those of our youth ; the old
trees whose topmost boughs we have climbed, the
hedge containing that prize a bird's nest, the fairy
tale we heard by the fireside, are things of deep and
serious interest in maturity. The heart, crushed or
hardened by its intercourse with the world, turns
with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How
I pity those whose childhood has been unhappy ! to
them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been
utterly denied, the most green and beautiful part of
life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been
what spring should ever be, fresh, buoyant, and
gladsome, whose cup has not been poisoned at the
first draught, how delicious is recollection ! they
truly know the pleasures of memory.”

THERE is not
A valley of more quiet happiness,
Bosom'd in greener trees, or with a river
Clearer than thine, GLADESMUIR ! There are
high hills

GLADESMUIR.

Like barriers by thy side, where the tall pine
Stands stately as a warrior in his prime,
Mix'd with low gnarled oaks, whose yellow
leaves

Are bound with ruby tendrils, emerald shoots,
And the wild blossom of the honeysuckle ;
And even more impervious grows the brier,
Cover'd with thorns and roses, mingled like
Pleasures and pains, but shedding richly forth
Its fragrance on the air ; and by its side
The wilding broom as sweet, which gracefully
Flings its long tresses like a maiden's hair
Waving in yellow beauty. The red deer
Crouches in safety in its secret lair ;
The sapphire, bird's-eye, and blue violets,
Mix with white daisies in the grass beneath ;
And in the boughs above the woodlark builds,
And makes sweet music to the morning ; while
All day the stock-dove's melancholy notes
Wail plaintively—the only sounds beside
The hum of the wild bees around some trunk
Of an old moss-clad oak, in which is rear'd
Their honey palace. Where the forest ends,
Stretches a wide brown heath, till the blue sky
Becomes its boundary ; there the only growth
Are straggling thickets of the white flowr'd
thorn

And yellow furze : beyond are the grass-fields,
And of yet fresher verdure the young wheat ;—
These border round the village. The bright
river

Bounds like an arrow by, buoyant as youth
Rejoicing in its strength. On the left side,
Half hidden by the aged trees that time
Has spared as honouring their sanctity,
The old gray church is seen : its mossy walls
And ivy-cover'd windows tell how long
It has been sacred. There is a lone path
Winding beside yon hill : no neighbouring
height

Commands so wild a view ; the ancient spire,
The cottages, their gardens and the heath,

Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen
By glimpses as the greenwood screen gives
way

One is now tracing it, who gazes round
As each look were his last. The anxious gasp
That drinks the air as every breath brought
health ;

The hurried step, yet lingering at times,
As fearful all it felt were but a dream—
How much they tell of deep and inward feeling '
That stranger is worn down with toil and pain,
His sinewy frame is wasted, and his brow
Is darken'd with long suffering ; yet he is
O more than happy !—he has reach'd his home,
And ROLAND is a wanderer no more.

How often in that fair romantic land
Where he had been a soldier, he had turn'd
From the rich groves of SPAIN, to think upon
The oak and pine ; turn'd from the spicy air,
To sicken for his own fresh mountain breeze ,
And loved the night, for then familiar things,
The moon and stars, were visible, and look'd
As they had always done, and shed sweet tears
To think that he might see them shine again
Over his own GLADESMUIR ! That silver moon
In all her perfect beauty, is now rising ;
The purple billows of the west have yet
A shadowy glory ; all beside is calm,
And tender and serene—a quiet light,
Which suited well the melancholy joy
Of ROLAND's heart. At every step the light
Play'd o'er some old remembrance ; now the
ray

Dimpled the crystal river ; now the church
Had all its windows glittering from beneath
The curtaining ivy. Near and more near he
drew—

His heart beat quick, for the next step will be
Upon his father's threshold ! But he paused—
He heard a sweet and sacred sound—they join'd
In the accustom'd psalm, and then they said
The words of God, and, last of all, a prayer

GLADESMUIR.

More solemn, and more touching. He could
hear

Low sobs as it was utter'd. They did pray
His safety, his return, his happiness ;
And ere they ended he was in their arms !
The wind rose up, and o'er the calm blue sky
The tempest gather'd, and the heavy rain
Beat on the casement ; but they press'd them
round

The blazing hearth, and sat while RONALD
spoke

Of the fierce battle ; and all answer'd him
With wonder, and with telling how they wept
During his absence, how they number'd o'er
The days for his return. Thrice hallow'd
shrine

Of the heart's intercourse, our own fireside !
I do remember in my early youth
I parted from its circle ; how I pined
With happy recollections—they to me
Were sickness and deep sorrow : how I thought
Of the strange tale, the laugh, the gentle smile
Breathing of love, that wiled the night away.
The hour of absence past, I was again
With those who loved me. What a beauty
dwelt

In each accustom'd face ! what music hung
On each familiar voice ! We circled in
Our meeting ring of happiness. If e'er
This life has bliss, I knew and felt it then !

But there was one RONALD remember'd not
Yet 'twas a creature beautiful as Hope,
With eyes blue as the harebell when the
dew

Sparkles upon its azure leaves ; a cheek
Fresh as a mountain rose, but delicate
As rainbow colours, and as changeful too.
“ The orphan ELLEN, have you then forgot
Your laughing playmate ? ” RONALD would
have clasp'd

The maiden to his heart, but she shrank back :

LANDON'S POEMS.

A crimson blush and tearful lids belied
Her light tone, as she bade him not forget
So soon his former friends. But the next morn
Were other tears than those sweet ones tha.
come

Of the full heart's o'erflowings. He was given,
The loved, the wanderer, to their prayers at
last ;

But he was now so changed, there was no trace
Left of his former self ; the glow of health,
Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek
And faded eye decay sat visible ;—

All felt that he was sinking to the grave.
He wander'd like a ghost around ; would lean
For hours, and watch the river ; or would lie
Beneath some aged tree, and hear the birds
Singing so cheerfully ; and with faint step
Would sometimes try the mountain side. He
loved

To look upon the setting sun, and mark
The twilight's dim approach. He said he was
Most happy that all through his life one wish
Had still been present to his soul—the wish
That he might breathe his native air again ;—
That prayer was granted, for he died at home.

One wept for him when other eyes were dry,
Treasured his name in silence and in tears,
Till her young heart's impassion'd solitude
Was fill'd but with his image. She had soothed
And watch'd his few last hours—but he was
gone !

The grave to her was now the goal of hope !
She pass'd, but gently as the rose leaves fall
Scatter'd by the spring gales. Two months
had fled

Since RONALD died ; they threw the summer
flowers

Upon his sod, and ere those leaves were tinged
With autumn's yellow colours, they were
twined

For the poor ELLEN's death-wreaths ! . . .
They made her grave by RONALD'S.

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

Their path had been a troubled one, each step
Had trod 'mid thorns and springs of bitterness ;
But they had fled away from the cold world,
And found, in a fair valley, solitude
And happiness in themselves. They oft would rove
Through the dark forests when the golden light
Of evening was upon the oak, or catch
The first wild breath of morning on the hill,
And in the hot noon seek some greenwood shade,
Fill'd with the music of the birds, the leaves,
Or the descending waters' distant song.
And that young maiden hung delightedly
Upon her minstrel lover's words, when he
Breathed some old melancholy verse, or told
Love's ever-varying histories ; and her smile
Thank'd him so tenderly, that he forgot
Or thought of but to scorn the flatteries
He was so proud of once. I need not say
How happy his sweet mistress was.—O, all
Know love is woman's happiness!

COME, love! we'll rest us from our wanderings;
The violets are fresh among the moss,
The dew is not yet on their purple leaves,
Warm with the sun's last kiss—sit here, dear
love!

This chestnut be our canopy. Look up
Towards the beautiful heaven ; the fair moon
Is shining timidly, like a young queen
Who fears to claim her full authority :
The stars shine in her presence ; o'er the sky
A few light couds are wandering, like the fears
That even happy love must know ; the air
Is full of perfume and most musical,
Although no other sounds are on the gale
Than the soft falling of the mountain rill,

Or waving of the leaves. 'Tis just the time
 For legend of romance, and, dearest ! now
 I have one framed for thee—it is of love,
 Most perfect love, and of a faithful heart
 That was a sacrifice upon the shrine
 Itself had rear'd ! I will begin it now,
 Like an old tale :—There was a princess once,
 More beautiful than spring, when the warm
 look

Of summer calls the blush upon her cheek,
 The matchless ISABEL of PORTUGAL.
 She moved in beauty, and where'er she went
 Some heart did homage to her loveliness.
 But there was one—a youth of lowly birth—
 Who worshipp'd her !—I have heard many say
 Love lives on hope ; they knew not what they
 said ;

Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life ;—
 How many hearts have nourish'd a vain flame
 In silence and in secret, though they knew
 They fed the scorching fire that would consume
 them !

Young JUAN loved in veriest hopelessness !—
 He saw the lady once at matin time,—
 Saw her when bent in meek humility
 Before the altar ; she was then unveil'd,
 And JUAN gazed upon the face which was
 Thenceforth the world to him ! Awhile he
 look'd

Upon the white hands clasp'd gracefully ;
 The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer ;
 The raven hair, that hung as a dark cloud
 On the white brow of morning ! She arose,
 And as she moved, her slender figure waved
 Like the light cypress, when the breeze of
 spring

Wakes music in its boughs. As JUAN knelt
 It chanced her eyes met his, and all his soul
 Madden'd in that slight glance ! She left the
 place ;

Yet still her shape seem'd visible, and still
 He felt the light through the long eyelash steal

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

And melt within his heart!
From that time life was one impassion'd
dream:

He linger'd on the spot which she had made
So sacred by her presence, and he thought
It happiness to only breathe the air
Her sigh had perfumed—but to press the floor
Her fairy step had hallow'd. He renounced
All projects of ambition, joy'd no more
In pleasures of his age, but like a ghost,
Confined to one peculiar spot, he stray'd
Where first he saw the princess; and the court
Through which she pass'd to matins, now
became

To him a home; and either he recall'd
Fondly her every look, or else embalm'd
Her name in wild, sweet song.
His love grew blazed abroad—a poet's love
Is immortality! The heart whose beat
Is echo'd by the lyre, will have its griefs,
Its tenderness, remember'd, when each pulse
Has long been cold and still. Some pitied
him,

And others marvell'd, half in mockery;
They little knew what pride love ever has
In self-devotedness. The princess heard
Of her pale lover; but none ever knew
Her secret thoughts: she heard it silently.
It could not be but woman's heart must feel
Such fond and faithful homage!—But some
deem'd

Even such timid worship was not meet
For royalty. They bade the youth depart,
And the king sent him gold; he turn'd away,
And would not look upon the glittering trea-
sure—

And then they banish'd him! He heard them
say

He was an exile with a ghastly smile,
And murmur'd not—but rose and left the city
He went on silently, until he came
To where a little hill rose, cover'd o'er

LONDON'S POEMS.

With lemon shrubs and golden oranges :
The windows of the palace where she dwelt—
His so loved ISABEL—o'erlook'd the place.
There was some gorgeous fete there, for the
light
Stream'd through the lattices, and a fair sound
Of lute, and dance, and song, came echoing.
The wanderer hid his face ; but from his brow
His hands fell powerless ! Some gather'd
round
And rais'd him from the ground : his eyes were
closed,
His lip and cheek were colourless ;—they told
His heart was broken !

His princess never knew an earthly love :
She vow'd herself to heaven, and she died
young !
The evening of her death, a strange, sweet
sound
Of music came, delicious as a dream :
With that her spirit parted from this earth,
Many remember'd that it was the hour
Her humble lover perish'd !

CONISTON WATER !

THOU lone and lovely water, would I were
A dweller by thy deepest solitude !
How weary am I of my present life,
Its falsehoods, and its fantasies—its noise
And the unkindly hurry of the crowd,
'Mid whom my days are number'd ! I would
watch
The tremulous vibration of the rays
The moon sends down to kiss thy quiet waves ;
And when they died, wish I could die like them,
Melting upon the still and silvery air :
Or when the autumn scatters the wan leaves
Like ghosts, I'd meditate above their fall,

EXPECTATION.

And say "So perish all our earthly hopes."
So is the heart left desolate and bare,
And on us falls the shadow of the tomb,
Before we rest within it—

EXPECTATION.

SHE look'd from out the window
With long and asking gaze,
From the gold clear light of morning
To the twilight's purple haze.
Cold and pale the planets shone,
Still the girl kept gazing on.

From her white and weary forehead
Droopeth the dark hair,
Heavy with the dews of evening,
Heavier with her care ;
Falling as the shadows fall,
Till flung round her like a pall.

When from the carved lattice
First she leant to look,
Her bright face was written
Like some pleasant book ;
Her warm cheek the red air quaff'd,
And her eyes look'd out and laugh'd.
She is leaning back now languid
And her cheek is white,
Only on the drooping eyelash
Glistens tearful light.
Colour, sunshine hours are gone,
Yet the lady watches on.

Human heart this history
Is thy fated lot,
Even such thy watching,
For what cometh not.
Till with anxious waiting dull,
Round thee fades the beautiful,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Still thou seekest on, though weary
Seeking still in vain :
Daylight deepens into twilight,
What has been thy gain !
Death and night are closing round,
All that thou hast sought unfound.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Too little do we think of thee,
Our too indulgent Lord :
We ask not what thy will may be,
We dwell not on thy word.

Thou, who in human shape wast born,
And shared in human wo ;
Thou, who didst wear the crown of thorn,
Which all must wear below ;

Thou, who the sinner's fate didst share,
Yet from the grave arise—
Alas ! unworthy that we are
Of such a sacrifice.

Thy love should fill our hearts, like dew
That fills the flowers by night ;
Who, in that gentle rain renew
The waste of morning's light.

Thus doth life's hurry and its glare
Dry up within our heart
The holier thoughts that are thy share,
The spirit's better part.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

And yet we turn not to thy love,
We seek not to recall
The hopes that lift our souls above
Their low and earthly thrall.

On pleasures or on wealth intent,
Careless we hurry on,
And vainly precious hours are spent
Before we think them gone.

Their joy and sorrow, sin and strife,
Close round us like a bond,
Which so enslaves to present life,
We never look beyond.

O Lord, if every thought were thine,
How little would they be
Acceptable before thy shrine,
Unworthy heaven and thee.

Yet thou hast said, thou wilt accept
Prayers offer'd in thy name ;
That never tears in vain were wept,
If from the heart they came.

Then strike our rocky souls, O Lord,
Amid life's desert place ;
Yet may their harden'd depths afford
The waters of thy grace.

Low in the dust we kneel and pray,
O ! sanctify our tears :
Till they wash every stain away
From past and guilty years.

WARNING.

PRAY thee, maiden, hear him not !
Take thou warning by my lot ;
Read my scroll, and mark thou all
I can tell thee of thy thrall.
Thou hast own'd that youthful breast
Treasures its most dangerous guest ;
Thou hast own'd that love is there :
Though no features he may wear,
Such as would a saint deceive,
Win a skeptic to believe,
Only for a time that brow,
Will seem what 'tis seeming now.
I have said, heart, be content !
For Love's power o'er thee is spent.
That I love not now, O true !—
I have bade such dreams adieu :
Therefore deemest thou my heart
Saw them tranquilly depart ;
That they past, nor left behind
Wreck and ruin in my mind.
Thou art in the summer hour
Of first passion's early power ;
I am in the autumn day,
Of its darkness, and decay.
—Seems thine idol now to thee
Even as a divinity ?
Such the faith that I too held ;
Not the less am I compell'd
All my heart-creed to gainsay,
Own my idol gilded clay,
And yet pine to dream again
What I know is worse than vain.
Ay, I did love, and how well,
Let thine own fond weakness tell :
Still upon the s'en'd mood

W A R N I N G .

Of my twilight solitude,
Still upon my midnight tear,
Rises image all too dear ;
Dark and starry eyes, whose light
Make the glory of the night ;
Brow like ocean's morning foam,
For each noble thought a home.
Well such temple's fair outline
Seem'd the spirit's fitting shrine.
—Is he hero, who hath won
Fields we shrink to think upon ?
Patriot, on whose gifted tongue
Senates in their wonder hung ?
Sage, before whose gifted eyes
Nature spreads her mysteries ?
Bard, to whose charm'd lute is given
All that earth can breathe of heaven ?
Seems thy lover these to thee ?
Even more mine seem'd to me.
Now, my fond belief is past ;
Strange, methinks, if thine should last.
“ Be content, thou lovest not now : ”
Free, thou sayest,—dream'st thou how ?
Loathing wouldst thou shun dismay'd
Freedom by such ransom paid.
—Girl, for thee I'll lay aside
Veil of smiles and mask of pride ;
Shrouds that only ask of Fate
Not to seem so desolate.
—I am young,—but age's snow
Hides not colder depths below ;
I am gay,—but such a light
Shines upon the grave by night.
—Yet mine is a common tale ;
Hearts soon changed, and vows were frail
Each one blamed the other's deed,
Yet both felt they were agreed
Ne'er again might either prove
Those sweet fallacies of love.
—Still for what so vain I hold
Is my wasted heart grown cold.
Can hopes be again believed,

LONDON'S POEMS.

When their sweetest have deceived ?
Can affection's chain be trusted,
When its dearest links have rusted ?
Can life's dreams again be cherish'd,
When its dearest ones have perish'd ?
I know Love will not endure ;—
Nothing now to me seems sure.
—Maiden, by the thousand tears
Lava floods on my first years ;
By the nights, when burning pain
Fed upon my heart and brain ;
By the wretched days now past,
By the weary days to last ;
Be thou warn'd, for still the same
Is Love, beneath whatever name.
Keep thy fond faith like a thing
Where Time never change may bring.
Vow thee to thy idol's shrine,—
Then, maiden ! read thy fate in mine.

THE COQUETTE.

SHE danced upon the waters,
Beneath the morning sun,
Of all old Ocean's daughters
The very fairest one.
An azure zone comprest her
Round her white and slender side,
For her gallant crew had drest her
Like a beauty and a bride.

She wore her trappings gayly,
As a lady ought to do,
And the waves which kiss'd her daily
Proud of their mistress grew.
They clung like lovers round her,
And bathed her airy feet ;
With white foam wreaths they bound her,
To grace her, and to greet.

THE COQUETTE.

She cut the blue wave, scorning
Our dull and common land ;
To the rosy airs of morning,
We saw her sails expand.

How graceful was their drooping
Ere the winds began to blow,
While the gay Coquette was stooping
To her clear green glass below !

How gallant was their sweeping,
While they swell'd upon the air ;
As the winds were in their keeping,
And they knew they were so fair !
A shower of spray before her,
A silvery wake behind,
A cloud of canvass o'er her,
She sprang before the wind.

She was so loved, the fairy,
Like a mistress or a child ;
For she was so trim and airy,
So buoyant and so wild.
And though so young a rover,
She knew what life could be ;
For she had wander'd over
Full many a distant sea.

One night, 'twas in September,
A mist arose on high ;
Not the oldest could remember
Such a dense and darken'd sky :
And small dusk birds came hovering
The gloomy waters o'er ;
The waves mock'd their sweet sovereign,
And would obey no more.

There was no wind to move them,
So the sails were furl'd and fast,
And the gallant flag above them
Dropp'd down upon the mast.

LANDON'S POEMS.

All was still as if death's shadow
Were resting on the grave ;
And the sea, like some dark meadow,
Had not one rippling wave :

When the sky was rent asunder
With a flood of crimson light,
And one single burst of thunder
Aroused the silent night.
'Twas the signal for their waking !
The angry winds arose,
Like giant captives breaking
The chain of forced repose.

Yet bravely did she greet them,
Those jarring winds and waves ;
Ready with scorn to meet them,
They who had been her slaves.
She faced the angry heaven,
Our bold and fair Coquette ;
Her graceful sides are riven,
But she will brave it yet.

Like old oak of the forest,
Down comes the thundering mast,
Her need is at the sorest,
She shudders in the blast.
Hark to that low quick gushing !
The hold has sprung a leak ;
On their prey the waves are rushing,
The valiant one grows weak.

One cry, and all is quiet,
There is nor sight nor sound ;
Save the fierce gale at its riot,
And the angry waters round.
The morn may come with weeping,
And the storm may cease to blow ;
But the fair Coquette is sleeping
A thousand fathoms low.

THE VISIONARY.

I PRAY thee do not speak to me
As you are speaking now ;
It brings the colour to my cheek,
The shadow to my brow.

I pray thee do not look at me,
I cannot bear that gaze ;
Though downcast be my eye, it still
Too much my heart betrays.

I feel the past is written there,
The past, long since gone by—
The past, where feelings, fancies, hopes,
Alike unburied lie ;

Unburied, for their restless ghosts
Still haunt the sad domain,
And mockeries of their former selves
Come thronging back again.

But changed as I and thou art changed,
Or rather me alone,
I never had your heart—but mine,
Alas! was all your own.

O, magic of a tone and word,
Loved all too long and well,
I cannot close my heart and ear
Against their faithless spell—

I know them false, I know them vain,
And yet I listen on—
And say them to myself again,
Long after thou art gone.

LANDON'S POEMS.

I make myself my own deceit,
I know it is a dream,
But one that from my earliest youth
Has colour'd life's deep stream ;

Frail colours flung in vain, but yet
A thousand times more dear
Than any actual happiness
That ever brighten'd here.

The dear, the long, the dreaming hours
That I have past with thee,
When thou hadst not a single thought
Of how thou wert with me—

I heard thy voice—I spoke again—
I gazed upon thy face.
And never scene of breathing life
Could leave a deeper trace,

Than all that fancy conjured up,
And made thee look and say,
Till I have loathed reality,
That chased such dream away.

Now, out upon this foolishness,
Thy heart it is not mine ;
And, knowing this, how can I waste
My very soul on thine ?

Alas ! I have no power to choose,
Love is not at my will ;
I say I must be careless, cold,
But find I love thee still.

I think upon my wasted life
And on my wasted heart,
And turn, ashamed and sorrowful,
From what will not depart.

THE VISIONARY.

Thy haunting influence, how it mocks
My efforts to forget !
The stamp love only seals but once
Upon my life is set.

I hear from others gentle words,
I scarcely heed the while ;
Listen'd to, but with weariness,
Forgotten with a smile.

But thine, though chance and usual words
Are treasured, as we keep
Things lovely, precious, and beloved,
O'er which we watch and weep.

I scarcely wish to see thee now,
It is too dear a joy :
It is such perfect happiness,
It must have some alloy.

I dream of no return from thee—
Enough for me to love ;
I brood above my silent heart,
As o'er its nest the dove.

But speak not, look not, mock me not,
With light and careless words ;
It wounds me to the heart, it jars
My spirit's finest chords.

I'll not forget thee ;—let me dream
About thee as before.
But, farewell, dearest ; yes, farewell,
For we must meet no more.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

O, WEARY, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way :
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wander'd mournfully to-day.

My little sister she is pale ;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale;
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own,
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
A little playful thing was she ;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head ;
How strange, how white, how cold she grew
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours ;
Our cottage where the ash tree bends,
The garden we had fill'd with flowers,
The sounding shell our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home ;

HINDOO AND MAHOMMEDAN BUILDINGS.

Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wander'd forth 'mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more !

HINDOO AND MAHOMMEDAN
BUILDINGS.

HISTORY hath but few pages—soon is told
Man's ordinary life,
Labour, and care, and strife,
Make up the constant chronicle of old.

First comes a dream—the infancy of earth,
When all its untried powers
Are on the conscious hours
Warm with the light that called them into birth

'Tis but a dream—for over earth was said
An early curse—time's flood
Rolls on in tears and blood;
Blood that upon her virgin soil was shed.

Abel the victim—Cain the homicide,
Were type and prophecy
Of times that were to be.
Thus redden'd from the first life's troubled tide.

LANDON'S POEMS.

See where in great decay yon temple stands,
Destruction has began
Her mockery of man,
Bowling to dust the work of mortal hands.

What are its annals—such as suit all time
Man's brief and bitter breath,
Hurrying unwelcome death,
And something too that marks the East's bright
clime.

For mighty is the birthplace of the sun
All has a vaster scale
Than climes more cold and pale,
Where yet creation's work is half begun.

Her conquests were by multitudes,—the kings
Who warr'd on each vast plain,
Look'd on a people slain,
As amid conquests customary things.

Her wealth—our gold is one poor miser's store,
Her pomp was as the night,
With glittering myriads bright,
Her palace floors with gems were cover'd o'er

Her summer's prodigality of hues,
Trees like eternal shrines,
Where the rich creeper twines,
And all lit up with morn's most golden dews.

'Tis a past age—the conqueror's banner furl'd,
Droops o'er the falling tower;
Yet was the East's first hour
The great ideal of the material world.

The beautiful—the fertile and the great,
The terrible—and wild,
Were round the first-born child
Of the young hour of earth's imperial state:

LANCASTER CASTLE.

And yet the mind's high tones were wanting
there,

The carved and broken stone
Tells glories overthrown :
Religions, empires, palaces are—where ?

Such annals have the tempest's fire and gloom ;
They tell of desperate power,
Famine and battle's hour,
War, want, disorder, slavery, and the tomb.

Not such the history that half redeems
The meanness of our clay ;
That intellectual sway
Which works the excellence of which it dreams.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground ;
Not in your sculptured rise
In the real exercise
Of human nature's highest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine,
'That brings down heaven to light our common
soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought,
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

LANCASTER CASTLE.

DARK with age these towers look down
Over their once vassal town ;
Warlike—yet long years have past
Since they look'd on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall
Echo with the trumpet's call,
When the Red Rose and the White
Call'd their warriors to the fight.

Never more the sounding yew,
Which the English archer drew,
Will decide a battle-day
Past like its own shafts away.

Never more those halls will ring
With the ancient harper's string,
When the red wine pass'd along
With a shout and with a song.

Trumpet, harp, and good yew bow
Are so many memories now,
While the loom, the press, the gun,
Have another age begun.

Yet that old chivalric hour
Hath upon the present power
Changed—and soften'd and refined
It has left its best behind.

What may its bequeathings be ?
Honour, song, and courtesy
Like the spirit of its clay,
Yesterday redeems to-day.



CLAVERHOUSE AT THE BATTLE
OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

He leads them on, the chief, the knight ;
Dark is his eye with fierce delight,
A calm and unrelenting joy,
Whose element is to destroy.

MANCHESTER.

Down falls his soft and shining hair,
His face is as woman's fair ;
And that slight frame seems rather meant
For lady's bower than soldier's tent.

But on that kindled brow is wrought
The energy that is of thought,
The sternness and the strength that grow
In the high heart that beats below.

The golden spur is on his heel,
The spur his war-horse does not feel ;
The sun alone has gilt the brand
Now bared in his unsparing hand.

But ere the sun go down again
That sword will wear a deeper stain
Sun and sword alike will go
Down o'er the dying and the foe.

Never yet hath fail'd that brand,
Never yet hath spared that hand ;
Where their mingled light is shed,
Are the fugitive or dead.

Though the grave were on his way,
Forward, would that soldier say ;
And upon his latest breath
Would be, " Victory or Death."

MANCHESTER.

Go back a century on the town,
That o'er yon crowded plain,
With wealth its dower, and art its crown
Extends its proud domain.
Upon that plain a village stood,
Lonely, obscure, and poor ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

The sullen stream roll'd its dull flood
Amid a barren moor.

Now, mark the hall, the church, the street,
The buildings of to-day ;
Behold the thousands now that meet
Upon the peopled way.
Go, silent with the sense of power,
And of the mighty mind
Which thus can animate the hour,
And leave its work behind.

Go through that city, and behold
What intellect can yield,
How it brings forth an hundred-fold
From time's enduring field.
Those walls are fill'd with wealth, the spoil
Of industry and thought,
The mighty harvest which man's toil
Out of the past has wrought.

Science and labour here unite
The thoughtful and the real,
And here man's strength puts forth its might
To work out man's ideal.

The useful is the element
Here labour'd by the mind,
Which, on the active present bent,
Invented and combined.

The product of that city, now,
Far distant lands consume ;
The Indian wears around his brow
The white webs of her loom.
Her vessels sweep from East to West ;
Her merchants are like kings ;
While wonders in her walls attest
The power that commerce brings.

THE NIZAM'S DAUGHTER.

From wealth hath sprung up nobler fruit,
Taste link'd with arts divine ;
The Gallery and the Institute
Enlighten and refine.
And many an happy English home
With love and peace repays
The care that may be yet to come,
The toil of early days.

Had I to guide a stranger's eye
Around our glorious land,
Where yonder wondrous factories lie
I'd bid that stranger stand.
Let the wide city spread display'd
Beneath the morning sun,
And in it see for England's trade
What yonder town hath done."*

THE NIZAM'S DAUGHTER.

SHE is as yet a child in years,
Twelve springs are on her face,
Yet in her slender form appears,
The woman's perfect grace.
Her silken hair, that glossy black,
But only to be found
There, or upon the raven's back,
Falls sweeping to the ground.

'Tis parted in two shining braids
With silver and with gold,
And one large pearl by contrast aids
The darkness of each fold.

* "In a speech last year, at the British Association, Mr. Brand well advised the members to take the manufacturing districts of England, on their way to the north, and to explore the wonders there accumulated. Manchester is the great miracle of

LONDON'S POEMS.

And, for she is so young, that flowers
Seem natural to her now,
There wreaths the champac's snowy showers
Around her sculptured brow.

Close to her throat the silvery vest
By shining clasps is bound,
Scarce may her graceful shape be guest,
'Mid drapery floating round.
But the small curve of that vein'd throat;
Like marble, but more warm,
The fairy foot and hand denote
How perfect is the form.

Upon the ankle and the wrist
There is a band of gold,
No step by Grecian fountain kiss'd
Was of diviner mould.
In the bright girdle round her waist,
Where the red rubies shine,
The kandjar's* glittering hilt is placed,
To mark her royal line.

Her face is like the moonlight pale,
Strangely and purely fair,
For never summer sun nor gale
Has touch'd the softness there.
There are no colours of the rose,
Alone the lip is red;
No blush disturbs the sweet repose
Which o'er that cheek is shed.

modern progress. Science, devoted to utility and industry, have achieved the most wonderful results. Intellectual advancement denoted in a taste for literature and the fine arts,—employment for the highest as well as the lowest;—public buildings, liberal institutions, and all that can mark wealth, and a knowledge of its best purposes;—all that is the growth of a single century."

* The kandjar is the small poniard worn by Hindoo princesses.

IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

And yet the large black eyes, like night,
Have passion and have power ;
Within their sleepy depths is light,
For some wild waking hour.

A world of sad and tender dreams
'Neath those long lashes sleep,
A native pensiveness that seems
Too still and sweet to weep.

Of such seclusion know we naught ;
Yet surely woman here
Grows shrouded from all common thought,
More delicate and dear.
And love, thus made a thing apart,
Must seem the more divine,
When the sweet temple of the heart
Is a thrice veiled shrine.

IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

O, RECALL not the past, though this valley be
fill'd
With all we remember, and all we regret ;
The flowers of its summer have long been
distill'd,
The essence has perish'd, ah ! let us forget.
What avails it to mourn over hours that are
gone,
O'er illusions by youth and by fantasy nurs'd ?
Alas ! of the few that are lingering, none
Wear the light or the hues that encircled the
first.

Alas for the springtime ! alas for our youth !
The grave has no slumber more cold than
the heart,

LANDON'S POEMS.

When languid and darken'd it sinks into truth,
And sees the sweet colours of morning
depart.

Life still has its falsehoods to lure and to leave,
But they cannot delude like the earlier light ;
We know that the twilight encircles the eve,
And sunset is only the rainbow of night.

COTTAGE COURTSHIP.

Now, out upon this smiling,
No smile shall meet his sight ;
And a word of gay reviling
Is all he'll hear to-night,
For he'll hold my smiles too lightly
If he always sees me smile ;
He'll think they shine more brightly
When I have frown'd awhile.

'Tis not kindness keeps a lover,
He must feel the chain he wears ;
All the sweet enchantment's over,
When he has no anxious cares.
The heart would seem too common,
If he thought that heart his own ;
Ah ! the empire of a woman
Is still in the unknown.

Let change without a reason,
Make him never feel secure ;
For it is an April season
That a lover must endure.
They are all of them so faithless,
Their torment is your gain ;
Would you keep your own heart scathless,
Be the one to give the pain.

HONISTER CRAG,

CUMBERLAND.

“IN this wild and picturesque glen a skirmish took place between the Elliotts and the Græmes, in which the young leader of the Scottish clan was slain, though his party were victorious. They buried him in an opening on the hillside; and every clansman brought a fragment of rock, to raise a rude monument to his honour. On the summit of the pile they placed his bonnet, shield, and claymore, that neither friend nor foe should pass irreverently the youthful warrior's grave.”

Not where the green grass hides
His kindred before him;
Not where his native trees
Droop to deplore him;
But in the stranger's land
Must we bestow him.
Leave there his sword and shield,
That all may know him.

Never was fairer youth,
Never was bolder;
Who would have met his sword
A few summers older?
Ne'er will our chieftain's line
Yield such another;
Who can, amid us all?
Tell it his mother.

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

AND there is silence in that lonely hall
Save where the waters of the fountains fall
And the wind's distant murmuring, which takes
Sweet messages from every bud it wakes.
'Tis more than midnight; all the lamps are
gone,

Their fragrant oils exhausted,—all but one,
A little silver lamp beside a scroll,
Where a young maiden leant, and pour'd her
soul,

In those last words, the bitter and the brief.
How can they say confiding is relief?
Light are the woes that to the eyelids spring,
Subdued and soften'd by the tears they bring;
But there are some too long, too well conceal'd
Too deeply felt,—that are but once reveal'd:
Like the withdrawing of the mortal dart,
And then the life-blood follows from the heart.
Sorrow, before unspoken by a sigh,
But which, once spoken, only hath to die.

Young, very young, the lady was, who now
Bow'd on her slender hand her weary brow:
Not beautiful, save when the eager thought
In the soft eyes a sudden beauty wrought:
Not beautiful, save when the cheek's warm
blush

Grew eloquent with momentary flush
Of feeling, that made beauty, not to last,
And scarcely caught, so quickly is it past.
—Alas! she knew it well; too early thrown
Mid a cold world, the unloved and the lone,
With no near kindred ties on whom could dwell
Love that so sought to be beloved as well.
Too sensitive for flattery, and too kind
To bear the loneliness by fate assign'd,

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

Her life had been a struggle : long she strove
To fix on things inanimate her love ;
On pity, kindness, music, gentle lore,
All that romance could yield of fairy store.
In vain ! she loved :—she loved, and from that
hour

Gone were the quiet loves of bird or flower ;
The unread book dropp'd listless on her knee,
The untouch'd lute hung on the bending tree,
Whose unwreath'd boughs no more a pleasant
shade

For the lone dreamings of her twilight made.
—Well might she love him : every eye was
turn'd

On that young knight, and bright cheeks
brighter burn'd,

Save one, that grew the paler for his sake :
Alas ! for her, whose heart but beat to break ;
Who knew too well, not hers the lip or eye
For which the youthful lover swears to die,
How deep, how merciless, the love repress,
That robs the silent midnight of its rest ;
That sees in gather'd crowds but one alone ;
That hears in mingled footsteps only one ;
That turns the poet's page, to only find
Some mournful image for itself design'd ;
That seeks in music, but the plaining tone——
Which secret sorrow whispers is its own !
Alas for the young heart, when love is there,
Its comrade and its confidant, despair !

How often leant in some unnoticed spot,
Her very being by the throng forgot,
Shrunk back to shun the glad lamp's mocking
ray,

Pass'd many a dark and weary hour away,
Watching the young, the beautiful, the bright,
Seeming more lovely in that lonely light ;
And as each fair face glided through the dance,
Stealing at some near mirror one swift glance,
Then, starting at the contrast, seek her room,
To weep, at least, in solitude and gloom !
And he, her stately idol, he, with eye

Dark as the eagle's in a summer sky,
And darker curls, amid whose raven shade
The very wild wind amorously delay'd,
With that bright smile, which makes all others
dim,

So proud, so sweet,—what part had she in him?
And yet she loved him: who may say, be still,
To the fond heart that beats not at our will?

'Twas too much wretchedness:—the convent
cell,

There might the maiden with her misery dwell.
And that, to-morrow was her chosen doom:
There might her hopes, her feelings, find a
tomb.

Her feelings!—no:—pray, struggle, weep, con-
demn,—

Her feelings,—there was but one grave for them.
'Twas her last night, and she had look'd her
last,

And she must live henceforward in the past.
She linger'd in the hall,—he had been there,
Her pale lips grew yet paler with the prayer
That only ask'd his happiness. She took
A blank leaf from an old emblazon'd book,
Which told love's chronicles; a faint hope
stole,—

A sweet light o'er the darkness of her soul—
Might she not leave remembrance, like the
wreath,

Whose dying flowers their scents on twilight
breathe;

Just one faint tone of music, low and clear,
Coming when other songs have left the ear?
Might she not tell him how she loved, and pray
A mournful memory for some distant day?
She took the scroll:—what! bare perhaps to
scorn

The timid sorrow she so long had borne!
Silent as death, she hid her face, for shame
In rushing crimson to her forehead came;
Through the small fingers fell the bitter rain,
And tremblingly she closed the leaves again.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

—The hall is lit with rose, that morning hour,
Whose lights are colour'd by each opening
flower:

A sweet bird by the casement sat and sang
A song so glad, that like a laugh it rang,
While its wings shook the jessamine, till the
bloom

Floated like incense round that joyous room.

—They found the maiden: still her face was
bow'd,

As with some shame that might not be avow'd;
They raised the long hair which her face conceal'd,—

And she is dead,—her secret unreveal'd.



THE PIRATE'S SONG.

To the mast nail our flag, it is dark as the grave,
Or the death which it bears while it sweeps
o'er the wave.

Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared;

Be the boarding-axe sharpen'd, the cimetar
bared;

Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
It shall never be lower'd, the black flag we bear;
If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the
air.

Unshared have we left our last victory's prey;
It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey.

There are shawls that might suit a sultana's
white neck,

And pearls that are fair as the arms they will
deck:

LONDON'S POEMS.

There are flasks which, unseal them, the air
will disclose
Diametta's fair summer, the home of the rose.
I claim not a portion ; I ask but as mine,
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red
wine.

Some fight, 'tis for riches ; some fight, 'tis for
fame ;
The first, I despise, and the last is a name.
I fight, 'tis for vengeance. I love to see flow,
At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.
I strike for the memory of long vanish'd years ;
I only shed blood, where another sheds tears.
I come, as the lightning comes red from above,
O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.

THE CHURCHYARD.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
Hallowing its place of rest ; and here the dead
Slumber, where all religious impulses,
And sad and holy feelings, angel like,
Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
Which purify it, like a temple meet
For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
Do thy remembrances intrude ?

THE willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade ;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing look'd by passing hours.

THE CHURCHYARD.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touch'd them with its music too.
It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest ;
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
With a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift's our own,
Without its low and petty cares ;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown,
To hide the weary face she wears.
Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound—
I cannot dream beneath that shade—
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his restingplace has made.
I feel my heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away ;
I cannot rest upon the grave,
And not feel kindred to its clay.

* * * * *

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas ! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved ?
It is too soon to bear thy name.
Too soon !—O no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled :
Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been number'd with the dead ?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No check, no soil had either known ;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Thou knew'st no rainbow hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade ;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.
For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow ;
Then let them flow from those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

O, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doom'd to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone !
Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragg'd downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

THE CHURCH AT POLIGNAC.

KNEEL down in yon chapel, but only one
prayer
Should awaken the echoes its tall arches bear ;
Pale mother, pray not for the child on the bed,
For the sake of the prisoner let matins be said ;
Old man, though the shade of thy gravestone
be nigh,
Yet not for thyself raise thy voice to the sky ;
Young maiden there kneeling, with blush and
with tear,
Name not the one name to thy spirit most dear.
The prayer for another, to Heaven address,
Comes back to the breather thrice blessing and
blest.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Beside the damp marsh, rising sickly and cold,
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark
prison-hold ;

There fallen and friendless, forlorn and opprest,
Are they—once the flatter'd, obey'd, and
carest.

From the blessings that God gives the poorest
exiled,

His wife is a widow, an orphan his child ;
For years there the prisoner has wearily pined,
Apart from his country, apart from his kind ;
Amid millions of freemen, one last lonely slave,
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the
grave.

I plead not their errors, my heart's in the
cause,

Which bows down the sword with the strength
of the laws ;

But France, while within her such memories
live,

With her triumphs around, can afford to forgive.
Let freedom, while raising her glorious brow,
Shake the tears from her laurels that darken
there now,

Be the chain and the bar from yon prison
removed,

Give the children their parents, the wife her be-
loved.

By the heart of the many is pardon assign'd,
For, Mercy, thy cause is the cause of mankind.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THOSE dark and silent aisles are fill'd with
night,

There breathes no murmur, and there shines
no light ;

The graves beneath the pavement yield their
gloom,

'Till the cathedral seems one mighty tomb.
The Cross invisible—the words unseen
That tell where Faith and Hope in death have
been.

But day is breaking, and a rosy smile
Colours the depths of each sepulchral aisle.
The orient windows kindle with the morn,
And 'mid the darkness are their rainbows born;
Each ray that brightens, and each hue that
falls,

Attest some sacred sign upon the walls ;—
Some sculptured saint's pale head—some graven
line

Of promise, precept, or belief divine :
Then sounds arise, the echoes bear along
Through the resounding aisles the choral song.
The billowy music of the organ sweeps
Like the vast anthem of uplifted deeps ;
The bells ring forth—the long dark night is
done,
The sunshine of the Sabbath is begun.

What is that temple but a type sublime !
Such was the moral night of ancient time ;
Cold and obscure, in vain the king and sage
Gave law and learning to the darken'd age.
There was no present faith, no future hope,
Earth bounded then the earth-drawn horo
scope ;

Till to the east there came the promised star—
Till rose the Sun of Righteousness afar—
Till, on a world redeem'd, the Saviour shone,
Earth for his footstool—Heaven for his throne.

CALDRON SNOOT.

WESTMORELAND.

A PLACE of rugged rocks, adown whose sides
The mountain torrent rushes; on whose crags
The raven builds her nest, and tells her young
Of former funeral feasts.

* * * * *

LONG years have past since last I stood
Alone amid this mountain scene,
Unlike the future which I dream'd
How like my future it has been !

A cold gray sky o'erhung with clouds,
With showers in every passing shade,
How like the moral atmosphere
Whose gloom my horoscope has made !

I thought if yet my weary feet
Could rove my native hills again,
A world of feeling would revive,
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.
My early hopes, my early joys,
I dream'd those valleys would restore ;
I ask'd for childhood to return.
For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed !
There did not always rest as now
That shadow in the valley's depth,
That gloom upon the mountain's brow.
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt
Like treasures in some fairy hold,
And morning o'er the mountains shed
Her kindling world of vapory gold.

Another season of the year
 Is now upon the earth and me ;
 Another spring will light these hills—
 No other spring mine own may be :
 I must retune my unstrung heart,
 I must awake the sleeping tomb,
 I must recall the loved and lost,
 Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I've wander'd, but it was in vain
 In many a far and foreign clime,
 Absence is not forgetfulness,
 And distance cannot vanquish time.
 One face was ever in my sight,
 One voice was ever on my ear,
 From all earth's loveliness I turn'd
 To wish, ah ! that the dead were here !

O ! weary wandering to no home,
 O ! weary wandering alone,
 I turn'd to childhood's once glad scenes
 And found life's last illusion flown.
 Ah ! those who left their childhood's scenes
 For after years of toil and pain,
 Who but bring back the breaking heart
 Should never seek those scenes again.

CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

"This do in remembrance of me.

"This cup is the new testament in my blood,
 which is shed for you." ST. LUKE xxii. 19, 20.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and
 blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples,
 and said, Take, eat ; this is my body.

"And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave
 it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it :

"For this is my blood of the new testament, which
 is shed for many for the remission of sins.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." **St MATTHEW xxvi. 26—29.**

Bow thee to earth, and from thee cast
All stubbornness of human will ;
Then dare to drink the sacred cup
Thy God and Saviour died to fill.

If thou art humble as a child,
When lisping at his mother's knee,
His first meek words of earnest prayer,
That sacred cup may be for thee.

But if within thy sinful heart,
Lurk earthly crime or earthly care,
If hate, which broods upon the past
Or pleasure's feverish dream, be there,

If thou against the widow's prayer,
Or orphan's cry, hast closed thine ear ;
In mercy to thyself forbear,
Drink not thine own destruction here :

But from thee put all thoughts of earth,
As erst from Israel's camp were flung
Each worldly and unholy thing,
To which the secret sinner clung.

Come with thy guilt new wash'd in tears,
Thy spirit raised in faith above ;
Then drink, and so thy soul shall live,
Thy Saviour's blood—thy Saviour's love.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

THE vessel swept in with the light of the morn,
High on the red air its gonfalon borne ;
The roofs of the dwellings, the sails of the mast
Mix'd in the crimson the daybreak had cast.

LANDON'S POEMS.

On came the vessel :—the sword in his hand,
At once from the deck leapt a stranger to land.
A moment he stood, with the wind in his hair,
The sunshine less golden—the silk was less fair.

He look'd o'er the waters—what look'd he
to see!
What alone in the depths of his own heart
could be.
He saw an old castle arise from the main,
The oak on its hills, and the deer on its plain.

He saw it no longer ; the vision is fled
Paler the prest lip, and firmer the tread.
He takes from his neck a light scarf that he
wore ;
'Tis flung on the waters that bear it from shore.

'Twas the gift of a false one ; and with it he
flung
All the hopes and the fancies that round it had
clung.
The shrine has his vow—the Cross has his
brand ;
He weareth no gift of a woman's white hand.

A seal on his lip, and an oath at his heart,
His future a warfare—he knoweth his part.
The visions that haunted his boyhood are o'er,
The young knight of Malta can dream them no
more.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me—for of such
is the kingdom of heaven."

ST. MATTHEW xix. 14.

If ever in the human heart
A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy. O blessed Lord, of thee ;

'Tis in that yet unsullied hour,
Or ere the world has claim'd his own ;
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summer and the sun unknown ;

When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroy'd by sin.

Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

This work is ours—this charge was thine,
These youthful souls from sin to save ;
To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.

The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away,

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darken'd soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more,
Reclaspings of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek—thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

DERWENT WATER.

I KNEW her—though she used to make
Her dwelling by that lonely lake.
A little while she came to show
How lovely distant flowers can go.
The influence of that fairy scene
Made beautiful her face and mien.
I have seen faces far more fair,
But none that had such meaning there.
For to her downcast eyes were given
The azure of an April heaven;
The softening of those sunny hours,
By passing shadows and by showers.

O'er her cheek the wandering red,
By the first wild rose was shed.
Evanescent, pure, and clear,
Just the warm heart's atmosphere.

A NIGHT IN MAY.

Like the sweet and inner world,
In that early rosebud furled.
All whose rich revealings glow
Round the lovelier world below.
Light her step was, and her voice
Said unto the air, rejoice;
And her light laugh's silvery breaking
Sounded like the lark's first waking.

Return to that fair lake, return,
On whose green heathlands grows the fern;
And mountain heights of dark gray stone,
Are bright with lichens overgrown.
Thou art too fay-like and too fair
For our more common clouded air.
Beauty such as thine belongs
To a world of dreams and songs;
Let thy image with us dwell
Lending music to farewell.

A NIGHT IN MAY.

A night not sacred to Spring's opening leaves,
But one of crowded festival.

LIGHT and glad through the rooms the gay
music is waking,
Where the young and the lovely are gather'd
to-night;
And the soft cloudless lamps, with their lustre
are making
A midnight hour only than morning less
bright.

There are vases,—the flowers within them are
breathing
Sighs almost as sweet as the lips that are near
Light feet are glancing, white arms are wreath-
ing,—
O temple of pleasure! thou surely art here.

I gazed on the scene; 'twas the dream of a
minute;

But it seem'd to me even as fairy land fair:
'Twas the cup's bright inside; and on glancing
within it,

What but the dregs and the darkness were
there?

-False wave of the desert, thou art less be-
guiling

Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed:
What but the smiles that have practised their
smiling,

Or honey words measured, and reckon'd as
said?

O, heart of mine! turn from the revellers before
thee;

What part hast thou in them, or have they in
thee?

What was the feeling that too soon came o'er
thee!—

Weariness ever that feeling must be.

Praise—flattery—opiates the meanest, yet
sweetest,

Are ye the fame that my spirit hath dream'd?
Lute, when in such scenes, if homage thou
meetest,

Say, if like glory such vanity seem'd?

O for some island far off in the ocean,

Where never a footstep has press'd but mine
own:

With one hope, one feeling, one utter devotion:

To my gift of song, once more, the lovely,
the lone!

My heart is too much in the things which pro-
fane it;

The cold, and the worldly, why am I like
them?

A NIGHT IN MAY.

Vanity ! with my lute chords I must chain it,
Nor thus let it sully the minstrel's best gem.

It rises before me, that island, where blooming,
The flowers in their thousands are comrades
for me ;
And where if one perish, so sweet its entombing
The welcome it seems of fresh leaves to the
tree.

I'll wander among them when morning is
weeping
Her earliest tears, if such pearls can be tears ;
When the birds and the roses together are
sleeping
Till the mist of the daybreak, like hope ful-
fill'd, clears.

Grove of dark cypress, when noontide is flinging
Its radiance of light, thou shalt then be my
shrine ;
I'll listen to the song which the wild dove is
singing,
And catch from its sweetness a lesson for
mine.

And when the red sunset at even is dying,
I'll watch the last blush as it fades on the
wave ;
While the wind, through the shells in its low
music sighing,
Will seem like the anthem peal'd over its
grave.

And when the bright stars which I worship are
beaming,
And writing in beauty and fate on the sky,
Then, mine own lute, be the hour of thy dream-
ing,
And the night-flowers will open and echo thy
sigh.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Alas! but my dream has like sleep's visions
vanish'd;

The hall and the crowd are before me again:
Sternly my sweet thoughts like fairies are
banish'd:

Nay, the faith which believed in them now
seems but vain.

I left the gay circle:—if I found it dreary,
Were all others there, then, the thoughtless
and glad?

Methinks that fair cheek in its paleness look'd
weary,

Methinks that dark eye in its drooping was
sad.

—I went to my chamber,—I sought to be
lonely,—

I leant by the casement to catch the sweet air.
The thick tears fell blinding; and am I then only
Sad, weary, although without actual care?

The heart hath its mystery, and who may reveal
it;

Or who ever read in the depths of their own?
How much, we never may speak of, yet feel it,
But, even in feeling it, know it unknown!

Sky of wild beauty, in those distant ages
Of which time hath left scarce a wreck or
a name,

Say were thy secrets laid bare to the sages,
Who held that the stars were life's annals of
flame?

Spirit, that ruleth man's life to its ending,
Chance, Fortune, Fate, answer my sum-
moning now;

The storm o'er the face of the night is descend-
ing,—

Fair moon, the dark clouds hide thy silvery
brow.

A NIGHT IN MAY.

Let these bring thy answer, and tell me if sadness
Forever man's penance and portion must be;
Doth the morning come forth from a birthplace
of gladness?
Is there peace, is there rest, in thine empire
or thee?

Spirit of fate, from yon troubled west leaning,
As its meteor-piled rack were thy home and
thy shrine,
Grief is our knowledge, 'twill teach me thy
meaning,
Although thou but speak'st it in silence and
sign.

I mark'd a soft arch sweep its way over heaven;
It spann'd as it ruled the fierce storm which
it bound:
The moonshine, the shower, to its influence
seem'd given,
And the black clouds grew bright in the
beautiful round.

I look'd out again, but few hues were remaining
On the side nearest earth; while I gazed,
they were past:
As a steed for a time with its curb proudly
straining,
Then freed in its strength came the tempest
at last.

And this was the sign of thy answer, dark spirit!
Alas! and such ever our pathway appears;
Tempest and change still our earth must in-
herit,—
Its glory a shade, and its loveliness tears.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And miss'd while it is given;
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

Few save the poor feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarr'd.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness;
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.

The rich, they give—they miss it not
A blessing cannot be
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee!

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.

O! no: I do not wish to see
The sunshine o'er these hills again;
Their quiet beauty wakes in me
A thousand wishes wild and vain.

I hear the skylark's matin songs
Breathe of the heaven he singeth near;
Ah! heaven, that to our earth belongs,
Why is thy hope so seldom here?

The grass is fill'd with early flowers,
Whereon the dew is scarcely dry;
While singing to the silent hours,
The glittering waves are murmuring by.

And fancies from afar are brought
By magic lights and wandering wind;
Such scene hath poet never sought,
But he hath left his heart behind.

It is too sad to feel how blest
In such a spot might be our home;
And then to think with what unrest
Throughout this weary world we roam.

THE
INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

“For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man
as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and
the flower thereof falleth away.

“But the word of the Lord endureth forever.”

1 PETER i. 24, 25.

SWEET Lord, as in those infant hands
Are heap'd up early flowers,
Gather'd with toil, and wreath'd with care
The wealth of summer hours.

Go gather thou, amid our thoughts,
The purest and the best ;
The few that, in our busy world,
Are heavenward address.

So forming in the human soul
Thine own immortal wreath,
Of sacred hopes, nurs't in thy faith,
To blossom after death.

THE PHANTOM.

I come from my home in the depth of the sea,
I come that thy dreams may be haunted by
me ;

Not as we parted, the rose on my brow,
But shadowy, silent, I visit thee now.

The time of our parting was when the moon
shone,

THE PHANTOM.

Of all heaven's daughters the loveliest one ;
No cloud in her presence, no star at her side,
She smiled on her mirror and vassal, the tide.
Unbroken its silver, undream'd of its swell,
There was hope, and not fear, in our midnight
farewell ;
While drooping around were the wings white
and wild ;
Of the ship that was sleeping, as slumbers a
child.
I turn'd to look from thee, to look on the
bower,
Which thou hast been training in sunshine and
shower ;
So thick were the green leaves, the sun and the
rain
Sought to pierce through the shelter from sum-
mer in vain.

It was not its ash tree, the home of the wren,
And the haunt of the bee, I was thinking of
then ;
Nor yet of the violets, sweet on the air,
But I thought of the true love who planted them
there.
I come to thee now, my long hair on the gale,
It is wreath'd with no red rose, is bound with
no veil,
It is dark with the sea damps, and wet with the
spray,
The gold of its auburn has long past away.

And dark is the cavern wherein I have slept,
There the seal and the dolphin their vigil have
kept ;
And the roof is incrustated with white coral cells,
Wherein the strange insect that buildeth them
dwells.
There is life in the shells that are strew'd o'er
the sands,
Not fill'd but with music as on our own strands ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

Around me are whitening the bones of the
dead,
And a starfish has grown to the rock overhead.

Sometimes a vast shadow goes darkly along,
The shark or the sword-fish, the fearful and
strong :

There is fear in the eyes that are glaring around,
As they pass like the spectres of death without
sound :

Over rocks, without summer, the dull sea-
weeds trail,

And the blossoms that hang there are scentless
and pale ;

Amid their dark garlands, the water-snakes
glide,

And the sponge, like the moss, gathers thick
at their side.

O ! would that the sunshine could fall on my
grave,

That the wild flower and willow could over it
wave ;

O ! would that the daisies grew over my sleep,
That the tears of the morning could over me
weep.

Thou art pale 'mid the dreams, I shall trouble
no more,

The sorrow that kept me from slumber is o'er ;

To the depths of the ocean in peace I depart,

For I still have a grave greener far in thy
heart !

STRADA REALE—CORFU.

I AM weary of the greenwood
Where haunteth the wild bee,
And the olive's silvery foliage
Droops o'er the myrtle tree.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

The fountain singeth silvery,
As with a sleepy song,
It wandereth the bright mosses,
And drooping flowers among.

I will seek the cheerful city,
And in the crowded street,
See if I can find the traces
Of pleasure's winged feet.

The bells are ringing gayly,
And their music gladdens all,
From the towers in the sunshine,
To the date and orange stall.

Gay voices are around me,
I seem to gladden too ;
And a thousand changing objects
Win my wandering eyes anew.

It is pleasant through the city
In a sunny day to roam ;
And yet my full heart turns to thee,
My own, my greenwood home.



THE LAKE OF COMO.

AGAIN I am beside the lake,
The lonely lake which used to be
The wide world of the beating heart
When I was, love, with thee.

I see the quiet evening lights
Amid the distant mountains shine ;
I hear the music of a lute,
It used to come from thine.

How can another sing the song,
The sweet sad song that was thine own ?
It is alike, yet not the same,
It has not caught thy tone.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Ah, never other lip may catch
The sweetness round thine own that clung ;
To me there is a tone unheard,
There is a chord unstrung.

Thou loveliest lake, I sought thy shores,
That dreams from other days might cast,
The presence elsewhere sought in vain,
The presence of the past.

I find the folly of the search,
Thou bringest but half the past again ;
My pleasure calling faintly back
Too vividly my pain.

Too real the memories that haunt
The purple shadows round thy brink—
I only ask'd of thee to dream,
I did not ask to think.

False beauty haunting still my heart,
Though long since from that heart removed
These waves but tell me how thou wert
Too well and vainly loved.

Fair lake, it is all vain to seek
The influence of thy lonely shore—
I ask of thee for hope and love—
They come to me no more.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A FAIR young face o'er which is only cast
The delicate hues of spring,
Though round her is the presence of the past,
And the stern future gathers darkly fast ;
As yet no heavy shadow loads their wing.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A little while hast thou to be a child,
Thy lot is all too high ;
Thy face is very fair, thine eyes are mild,
But duties on thine arduous path are piled—
A nation's hopes and fears blend with thy
destiny.

Change is upon the world, it may be thine
To soothe its troubled way,
To make thy throne a beacon and a shrine
Whence knowledge, power, and liberty may
shine,
As yet they have not shone on mortal day.

There is much misery on this worn earth,
But much that may be spared :
Of great and generous thought there is no dearth,
And highest hopes of late have had their birth,
Hopes for the many, what the few have shared.

The wind that bears our flag from soil to soil,
Teaches us as it flies ;
It carries in its breath a summer spoil,
And seeds spring up to stimulate man's toil,
So should our mind spread round its rich sup-
plies.

Thou, royal child, the future is thine own,
May it be bless'd in thee !
May peace that smiles on all be round thy
throne
And universal truth, whose light alone
Gives golden records unto history.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

A STORY of the olden time, when hearts
Wore truer faith than now—a carved stone
Is in a little ancient church which stands
'Mid yonder trees, 'tis now almost defaced ;
But careful eye may trace the mould'ring lines,
And kind tradition has preserved the tale ;
I tell it nearly in the very words
Which are the common legend.

SOME few brief hours, my gallant bark,
And we shall see the shore ;
My native, and my beautiful,
That I will leave no more.

And gallantly the white sails swept
On, on before the wind ;
The prow dash'd through the foam and left
A sparkling line behind.

The sun look'd out through the blue sky,
A gladsome summer sun ;
The white cliffs like his mirrors show
Their native land is won.

And gladly from the tall ship's side
Sir Francis hail'd the land,
And gladly in his swiftest boat,
Row'd onward to the strand.

"I see my father's castle walls
Look down upon the sea ;
The red wine will flow there to-night
And all for love of me.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

"I left a gentle maiden there:
For all the tales they say
Of woman's wrong and faithlessness
To him who is away;

"I'll wager on her lily hand,
Where's still a golden ring;
But, lady, 'tis a plainer one
That o'er the seas I bring."

His bugle sound the turret swept
They met him in the hall;
But 'mid dear faces where is hers,
The dearest of them all?

Ah! every brow is dark and sad,
And every voice is low;
His bosom beats not as it beat
A little while ago.

They lead him to a darken'd room,
A heavy pall they raise;
A face looks forth as beautiful
As in its living days.

A ring is yet upon the hand,
Sir Francis, worn for thee.
Alas! that such a clay-cold hand,
Should true love's welcome be!

He kiss'd that pale and lovely mouth,
He laid her in the grave;
And then again Sir Francis sail'd
Far o'er the ocean wave.

To east and west, to north and south,
That mariner was known;
A wanderer bound to many a shore,
But never to his own.

LANDON'S POEMS.

At length the time appointed came,
He knew that it was come ;
With pallid brow and wasted frame,
That mariner sought home.

The worn-out vessel reach'd the shore,
The weary sails sank down ;
The seamen clear'd her of the spoils
From many an Indian town.

And then Sir Francis fired the ship ;
Yet tears were in his eyes,
When the last blaze of those old planks
Died in the midnight skies.

Next morning, 'twas a Sabbath morn,
They sought that church to pray ;
And cold beside his maiden's tomb
The brave Sir Francis lay.

O, Death ! the pitying that restored
The lover to his bride ;
Once more the marble was unclosed,
They laid him at her side.

And still the evening sunshine sheds
Its beauty o'er that tomb ;
Like heaven's own hope, to mitigate
Earth's too unkindly doom.

AIREY FORCE.

Aye, underneath yon shadowy side,
I could be fain to fix my home ;
Where dashes down the torrent's pride,
In sparkling wave, and silver foam.

HEBE.

No other sound is waking there,
But that perpetual voice, which seems
Like spirit music on the air,
An echo from the world of dreams.

They were more wise in other days;
Then turn'd the hermit to his cell,
And left a world where all betrays,
Apart with his own thoughts to dwell.

Content to curb the heart, to be
Indifferent, quiet, mournful, cold
With hopes turn'd into memory,
With feelings that had lost their hold.

Far better this, than such vain life
As is in crowded cities known;
Where care, repining, grief, and strife,
Make every passing hour their own.

There, by yon torrent's rushing wave,
I'd pass what yet of time remain'd
And feel the quiet of the grave
Long ere that grave itself were gain'd.

HEBE.

YOUTH! thou art a lovely time,
With thy wild and dreaming eyes
Looking onwards to their prime,
Colour'd by their April skies.
Yet I do not wish for thee,
Pass, O! quickly pass from me.

Thou hast all too much unrest,
Haunted by vain hopes and fears;

LANDON'S POEMS.

Though thy cheek with smiles be drest,
Yet that cheek is wet with tears.
Bitter are the frequent showers,
Falling in thy sunny hours.

Let my heart grow calm and cold,
Calm to sorrow, cold to love ;
Let affections loose their hold,
Let my spirit look above.
I am weary—youth pass on,
All thy dearest gifts are gone.

She in whose sweet form the Greek
Bade his loveliest vision dwell ;
She of yon bright cup and cheek,
From her native heaven fell :
Type of what may never last,
Soon the heaven of youth is past.

O ! farewell—for never more
Can thy dreams again be mine ;
Hope and truth and faith are o'er,
And the heart which was their shrine
Has no boon of thee to seek,
Asking but to rest or break.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

SHE leaves it to the sacred stream,
She leaves it to the tide,
Her little child—her darling one,
And she has none beside.

She used to sit beneath the palm,
Her boy upon her knee ;
And dreaming of the future years,
That were his own to be :

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

She saw him with a stately steed,
The sabre in his hand;
His pistols gleaming at his waist,
The foremost of his band:

She saw him with his father's smile,
Beside some maiden dear;
She smiled to hear familiar words!
Alas! and is he here?

The light has vanish'd from her day,
The hope gone from her heart;
The young, the bright, and the beloved,
O! how could he depart?

No more his sunny smile will make
Her own, her household light;
No more will her sweet voice be heard,
Above his sleep at night.

Her heart and home are desolate,
But for one dearest tie;
But for the father of her child,
She would lay down and die.

The tide rolls on beneath the moon,
Down to the mighty main;
To-morrow may the mother seek,
And seek her child in vain.

THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

IF there be one object more material, more revolting, more gloomy than another, it is a crowded churchyard in a city. It has neither sympathy nor memory. The pressed-down stones lie heavy upon the very heart. The sunshine cannot get at them for smoke. There is a crowd; and, like most crowds, there is no companionship. Sympathy is the softener of death, and memory of the loved and the lost is the earthly shadow of their immortality. But who turns aside amid those crowds that hurry through the thronged and noisy streets?—No one can love London better than I do; but never do I wish to be buried there. It is the best place in the world for a house, and the worst for a grave. An Irish patriot once candidly observed to me, "Give me London to live in; but let me die in green Ireland:"—now, this is precisely my opinion.

I PRAY thee lay me not to rest
Among these mouldering bones
Too heavily the earth is prest
By all these crowded stones.

Life is ~~too~~ gay—life is too near—
With all its pomp and toil;
I pray thee, do not lay me here,
In such a world struck soil.

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake
The slumbers of the dead;
I cannot bear for life to make
Its pathway o'er my head.

The flags around are cold and drear
They stand apart, alone;

THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

And no one ever pauses here,
To sorrow for the gone.

No : lay me in the far green fields
The summer sunshine cheers ;
And where the early wild flower yields
The tribute of its tears ;

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,
Where droops the willow tree ;
Where the long grass is fill'd with dew—
O ! make such grave for me !

And passers-by, at evening's close,
Will pause beside the grave,
And moralize o'er the repose
They fear, and yet they crave.

Perhaps some kindly hand may bring
Its offering to the tomb ;
And say, as fades the rose in spring,
So fadeth human bloom.

But here there is no kindly thought
To soothe, and to relieve ;
No fancies and no flowers are brought,
That soften while they grieve.

Here Poesy and Love come not—
It is a world of stone ;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot !
And then life hurries on.

Sorrow, and beauty—nature—love
Redeem man's common breath ;
Ah ! let them shed the grave above—
Give loveliness to death.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.*

ALAS, alas! those ancient towers,
Where never now the vespers ring,
But lonely at the midnight hours,
Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
No more beneath the planet ray,
Those arches echo with the hymn
That bears life's meaner cares away.

No more within some cloister'd cell,
With windows of the sculptured stone,
By sign of cross, and sound of bell,
The world-worn heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
Let many a weary one attest,
Who turns from life's impatient race,
And asks for nothing but for rest.

How many, too heart-sick to roam,
Still longer o'er the troubled wave.
Would thankful turn to such a home—
A home already half a grave.

* The remains of Fountain's Abbey are considered the finest in England. The cloisters are a vast extent of straight vault, three hundred feet long, and forty-two broad; divided lengthways by nineteen pillars and twenty arches; each pillar divides into eight ribs at the top, which diverge and intersect each other on the roof. Here is a large stone basin, the remains of a fountain.

IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

GATHER her raven hair in one rich cluster,
Let the white champac light it, as a star
Gives to the dusky night a sudden lustre,
Shining afar

Shed fragrant oils upon her fragrant bosom,
Until the breathing air around grows sweet ;
Scatter the languid jasmine's yellow blossom,
Beneath her feet.

Those small white feet are bare—too soft are
they
To tread on aught but flowers ; and there is
roll'd
Round the slight ankle, meet for such display,
The band of gold.

Chains and bright stones are on her arms and
neck ;
What pleasant vanities are link'd with them,
Of happy hours, which youth delights to deck
With gold and gem.

She comes ! So comes the Moon, when has she
found
A silvery path wherein through heaven to
glide ?
Fling the white veil—a summer cloud—around ;
She is a bride !

And yet the crowd that gather at her side
Are pale, and every gazer holds his breath.
Eyes fill with tears unbidden, for the bride—
The bride of death !—

LANDON'S POEMS.

She gives away the garland from her hair,
She gives the gems that she will wear no more;
All the affections, whose love-signs they were,
Are gone before.

The red pile blazes—let the bride ascend,
And lay her head upon her husband's heart,
Now in a perfect unison to blend—
No more to part.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

THERE is a little lonely grave
Which no one comes to see,
The foxglove and red orchis wave
Their welcome to the bee.
There never falls the morning sun,
It lies beneath the wall,
But there when weary day is done
The lights of sunset fall,
Flushing the warm and crimson air
As life and hope were present there.

There sleepeth one who left his heart
Behind him in his song;
Breathing of that diviner part
Which must to heaven belong.
The language of those spirit chords,
But to the poet known,
Youth, love, and hope yet use his words,
They seem to be his own.
And yet he has not left a name,
The poet died without his fame.

How many are the lovely lays
That haunt our English tongue,
Defrauded of their poet's praise
Forgotten he who sung.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

Tradition only vaguely keeps
Sweet fancies round this tomb ;
Its tears are what the wild flower weeps
Its record is that bloom ;
Ah, surely nature keeps with her
The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries
Such spirit blends at last,
With all the fairy fantasies
Which o'er some scenes are cast.
A softer beauty fills the grove,
A light is in the grass,
A deeper sense of truth and love
Comes o'er us as we pass ;
While lingers in the heart one line,
The nameless poet hath a shrine.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

THOU art flowing, thou art flowing,
O, small and silvery brook ;
The rushes by thee growing,
And with a patient look
The pale narcissus o'er thee bends
Like one who asks in vain for friends.

I bring not back my childhood,
Sweet comrade of its hours ;
The music of the wild wood,
The colour of the flowers ;
They do not bring again the dream
That haunted me beside thy stream.

When black-letter'd old romances
Made a world for me alone ;
O, days of lovely fancies,
Are ye forever flown ?

LONDON'S POEMS.

Ye are fled, sweet, vague, and vain,
So I cannot dream again.

I have left a feverish pillow
For thy soothing song ;
Alas, each fairy billow
An image bears along,
Look where I will, I only see
One face too much beloved by me.

In vain my heart remembers
What pleasure used to be,
My past thoughts are but embers
Consumed by love for thee.
I wish to love thee less—and feel
A deeper fondness o'er me steal.

REBECCA.

SHE looketh on the glittering scene
With an unquiet eye ;
The shadow of the wakening heart
Is passing darkly by.
The heart that is a woman's world,
Her temple and her home,
Which coloureth with itself her cares,
Whence all her joys must come.

All generous feelings nursed the love
That out of pity came ;
Womanly kindness, suffering truth,
Might sanctify its claim.
But better had she shared the doom,
She bade from him depart ;
Death has no bitterness like life,
Life with a wasted heart.

THE MISSIONARY.

Proud—beautiful—she boweth down
Beneath one deep despair ;
Youth lingers lovely on her cheek,
It only lingers there.

She will command herself and bear
The doom by fate assign'd ;
In natures high as hers, the heart
Is master'd by the mind.

But not the less 'tis desolate,
All lofty thoughts and dreams ;
The poetry with whose deep life
All stronger feeling teems.
These aggravate the ill, and give
A misery of their own ;
The gifted spirit suffers much,
To common ones unknown.

Why did she love ? Alas, such choice
Is not at woman's will ;
Once must she love, and on that cast
Is set life's good or ill.
Sorrows, and timid cares, and tears,
The happiest entertain ;
But this world has no other hope,
For her who loves in vain.

THE MISSIONARY.

It is glorious task to seek,
Where misery droops the patient head :
Where tears are on the widow's cheek,
Where weeps the mourner o'er the dead.

These are the moments when the heart
Turns from a world no longer dear ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

These are the moments to impart
The only hope still constant here.

That hope is present in our land,
For many a sacred shrine is there ;
Time-honour'd old cathedrals stand ;*
Each village has its house of prayer.

O'er all the realm one creed is spread—
One name adored—one altar known,
If souls there be in doubt, or dread,
Alas ! the darkness is their own.

The priest whose heart is in his toil
Hath here a task of hope and love ;
He dwells upon his native soil,
He has his native sky above.

Not so beneath this foreign sky :
Not so upon this burning strand ;
Where yonder giant temples lie,†
The miracles of mortal hand.

* The Cathedral of Exeter.

† TRIAD FIGURE. INTERIOR OF ELEPHANTA.—“The figure that faces the entrance is the most remarkable in this excavation, and has given rise to numberless conjectures and theories. It is a gigantic bust of some three-headed being, or three heads of some being to whom the temple may be supposed to be dedicated. Some writers have imagined that it is, what they have called the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva ; and very strange historical conclusions have been deduced from this hypothesis. The Hindoo Trimurti, or Trinity, as it has been called, does not occupy a very remarkable place in the theology of the Brahmins ; the word Trimurti means three forms, and is applied to any three-headed figure.”—ELLIOT.

THE MISSIONARY.

Mighty and beautiful, but given
To idols of a creed profane;
That cast the shade of earth on heaven,
By fancies monstrous, vile, and vain.

The votary here must half unlearn
The accents of his mother tongue;
Must dwell 'mid strangers, and must earn
Fruits from a soil reluctant wrung.

His words on harden'd hearts must fall,
Harden'd till God's appointed hour;
Yet he must wait, and watch o'er all.
Till hope grows faith, and prayer has power.

And many a grave neglected lies,
Where sleep the soldiers of the Lord;
Who perish'd 'neath the sultry skies,
Where first they preach'd that sacred word.

But not in vain—their toil was blest;
Life's dearest hope by them was won;
A blessing is upon their rest,
And on the work which they begun.

Yon city, where our purer creed
Was a thing unnamed, unknown,
Has now a sense of deeper need,
Has now a place of prayer its own.

And many a darken'd mind has light,
And many a stony heart has tears;
The morning breaking o'er that night,
So long upon those godless spheres.

Our prayers be with them—we who know
The value of a soul to save,
Must pray for those, who seek to show
The Heathen Hope beyond the grave.

VALLEY OF LINMOUTH:

NORTH DEVON.

'Tis a gloomy place, but I like it well;
There would I choose, alone, to dwell;
The rocks around should friends supply,
Less cold, less hard than those I fly.

I do not care for the rosy flowers,
On them is the shadow of other hours.
I gather'd a rose beneath the sun,
In an hour its lovely life was done.

No! here I will find for myself a cave
Half a home, and half a grave;
Dark in the noontide hour 'twill be—
Dark—and the darker the fitter for me.

The hills are rough, and the hills are bare,
More like the heart that harboureth there.
I shall hear the storm as it rolleth by,
I shall watch the clouds that shadow the sky.

All I ask is never to hear
Of human hope or of human fear;
I have had enough of both in my day,
And I know how their seeming passes away.

The wind may sometimes bear along
The distant sound of the shepherd's song;
I shall rejoice that no more I share
In fancies and follies that make his care.

THE WISHING GATE.

The falling leaves will make my bed,
The granite stone will pillow my head;
The cave in the rock is a fitting shrine
For heart so wither'd and worn as mine.

THE DANCING GIRL.

A LIGHT and joyous figure, one that seems
As if the air were her own element;
Begirt with cheerful thoughts, and bringing back
Old days, when nymphs upon Arcadian plains
Made musical the wind, and in the sun
Flash'd their bright cymbals and their whitest
hands.

These were the days of poetry—the woods
Were haunted with sweet shadows; and the
caves

Odorous with moss, and lit with shining spars
Were homes where Naiades met some graceful
youth

Beneath the moonlit heaven—all this is past;
Ours is a darker and a sadder age;
Heaven help us through it!—'tis a weary world
The dust and ashes of a happier time.

THE WISHING GATE.*

WISHES, no! I have not one,
Hope's sweet toil with me is done.
One by one have flitted by,
All the rainbows of the sky.

* I believe that to this haunted gate a common superstition is attached, namely, that to wish and to have that wish fulfilled, is the result of such wish being uttered while passing.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Not a star could now unfold
Aught I once wish'd to be told.
What have I to seek of thee?
Not a wish remains for me.

Let the soldier pause to ask,
Honour on his glorious task ;
Let the parting sailor crave
A free wild wind across the wave ;
Let the maiden pause to frame
Blessings on some treasured name ;
Let them breathe their hopes in thee,
Not a wish remains for me.

Not a wish ! beat not my heart,
Thou hast not bade thy dreams depart ;
They have past, but left behind
Weary spirit, wasted mind.
Ah ! if this old charm were sooth,
One wish yet might tax its truth ;
I would ask, however vain,
Never more to wish again.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

• A fair young face—yet mournful in its youth—
Brooding above sad thoughts.”

It is the last token of love and of thee !
Thy once faith is broken, thou false one to
me.
I think on the letters with which I must part ;
Too dear are the fetters which wind round my
heart.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Thy words were enchanted—and ruled me at
will;
My spirit is haunted,—remembering them still.
So earnest, so tender—the full heart was there;
Ah! song might surrender its lute in despair.

I deem'd that I knew thee as none ever knew;
That 'twas mine to subdue thee, and thine to
be true.
I deem'd to my keeping thy memory had
brought
The depths that were sleeping of innermost
thought.

The bitter concealings life's treacheries teach,
The long-subdued feelings the world cannot
reach—
'Thy mask to the many was worn not for me;
I saw thee—can any seem like unto thee?

No other can know thee as I, love, have
known;
No future will show thee a love like mine own.
That love was no passion that walketh by day,
A fancy—a fashion that flitteth away.

'Twas life's whole emotion—a storm in its
might—
'Twas deep as the ocean, and silent as night.
It swept down life's flowers, the fragile and
fair,
The heart had no powers from passion to spare.

Thy faults but endear'd thee, so stormy and
wild;
My lover! I fear'd thee, as feareth a child.
They seem'd but the shrouding of spirit too
high,

As vapours come crowding the sunniest sky.

LANDON'S POEMS.

I worshipp'd in terror a comet above ;
Ah ! fatal the error—ah ! fatal the love !
For thy sake life never will charm me again ;
Its beauty forever is vanish'd and vain.

Thou canst not restore me the depth and the
truth
Of the hopes that came o'er me in earliest
youth.
Their gloss is departed—their magic is flown,
And sad and faint-hearted I wander alone

'Tis vain to regret me—you will not regret ;
You will try to forget me—you cannot forget.
We shall hear of each other—O ! misery to
hear
Those names from another that once were so
dear !

What slight words will sting us that breathe of
the past,
And slight things will bring us thoughts fated
to last.
The fond hopes that centred in thee are all
dead,
But the iron has enter'd the soul where they
fed.

Like others in seeming, we'll walk through
life's part,
Cold, careless, and dreaming—with death in
the heart,
No hope—no repentance ; the spring of life
o'er ;
All died with that sentence—I love thee no
more !

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

“Now as they were going along, and talking, they spied a boy feeding his father’s sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance ; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Then said the guide, Do you hear him ? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart’s-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.”—PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world’s prime ;
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy,
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy ?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not ?

Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming,
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home ;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam ;
Where the cowslip bending,
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour’s ending
With a sweet chime tells.

LANDON'S POEMS.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone,
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

MARDALE HEAD.*

Why should I seek these scenes again, the past
Is on yon valley like a shroud?

WEEP for the love that fate forbids,
Yet loves unhoping on,
Though every light that once illumed
Its early path be gone.

Weep for the love that must resign
The heart's enchanted dream,
And float like some neglected bark,
Adown life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love these scenes recall,
Like some enduring spell;
It rests within the soul which loved
Too vainly, and too well.

Weep for the breaking heart condemn'd
To see its youth pass by,
Whose lot has been in this cold world
To dream, despair, and die.

* "Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity."

DIRGE.

LAY her in the gentle earth,
Where the summer maketh mirth ;
Where young violets have birth ;
 Where the lily bendeth.
Lay her there, the lovely one !
With the rose, her funeral stone :
And for tears, such showers alone
 As the rain of April lendeth.

From the midnight's quiet hour
Will come dews of holy power,
O'er the sweetest human flower
 That was ever loved.
But she was too fair and dear
For our troubled pathway here ;
Heaven, that was her natural sphere,
 Has its own removed.

WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

MARK you not yon sad procession,
'Mid the ruin'd abbey's gloom,
Hastening to the worm's possession,
To the dark and silent tomb !

See the velvet pall hangs over
Poor mortality's remains ;
We should shudder to discover
What that coffin's space contains.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Death itself is lovely—wearing
But the colder shape of sleep ;
Or the solemn statue bearing
Beauty that forbids to weep.

But decay—the pulses tremble
When its livid signs appear :
When the once-loved lips resemble
All we loathe, and all we fear.

Is it not a ghastly ending
For the body's godlike form,
Thus to the damp earth descending,
Food and triumph to the worm ?

Better far the red pile blazing
With the spicy Indian wood,
Incense unto heaven raising
From the sandal oil's sweet flood.

In the bright pyre's kindling flashes,
Let my yielded soul ascend ;
Fling to the wild winds my ashes
'Till with mother earth they blend.

Not so,—let the pale urn keep them ;
Touch'd with spices, oil, and wine ;
Let there be some one to weep them ;
Wilt thou keep that urn ? Love mine !

TUNIS.

No more that city's pirate barks
Molest the distant waves ;
No more the Moslem idler marks
The sale of Christian slaves.
And yet how much is left undone
These city walls within !
What though the victory may be won,
Its fruit is yet to win.

TUNIS.

What should the fruit of victory be ?
What spoil should it command ?—
Commerce upon the sweeping sea,
And peace upon the land.
As when the crimson sunset ends,
In twilight's quiet hours,
The fertilizing dew ascends,
That feeds the fruits and flowers.

A quiet time hath Europe now,
And she should use that time,
The seed of general good to sow,
Eternal and sublime !
Mighty is now the general scope
To mortal views assign'd ;
Direct from heaven is the hope
That worketh for mankind.

Too many objects worth its care
The mind has left unwon ;
But who is there that shall despair
Knowing what has been done ?
The press that on the moral world
Has risen, like a star,
The leaves of light in darkness furl'd
Spread with its aid afar.

Far may it spread !—its influence
Is giant in its might :
The moral world's intelligence
Lives on its guiding light.
To teach, to liberate, to save,
Is empire's noblest worth,
Such be our hope across the wave,
Our triumph o'er the earth !

MILLER'S DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

Do you remember, Love, the lake
We used to meet beside ?
The only sound upon the air,
The ripples on the tide.

Do you remember, Love, the hour
When first the moonbeam shone
Rising above the distant hills,
We used to meet alone.

You knew not then my rank and state,
You only knew my love,
Whose gentle witness was the moon,
That watch'd us from above.

The valley, silver'd with her light,
Was lovely as a shrine ;
'The truth within that young fresh heart
Felt there was truth in mine.

You are a Countess now, sweet Love,
And dwell in stately halls ;
The red gold shines upon the board,
The silk upon the walls.

A thousand watch my Lady's eye,
The minstrel sings her name ;
None were so fair at Henry's court,
Where all the fairest came.

For the soft moonshine's rising light,
The pearls are on your brow :
Now, were you, lovely Ladye mine,
The happiest then, or now ?

DJOUNI.

"Nor lake, nor castle," soft she said,
"Have any choice of mine ;
I know in life one only lot,
So long as I am thine ?"

DJOUNI:

THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.*

O LADY, wherefore to the desert flying,
Didst thou forsake old England's sea-beat
strand,
To dwell where never voice to thine replying,
Repeats the accents of thy native land ?

Around thee the white pelican is sweeping,
Watching the slumbers of her callow brood ;
And at the fountains of her fond heart keeping
The last supply of their precarious food.

Far spreads the wilderness of sand, as lonely
As is the silence of the eternal grave ;
And for thy home companions, thou hast only
The dog, the Arab steed, the flower, the
slave.

And rightly hast thou judged. On the strong
pinion
Of an unfetter'd will thy flight was made ;
At once escaping from the false dominion
Of our cold life, whose hopes are still
betray'd.

* "How could I," said Lady Hester, "live with
the common people of usual life, after having lived
with my uncle--England's prime minister--Pitt ?"

What is the social world thou hast forsaken?—
A scene of wrong and sorrow, guilt and
guile;
Whence Love a long and last farewell has
taken,
Where friends can smile, and “murder while
they smile.”

Small truth is there among us—little kindness—
And falsehood still at work to make that less.
We hurry onward in our selfish blindness,
Not knowing that the truth were happiness.

Ah! wisely hast thou chosen thus to leave us,
For thou hast left society behind.
What are to thee the petty cares that grieve us,
The cold—the false—the thankless—the un-
kind?

Thy home is in the desert; fit disdaining
Thou showest to the present and to us.
Calm with the future and the past remaining
Hopeful the one—the other glorious.

DEATH OF THE LION AMONG THE RUINS OF SBEITLAH.

HURRIEDLY, disturbing night
With a red and sudden light,
Came the morning, as it knew
What there was for day to do,
And that ere it sank again,
It must show the lion's den.

All night long, a sullen roar,
Like the billows on the shore,

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

Sounded on the desert air,
Telling who was lurking there.
And the sleepless child was prest
Closer to the mother's breast.

Girdled by the watch-fire's ray
Did we wait the coming day ;
And beneath the morning sun
Flash'd the spear and gleam'd the gun.
Forth we went to seek the shade
Where the lion-king was laid.

Dark the towering palm was spread,
Like a giant, overhead ;
But the dewy grass below
Served the lion's path to show.
Low green bough and flowery spray
He had rent upon his way.

By the aqueduct of old,
Where the silver river roll'd,
Long since laid in ruins low—
But there still the waters flow.
Soon decayeth man's endeavour,
Nature's works endure for ever.

There we found the lion's cave—
There we made the lion's grave.
Three shots echo'd—three—no more,
And the grass is red with gore.
For the claws and skin we come—
Let us bear our trophy home.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

No shadow rests upon the place
Where once thy footsteps roved ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

Nor leaf, nor blossom, bear a trace
Of how thou wert beloved.
The very night dew disappears
Too soon, as it it spread its tears.

Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
Were listen'd for like song!
They used to call thy voice so sweet;—
It did not haunt them long.
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth?

There is no picture to recall
Thy glad and open brow;
No profiled outline on the wall
Seems like thy shadow now;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last, appears
But just like yesterday;
It startles me to think that years
Since then are pass'd away.
The old oak tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
Drove us beneath the shade;
A beautiful and greenwood bower
The spreading branches made,
The raindrops shine upon the bough,
The passing rain—but where art thou?

But I forget how many showers
Have wash'd this old oak tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
Since I stood here with thee:
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
As if they still should weep ;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
As if it could not sleep ;
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness,
Have I, myself, forgotten less ?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
In silence and in shade.
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine ?

Ah ! it is well we can forget,
Or who could linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
On earth whose flowers are gone ?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear,

Our early friends, those of our youth ?
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then.
We grow suspicious, careless, cold ;
We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and beloved we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to trust and share
The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time ;
And now that it is past,
It breathes as of a purer clime
Than where my lot is cast,
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.

It shock'd me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb ;
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom.
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recall'd its own ;
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone.
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.

Farewell ! the early dews that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed,
Are like the thoughts that now recall
Thine image from the dead.
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell !

THE
PALACE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

"He lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was 'Beautiful.' Looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

He wander'd on a weary way,
A weary way he wander'd on ;
Till eagerness and fortitude—
Till all but hope were gone.

The night fell dark around his steps,
And terrible is falling night,
For cheerful thoughts of enterprise
Attend on morning's light.

SCENES IN LONDON.

And there were Lions in the way—
The lion mighty in his wrath—
No marvel that the traveller shrank
From such a dreary path.

Then spake the Porter of the house,
The house that was so fair,
The house whose name was BEAUTIFUL,
And bade him not despair.

Chain'd were the Lions on his way,
And he could safely pass along,
If that he had a steadfast hope,
And if his faith were strong.

He enter'd in the lovely place :
Four maidens at the door,
With wine, and bread, and pleasant words,
His fainting soul restore.

Next morn they furnish'd him with arms
That in the sunshine glow'd.
Who were the maidens setting forth
The Christian on his road ?

Prudence and Piety, intent
On every work of Love,
And Charity, whose youthful heart
Is tender as the dove.

SCENES IN LONDON.

OXFORD STREET.

LIFE in its many shapes was there,
The busy and the gay ;
Faces that seemed too young and fair
To ever know decay.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,
Led forth its glittering train;
And poverty's pale face beside
Ask'd aid, and ask'd in vain.

The shops were filled from many lands—
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

Yet 'mid life's myriad shapes around
There was a sigh of death;
There rose a melancholy sound.
The bugle's wailing breath.

They play'd a mournful Scottish air,
That on its native hill
Had caught the notes the night winds bear
From weeping leaf and rill.

'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain
Its warning music shed,
Rising above life's busy train,
In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band
In sad procession by:
Reversed the musket in each hand,
And downcast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave;
The sympathizing crowd
Divided like a parted wave
By some dark vessel plough'd.

A moment, and all sounds were mute,
For awe was over all;
You heard the soldier's measured foot,
The bugle's wailing call.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,
The helmet and the sword ;
The drooping war-horse followed near,
As he, too, mourn'd his lord.

Slowly—I follow'd too—they led
To where a church arose,
And flung a shadow o'er the dead
Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there—beneath the shade
Of one was made a grave ;
And there to his last rest was laid
The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed
Of an unconscious ear ;
The birds sprang fluttering overhead,
Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground ; the bugles died
Away upon the wind ;
Only the tree's green branches sigh'd
O'er him they left behind.

Again, all fill'd with light and breath,
I pass'd the crowded street—
O, great extremes of life and death,
How strangely do ye meet !

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

'Twas dark with cypresses and yews, which cast
Drear shadows on the fairer trees and flowers—
Affection's latest signs. * * *

Dark portal of another world—the grave—
I do not fear thy shadow ; and methinks,
If I may make my own heart oracle,—

LANDON'S POEMS.

The many long to enter thee, for thou
Alone canst re-unite the loved and lost
With those who pine for them. I fear thee not ;
— I only fear my own unworthiness,
Lest it prove barrier to my hope, and make
Another parting in another world.

I.

LAUREL! O, fling thy green boughs on the
air,
There is dew on thy branches, what doth it do
there ?
Thou that art worn on the conqueror's shield,
When his country receives him from glory's
red field ;
Thou that art wreath'd round the lyre of the
bard,
When the song of its sweetness has won its re-
ward.
Earth's changeless and sacred—thou proud
laurel tree!
The tears of the midnight, why hang they on
thee ?

II.

Rose of the morning, the blushing and bright,
Thou whose whole life is one breath of delight,
Beloved of the maiden, the chosen to bind
Her dark tresses' wealth from the wild summer
wind.
Fair tablet, still vow'd to the thoughts of the
lover,
Whose rich leaves with sweet secrets are writ-
ten all over ;
Fragrant as blooming—thou lovely rose tree !
The tears of the midnight, why hang they on
thee ?

III.

Dark cypress ! I see thee—thou art my reply,
Why the tears of the night on thy comrade
trees lie ;

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

That laurel it wreath'd the red brow of the
brave,
Yet thy shadow lies black on the warrior's
grave,
That rose was less bright than the lip which it
prest,
Yet thy sad branches bend o'er the maiden's
last rest ;
The brave and the lonely alike they are sleep-
ing,
I marvel no more rose and laurel are weeping.

IV.

Yet, sunbeam of heaven ! thou fall'st on the
tomb ;
Why pausest thou by such dwelling of doom ?
Before thee the grove and the garden are
spread—
Why lingerest thou round the place of the dead ?
Thou art from another, a lovelier sphere,
Unknown to the sorrows that darken us here.
Thou art as a herald of hope from above :—
Weep, mourner, no more o'er thy grief and thy
love !
Still thy heart in its beating ; be glad of such rest,
Though it call from thy bosom its dearest and
best.
Weep no more that affection thus loosens its tie ;
Weep no more that the loved and the loving
must die ;
Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at
your feet ;
But gaze on yon starry world—there ye shall
meet.

V.

O heart of mine ! is there not One dwelling
there
To whom thy love clings in its hope and its
prayer ?
For whose sake thou numberest each hour of
the day,

LANDON'S POEMS.

As a link in the fetters that keep me away?
When I think of the glad and the beautiful
 home
Which oft in my dreams to my spirit hath come:
That when our last sleep on my eyelids hath
 prest,
'That I may be with thee at home and at rest:
When wanderer no longer on life's weary shore,
I may kneel at thy feet, and part from thee no
 more:
While death holds such hope forth to soothe
 and to save,
O, sunbeam of heaven, thou may'st well light
 the grave!

THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

SADLY the captive o'er her flowers is bending,
While her soft eye with sudden sorrow fills
They are not those that grew beneath her
 tending
In the green valley of her native hills.

There is the violet—not from the meadow
Where wander'd carelessly her childish
 feet;
There is the rose—it grew not in the shadow
Of her old home—it cannot be so sweet.

And yet she loves them—for those flowers are
 bringing
Dreams of the home that she will see no
 more;
The languid perfumes are around her, flinging
What almost for the moment they restore.

THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

She hears her mother's wheel, that, slowly
turning,
Murmur'd unceasingly the summer day;
And the same murmur, when the pine boughs
burning
Told that the summer hours had passed
away.

She hears her young companions sadly singing
A song they loved—an old complaining tune;
Then comes a gayer sound—the laugh is ringing
Of the young children—hurrying in at noon.

By the dim myrtles, wandering with her sister,
They tell old stories, broken by the mirth
Of her young brother: alas! have they miss'd
her,
She who was borne a captive from their
hearth!

She starts—too present grows the actual sorrow,
By her own heart she knows what they have
borne;
Young as she is, she shudders at to-morrow,
It can but find her prisoner and forlorn.

What are the glittering trifles that surround
her—
What the rich shawl—and what the golden
chain?
Would she could break the fetters that have
bound her,
And see her household and her hills again!

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

YE ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest
kings,
When millions for a battle were array'd,
And the sky darken'd with the vulture's
wings.

Long silence follow'd on the battle-cries ;
First the bones whiten'd, then were seen no
more ;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars.
Men left the desert tents for marble walls ;
Then rose the towers from whence they watch'd
the stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perish'd—those imperial towers
Read not amid the midnight stars their
doom ;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees ! are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that mark'd earth's
earlier clime ;
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witness'd—but yet more re-
mains ;

BELVOIR CASTLE.

The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaim how much has yet been left
undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlighten'd, calm, and
free;
More glorious than the glories known of old—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea.

All that the past has taught is not in vain—
Wisdom is garner'd up from centuries gone;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known—Cedars of Lebanon!

BELVOIR CASTLE:

SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

'Tis an old and stately castle,
In an old and stately wood;
Thoughts and shadows gather'd round it,
Of the ages it had stood.

But not of the ancient warriors,
Whose red banners swept its towers,
Nor of any lovely lady,
Blooming in its former bowers—

Think I now ;—but one as lovely,
And more gifted, haunts my line,
In the visions round yon castle
Is no fairer one than thine !

I can fancy thee in childhood
Wandering through each haunted scene,
Peopling the green glades around thee
With the thoughts of what had been ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

Asking of each leaf its lesson,
Of each midnight star its tale,
Till thy fancy caught revealings
From the music of the gale.

Yet, whence did thy lute inherit
All it knows of human grief?—
What dost thou know of the knowledge
On life's dark and daily leaf?

In thy woman-hearted pages,
How much sympathy appears
With the sorrowful and real,
All that only speaks in tears!

Have those large bright eyes been darken'd
By the shadows from below?
Rather would I deem thee dreaming
Over grief thou canst not know.

But thou hast the poet's birthright,
In a heart too warm and true.
Wreath thy dark hair with the laurel—
On it rests the midnight dew!



THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE GARDENS.

THE fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to mind,
Some to grieve, some to gladden: around them
they cast

The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the
past.

Away in the distance is heard the vast sound,
From the streets of the city that compass it
round,

Like the echo of mountains, or ocean's deep
call;

Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all.

MIDDLE TEMPLE GARDENS.

The turf and the terrace slope down to the tide
Of the Thames, that sweeps onwards—a world
at its side :

And dark the horizon, with mast and with sail
Of the thousand tall ships that have weather'd
the gale :

While beyond the arch'd bridge the old abbey
appears,

Where England has garner'd the glories of
years.

There the royal, the lovely, the gifted, the
brave,

Haunt the heart with a poetry born of the grave.

Still and lone 'mid the tumult these gardens
extend,

The elm and the lime over flower beds bend ;
And the sunshine rains in as the light leaves are
stirr'd,

When away from the nest he has built springs
the bird.

The boat, and the barge, and the wave, have
grown red ;

And the sunset has crimson'd the boughs over-
head ;

But the lamps are now shining, the colours are
gone,

And the garden lies shadowy, silent and lone.

There are lights in the casements: how weary
the ray

That asks from the night-time the toils of the
day !

I fancy I see the brow bent o'er the page,
Whose youth wears the paleness and wrinkles
of age.

The hour may be coming when fortune and fame
May crown the endeavour, and honour the
name :

But the toil has been long that too early began :
And the judge and the peer is a world-weary
man.

LANDON'S POEMS.

The robe and the ermine, by few they are won:
How many sink down ere the race be half run!
What struggles, what hopes, what despair may
have been,
Where sweep those rude branches of shadowy
green!
What crowds are around us, what misery is
there,
Could the heart, like the face which conceals
it, lay bare!
But we know not each other—we seek not to
know
What the social world hides in the darkness
below.

I lean in the window, and hear the low tune
Of the fountain, now bright with the new risen
moon.
In the chamber within are the gay and the
young;
The light laugh is laugh'd, and the sweet song
is sung.
I turn to their mirth, but it is in a mask—
The jest is an omen, the smile is a task.
A slave in a pageant, I walk through life's part,
With smiles on the lip, and despair at the heart.

ROBERT BLAKE,

ADMIRAL AND GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY
FORCES.

WHAT! will they sweep the channels,
And brave us as they go!
There's no place in English annals,
For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,
His hand was on his sword;
Hurrah! was the sole answer
From every man on board.

ROBERT BLAKE.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,
As if it were their home,
With a slow and gliding motion
The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,
But ere an hour be past,
The shadows of the battle
Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,
The thunder of the gun;
Fire rends the smoke asunder,
The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,
Our Admiral of the White,
And guides the strife more calmly,
Than of that strife I write.

For over the salt water
The grape-shot sweeps around;
The decks are red with slaughter,
The dead are falling round.

But the bold flag of old England
Flies bravely at the mast;
The Dutch take down their colours,
While the cannons fire their last.

From that hour victorious
Have we kept the seas,
And our navy glorious
Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire,
It is a noble debt
We owe to those past triumphs,
We never may forget.

SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds in extent of fall the renowned Niagara, yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist.

It sweeps, as sweeps an army
Adown the mountain side,
With the voice of many thunders,
Like the battle's sounding tide.

Yet the sky is blue above it,
And the dashing of the spray
Wears the colour of the rainbow
Upon an April day.

It rejoices in the sunshine
When after heavy rain
It gathers the far waters
To dash upon the plain.

It is terrible, yet lovely,
Beneath the morning rays :
Like a dream of strength and beauty
It haunted those who gaze.

We feel that it is glorious,
Its power is on the soul ;
And lofty thoughts within us
Acknowledge its control.

A generous inspiration
Is on the outward world ;

REGATTA, WINDERMERE LAKE.

It waketh thoughts and feelings
In careless coldness furled.

To love and to admire
Seems natural to the heart ;
Life's small and selfish interests
From such a scene depart.

REGATTA,—WINDERMERE LAKE.

With sunshine on their canvass,
And sunshine at their side—
Like court beauties at a pageant,
The stately vessels glide.

The sound of shout and music
Comes from the boats behind ;
And the peal of youthful laughter
Makes glad the summer wind.

But we will not go with them,
My loved one and my own ;
We never are so happy
As when we are alone.

Yet when the purple shadows
Of the quiet eve come on,
And the ripple of those vessels
From each still wave is gone :—

When stars with silver footsteps
Pass like angels o'er the sky ;
When the breath of leaf and blossom
To the lulling winds reply :—

Then let our boat, my sweet one !
To yonder shore depart,

LONDON'S POEMS.

When not a sound is louder
Than our own beating heart.

Like a dream beneath the moonlight
Our fairy float will be ;
Let the weary crave the many—
I ask only for thee !

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

THEY call'd the Islands by his name,*
Those isles, the far away and fair ;
A graceful fancy link'd with fame,
A flattery—such as poets' are ;

Who link with lovely things their praise,
And ask the earth, and ask the sky,
To colour with themselves their lays
And some associate grace supply.

But here it was a sailor's thought,
That named the island from the Earl—
That dreams of England might be brought
To those soft shores, and seas of pearl.

How very fair they must have seem'd
When first they darken'd on the deep !
Like all the wandering seaman dream'd
When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turn'd to truth
When first they met the sailor's eyes,
Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,
And azure with her southern skies.

* The Sandwich Islands were so called in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the Admiralty.

STRADA ST. URSOLA.

And yet our English thought beguiles
The mariner where'er he roam.
He looks upon the new-found isles,
And calls them by some name of home.

STRADA ST. URSOLA,—MALTA

YOUNG knight, that broider'd cloak undo,
And break that golden chain in two ;
Take from your hand its jewels fair,
Shear those bright curls of sunny hair,
And offer up at yonder shrine
All vanities that once were thine.

No more the victor of the ring,
Thy triumphs will the minstrel sing ;
No more upon thy helm the glove
Will ask of fame to sanction love.
The saraband untrod must be,
The lists, the dance are closed for thee.

Look to the past—if present there
Be visible one great despair :
Look to the future—if it give
Nothing which charmeth thee to live.
Then come—the present knows its doom ;
Thy heart already is a tomb.

Thy check is pale—thy brow is worn
Thy lip is bitter in its scorn.
I read in them the signs that tell
The heart's impassion'd chronicle.
'Tis past !—and Malta's iron vow
To thee is less than nothing now.

THE ALTERED RIVER.

THOU lovely river, thou art now
As fair as fair can be,
Pale flowers wreath upon thy brow,
The rose bends over thee.
Only the morning sun hath leave
To turn thy waves to light,
Cool shade the willow branches weave
When noon becomes too bright.
The lilies are the only boats
Upon thy diamond plain,
The swan alone in silence floats
Around thy charm'd domain.
The moss bank's fresh embroidery,
With fairy favours starr'd,
Seems made the summer haunt to be
Of melancholy bard.
Fair as thou art, thou wilt be food
For many a thought of pain ;
For who can gaze upon thy flood,
Nor wish it to remain
The same pure and unsullied thing
Where heaven's face is as clear
Mirror'd in thy blue wandering
As heaven's face can be here.
Flowers fling their sweet bonds on thy breast,
The willows woo thy stay,
In vain,—thy waters may not rest,
Their course must be away.
In yon wide world, what wilt thou find ?
What all find—toil and care :
Your flowers you have left behind
Far other weight to bear.
The heavy bridge confines your stream,
Through which the barges toil,
Smoke has shut out the sun's glad beam,

THE LEGACY OF THE LUTE.

Thy waves have caught the soil.
On—on—though weariness it be,
By shoal and barrier cross'd,
Till thou hast reach'd the mighty sea,
And there art wholly lost.
Bend thou, young poet, o'er the stream—
Such fate will be thine own ;
Thy lute's hope is a morning dream,
And when have dreams not flown ?

THE LEGACY OF THE LUTE.

COME take the lute—the lute I loved,
'Tis all I have to offer thee ;
And may it be less fatal gift
Than it has ever been to me.
My sigh yet lingers on the strings,
The strings I have not heart to break :
Wilt thou not, dearest ! keep the lute
For mine—for the departed's sake ?

But, pray thee, do not wake that lute ;
Leave it upon the cypress tree ;
I would have crush'd its charmed chords,
But they so oft were strung to thee.
The minstrel-lute ! O, touch it not,
Or weary destiny is thine !
Thy life a twilight's haunted dream—
Thou, victim, at an idol's shrine.

Thy breath but lives on others' lips—
Thy hope, a thing beyond the grave,—
Thy heart, bare to the vulture's beak—
Thyself a bound and barter'd slave.
And yet a dangerous charm o'er all,
A bright but ignis-fatuus flame,
Luring thee with a show of power,
Dazzling thee with a blaze of flame.

LONDON'S POEMS.

It is to waste on careless hearts
The throbbing music of thine own;
To speak love's burning words, yet be
Alone—ay, utterly alone.
I sought to fling my laurel wreath
Away upon the autumn wind:
In vain,—'twas like those poison'd crowns
Thou may'st not from the brow unbind.

Predestined from my birth to feed
On dreams, yet watch those dreams depart
To bear through life—to feel in death—
A burning and a broken heart.
Then hang it on the cypress bough,
The minstrel-lute I leave to thee;
And be it only for the wind
To wake its mournful dirge for me.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

' Not yet—the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet—my heart is full of hope—
I cannot bear to die.

Not yet—I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love—O Death!
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again and then he said—
' I'm ready now to die!"

JESUITS IN PROCESSION:

VALETTA, MALTA.

WHENCE rose the sect that 'neath yon azure
dome,

Hath had such wide domain o'er courts and
kings,

And the wild forest where the condor springs
Darkening the lonely vale which has his
home—

Whence did that sect with all its power come?
From the dim shadows of the sick man's room'

The founder, St. Ignatius, knew of life
Whatever of that life might seem the best:

The glorious fever of the battle strife,
The pleasure that in court or bower is guest:

But in all things were care and sorrow rife,
And the soul's instinct craved diviner rest.

Then to his hopes a holier aim was given—

He made of earth the stepping-stone to
heaven!



THE DEVOTEE.

PRAYER on her lips—yet, while the maiden
prayeth,

A human sorrow deepens in her eyes;

For e'en the very words of prayer she sayeth,

A sad and lingering memory supplies.

LANDON'S POEMS.

She leans beside the vault where sleeps her
mother,

The tablet has her name upon the wall—
Her only parent, for she knew no other ;
In losing whom, the orphan lost her all.

Young, very young, she is, but wholly vanish'd
Youth's morning colours from her cheek are
gone ;

All gayer and all careless thoughts are banish'd
By the perpetual presence of but one.

And yet that sweet face is not all of sorrow,
It wears a softer and a higher mood ;
And seemeth from the world within to borrow
A holy and a constant fortitude.

Early with every sabbath-morn returning,
You hear her light step up the chancel come ;
She looketh all the week with tender yearning
To that old church which is to her a home.

For her own home is desolate and lonely,
Hers is the only seat beside the hearth,
Sad in its summer garden, as she only
Were the last wanderer on this weary earth.

But in that ancient church her heart grows
stronger
With prayers that raise their earnest eyes
above ;
And in the presence of her God, no longer
Feels like an outcast from all hope and love.

Glorious the mighty anthem round her swell
ing,
Fills the rapt spirit, sacred and sublime ;
Soon will for her unfold th' immortal dwelling—
She waiteth patient, God's appointed time.

ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

METHINKS it is a glorious thing
To sail upon the deep ;
A thousand sailors under you,
Their watch and ward to keep :
To see your gallant battle-flag
So scornfully unroll'd,
As scarcely did the wild wind dar
To stir one crimson fold :

To watch the frigates scatter'd round,
Like birds upon the wing ;
Yet know they only wait your will—
It is a glorious thing ;
Our admiral stood on the deck,
And look'd upon the sea ;
He held the glass in his right hand
And far and near look'd he.

He could not see one hostile ship
Abroad upon the main ;
From east to west, from north to south,
It was his own domain.
“ Good news for England this, good news,”
Forth may her merchants fare ;
Thick o'er the sea, no enemy
Will cross the pathway there

A paleness came upon his cheek,
A shadow to his brow ;
Alas ! our good Lord Collingwood,
What is it ails him now ?

LANDON'S POEMS.

Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,
Each softer pulse is stirr'd :
It is the sickness of the heart,
Of hope too long deferr'd.

He's pining for his native seas,
And for his native shore ;
All but his honor he would give,
To be at home once more.
He does not know his children's fate,
His wife might pass him by,
He is so alter'd, did they meet,
With an unconscious eye :

He has been many years at sea,
He's worn with wind and wave ;
He asks a little breathing space
Between it and his grave.
He feels his breath come heavily,
His keen eye faint and dim,
It was a weary sacrifice
That England ask'd of him.

He never saw his home again—
The deep voice of the gun,
The lowering of his battle-flag
Told when his life was done.
His sailors walk'd the deck and wept—
Around them howl'd the gale :
And far away two orphans knelt—
A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light
Our history's blazon'd line,
I know not one, brave Collingwood,
That touches me like thine.

THE VIOLET.

WHY better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower ?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love ;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove :

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;
How I did watch its growth !
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
And often injured both !

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun ;
And ever, at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seem'd to be !
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
'Twas worth the world to me !

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath ;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

LONDON S POEMS.

I gather'd two or three,—they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow ;
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah ! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more ;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before !

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown,
It is no more of flowers ;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst :
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first,

CHANGE.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing color of thy flowers—
The green leaves, early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds, so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers ;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruin'd heart, which still recurs
To former beauty ; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

WHEN those eyes have forgotten the smile
they wear now,
When care shall have shadow'd that beautiful
brow—

CHANGES.

When thy hopes and thy roses together lie
dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that
are fled—
Then wilt thou remember what now seems
to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain
on glass :
O, maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee
How rose-touch'd the page of thy future
must be !
By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are
fair ;
And what is thy present ? a southern sky's
spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on
the wing.
As the rose by the fountain flings down on
the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass in its grave :
So the heart sheds its color on life's early
hour,
But the heart has its fading as well as the
flower.
The charm'd light darkens, the rose-leaves are
gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colorless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was
fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like
the dead !
O, long ere one shadow shall darken that
brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou
lovest now ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short
of their mark ;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness
more dark ;
When thy feelings lie fetter'd like waters in
frost,
Or, scatter'd too freely, are wasted and lost ;
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has pass'd
by—
What saith the Arabian ? Its memory's a sigh.

EDITH.

WEEP not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave :
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave ;
And make the sod we're spreading fair,
For her who sleeps below :
We might not bear to lay her there
In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long,
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step and birdlike song,
And eyes that only smiled ;
A something shadowy and frail
Was even in her mirth ;
She look'd a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes ;
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies :

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

Too changeable the rose which shed
Its color on her face :
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore ;
And when she smiled away our fears,
We only fear'd the more.
The crimson deepen'd on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

Bid thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gather'd there ;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.
The hall is vast, and cold, and drear ;
The board with faded flowers is spread ;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled ;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound ;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.
Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears ;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is fill'd—it is of tears.

LONDON'S POEMS.

What, turnest thou with averted brow ?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine ;
And asketh for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles and sunny wine.
In vain—the vail has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seem'd to thee.
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality !

FOLLOW ME !

A summer morning, with its calm, glad light,
Was on the fallen castle : other days
Were here remember'd vividly ; the past
Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
For that we do not pause to think upon.
First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
Was the bold motto, "Follow me ;" again
I saw it scroll'd around the lofty crest
Which, mouldering, deck'd the ruin'd banquet-room ;
A third time did I trace these characters—
On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
Was written, "Follow me !"

FOLLOW me !—'tis to the battle field—
No eye must turn, and no step must yield ;
In the thick of the battle look ye to be ;
On !—'tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me !—'tis to the festal ring,
Where the maidens smile and the minstrels
sing ;
Hark ! to our name is the bright wine pour'd :
Follow me on to the banquet-board !

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Follow me!—'tis where the yew-tree bends,
When the strength and the pride of the victor
ends;
Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
Follow me on to the silent tomb!



THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

How deep within each human heart
A thousand treasured feelings lie;
Things precious, delicate, apart,
Too sensitive for human eye.

Our purest feelings, and our best,
Yet shrinking from the common view;
Rarely except in song exprest,
And yet how tender, and how true!

They wake, and know their power, when eve
Flings on the west its transient glow!
Yet long dark shadows dimly weave
A gloom round some green path below.

Who dreams not then—the young dream on,
Life traced at hope's delicious will;
And those whose youth of heart is gone,
Perhaps have visions dearer still.

They rise, too, when expected least,
When gay yourself, amid the gay;
The heart from revelry hath ceased
To muse o'er hours long past away.

And who can think upon the past
And not weep o'er it as a grave?

LONDON'S POEMS.

How many leaves life's wreath has cast !
What lights have sunk beneath the wave !

But most these deep emotions rise
When, drooping o'er our thoughts alone ;
Our former dearest sympathies
Come back, and claim us for their own.

Such mood is on the maiden's mind
Who bends o'er yon clear fount her brow ;
Long years, that leave their trace behind,
Long years, are present with her now.

Yet, once before she ask'd a sign
From that wild fountain's plaintive song ;
And silvery, with the soft moonshine,
Those singing waters pass along.

It was an hour of beauty, made
For the young heart's impassion'd mood ;
For love of its sweet self afraid,
For hope that colors solitude

"Alas," the maiden sigh'd, "since first
I said, O fountain, read my doom ;
What vainest fancies have I nurst,
Of which I am myself the tomb !

"The love was check'd—the hope was vain,
I deemed that I could feel no more ;
Why, false one, did we meet again,—
To show thine influence was not o'er !

"I thought that I could never weep
Again, as I had wept for thee ;
That love was buried cold and deep,
That pride and scorn kept watch by me.

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

"My early hopes, my early tears,
Were now almost forgotten things;
And other cares, and years
Had brought what all experience brings—

"Indifference, weariness, disdain,
That taught and ready smile which grows
A habit soon—as streams retain
The shape and light in which they froze.

"Again I met that faithless eye,
Again I heard that charmed tongue;
I felt they were my destiny,
I knew again the spell they flung.

"Ah! years have fled, since last his name
Was breathed amid the twilight dim;
It was to dream of him, I came,
And now again I dream of him.

"But changed and cold, my soul has been,
Too deeply wrung, too long unmoved,
Too harden'd in life's troubled scene
To love as I could once have loved.

"Sweet fountain, once I ask'd thy waves
To whisper hope's enchanted spell!
Now I but ask thy haunted caves
To teach me how to say farewell!"

She leaned her head upon her hand,
She gazed upon that fountain lone,
Which wander'd by its wild-flower strand
With a low, mournful, ceaseless moan.

It soothed her with a sweet deceit
Of pity, murmur'd on the breeze;
Ah, deep the grief which seeks to cheat
Itself with fantasies like these.

CORFU.

Now, doth not summer's sunny smile
Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
While round the kindling waters sweep
The murmur'd music of the deep,
The many melodies that swell
From breaking wave and red-lipp'd shell ?

Love mine ! how sweet it were to leave
This weary world of ours behind,
And borrow from the blushing eve
The wild wings of the wandering wind.

Would we not flee away and find
Some lonely cave beside the shore ?
One, where a Nereid dwelt of yore,
And shelter'd in its glistening bowers,
A love almost as fond as ours ?
A diamond spar incrusts the walls,
A rainbow light from crystal falls ;
And, musical amid the gloom,
A fountain's silvery showers illumine
The further darkness, as with ray
And song it finds its sparkling way.
A natural lute and lamp—a tone,
A light, to wilder waves unknown.
The cave is curtained with the vine,
And inside wandering branches twine,
While from the large green leaves escape
The blooming clusters of the grape ;—
Fruit with such hyacinthine glow
As southern sunbeams only know,
We will not leave it, till the moon
Lulls with her languid look, the sea ;

CORFU.

Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon,
But midnight Love to wake with thee,
When the sweet myrtle trees exhale
The odors of their blossoms pale,
And dim and purple colors steep
Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep;
Where closed are the cicala's wings,
And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
Lull'd by the dusk air, warm and sweet;
Then kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
Thy face the only sight I see,
Thy voice the only sound I hear,
While midnight's moonlit mystery
Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere.
Then should thy own low whisper tell
Those ancient songs thou lovest so well;
Tales of old battles which are known
To me, but from thy lip alone;
Dearer than if the bard again
Could sound his own imperial strain.
Ah, folly! of such dreaming hours,
That are not, that may not be ours.
Farewell! thou far Ionian isle
That lighted for my love awhile,
A sweet enchantment form'd to fade,
Of darker days my life is made;
Embittering my reality
With dreams of all that may not be.
Such fairy fancies when they part,
But leave behind a wither'd heart;
Dreaming o'er all it hath not known;
Alas, and is such heart mine own!

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

THIS celebrated Italian was essentially the painter of beauty. Of the devotion with which he sought its inspiration in its presence, a remarkable instance is recorded. He either could not or would not paint without the presence of his lovely mistress, LA FORNARINA.

[Ah! not for him the dull and measured
eye,

Which colors nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
And animates with no mysterious hope;
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
Which reads no histories in a passing look,
Nor on the cheek, which is the heart's own
book,

Whereon it writes in rosy characters
Whate'er emotion in its silence stirs.

Such are the common people of the soul,
Of whom the stars write not in their bright
scroll.

These, when the sunshine at the noontide
makes

Golden fusion in the forest brakes,
See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
Which seems to fill with wild flowers as they
pass;

These, from the twilight music of the fount
Ask not its secret and its sweet account;
These never seek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dimlit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

They have no spiritual visitings elysian,
They dream no dreamings, and they see no
vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
No ; he was temper'd with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables say from heaven came ;
The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrow'd from its place of birth.
Hence hath the lute its song, the scroll its line ;
Hence stand the statue glorious as its shrine ;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creation from the world within.]

* * * * *

Nor without me !—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile ;
Thy pencil lost its high command,
Uncherish'd by my smile.
It was too dull a task for thee
To paint remember'd rays ;
Thou, who were wont to gaze on me,
And color from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine,
To realize the shapes that share
Those midnight hours of thine.
Thou sometimes tellest me, how in sleep
What lovely phantoms seem ;
I hear thee name them, and I weep,
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou didst pine for me, my love,
Aside thy colors thrown ;
'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above,
Unanswer'd by mine own :

LANDON'S POEMS.

Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impassion'd dyes,
Its color and its grace.

Ah ! let me linger at thy side,
And sing some sweet old song,
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourselves belong.
The love whose light thy colors give,
Is kindled at the heart ;
And who shall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part ?

PULO PENANG.

THE sail from Penang to Singapore presents the loveliest succession of scenery which ocean can produce. The sea is studded with tracts of fairy land, glittering like emeralds in the golden sun, where the waving trees dip their long branches into the water, where the smooth sands are covered with shells, sparkling with all the hues of the prism. Birds, too, of Orient plumage, skim over the surface of the silver sea, or glance in and out from groves laden with fruit and flowers. The ocean land, locked by these flowery labyrinths, retains its tranquillity even during the summer tempests.

NEVER—that fairy isle can be
No lengthen'd resting-place of mine ;
I love it dearest when I see
Its shadow lengthen on the brine :
And then my heart with softness fills ;
I think upon its balmy groves,
I hear the murmur of its rills,
I hear the singing of its doves.

FISHING BOATS.

I see the white catalpa bend,
As when beneath thy whiter hand,
The buds in showy showers descend,
To wreath for thy dark hair a band.
And then I sigh to be on shore
To linger languid at thy side ;
I think that I will part no more
From thee, my own, my idol bride.

O, only those who part can know
How dear the love that absence brings ;
O'er wind and wave my fancies go,
As if my very heart had wings :
And yet, when listless on the land,
Impatient in my happiness,
I long again to grasp my brand,
Again I long the deck to press.

I love to see my red flag sweep ;
I love to see my sabre shine ;
Almost as much I love the deep
As I love those sweet eyes of thine.
I bring thee treasures from afar ;
For thy dear sake I sweep the sea ;
But for the honor won in war,
I should be too unworthy thee.

FISHING BOATS IN THE MONSOON.

THE western coasts of India abound with a great variety of fish, of excellent quality ; and a considerable population in the villages along the seashore is occupied in catching it, and, in a great measure, subsist upon it. The mode of catching the fish is as follows :—Piles or stakes, of considerable size and length,

LONDON'S POEMS.

are sunk and secured at certain distances from the shore, extending sometimes several miles out to sea ; these are driven or forced down by fastening boats to them at high water, heavily laden with ballast, which, by their own weight, as the tide falls, force the stakes deeper into the sandy or muddy bottom. This operation is further assisted at the same time by a number of boatmen swaying upon ropes made fast to the upper part of the stake. To the stakes are attached nets of great length, and of very tough materials, capable of sustaining the weight of such draughts as occasionally appear almost miraculous, exhibiting a motley assemblage of varieties of fish and other marine productions.

BURN yet awhile, my wasting lamp,
Though long the night may be ;
The wind is rough, the air is damp,
Yet burn awhile for me.

The peepul tree beside our door,
How dark its branches wave ;
They seem as they were drooping o'er
Its usual haunt, the grave.

Why was it planted here to bring
The images of death ?
Surely some gladder tree should spring
Near human hope and breath.

O dove, that dwellest its leaves among,
I hear thee on the bough ;
I hear thy melancholy song,
Why art thou singing now ?

All things are omens to the heart
That keeps a vigil lone,
When wearily the hours depart,
And yet night is not flown.

THE MONTMORENCY WATERFALL.

I see the lights amid the bay,
How pale and wan they shino ;
O wind, that wanderest on thy way,
Say which of them is mine.

A weary lot the fisher hath
Of danger and of toil ;
Over the wild waves is his path,
Amid their depths his spoil.

I cannot hear the wind go by
Without a sudden fear ;
I cannot look upon the sky,
Nor fear that storms are near.

I look upon the sunny sea,
And think of rocks below ;
Still present are the shoals to me
O'er which my love must go.

I cannot sleep as others sleep,
Night has more care than day ;
My heart is out upon the deep,
I weep—I watch—I pray.

Ah, see a speck the waves among,
A light boat cuts the foam ;
The wild wind beareth me his song ;
Thank God, he is come home !

THE MONTMORENCY WATER-FALL AND CONE.

“WHEN the river St. Lawrence is frozen below the Falls, the level ice becomes a support on which the freezing spray descends as sleet : it there remains, and

LANDON'S POEMS.

gradually assumes the figure of an irregular cone, which continues to enlarge its dimensions till, toward the close of the winter, it becomes stupendous. The height of the cone varies considerably, in different seasons; as the quantity of spray depends on the supply of water to the Falls—the spray, of course, being most dense when the rush of water is strong and impetuous. In 1829 and 1832, it did not reach a greater altitude than one hundred and thirty feet. The face of the cone, opposite to the Falls, differs from the rest of its surface, it being composed of stalactites; this formation arises from the dashing of the water against its base, which freezes in its descent, and by the continual action produces enormous icicles.”—“The formation of this cone may serve to explain the origin of glaciers.”

“To the inhabitants of Quebec, the cone is a source of endless amusement. When the weather is temperate, parties in single-horse curricles and tandems are seen hurrying to the spot, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, and to make descents, upon small sleighs, from the top of the cone to the plain below.”

We do not ask for the leaves and flowers
That laugh as they look on the summer hours;
Let the violets shrink and sigh,
Let the red rose pine and die;
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Lo! the pine is singing its murmuring song,
Over our heads as we pass along;
And every bough with pearl is hung,
Whiter than those that from ocean sprung.
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

The ice is bright with a thousand dyes,
Like the changeful light in a beauty's eyes,
Now it weareth her blush, and now
It weareth the white of her marble brow.

CAFES IN DAMASCUS.

The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow

We are wrapped with ermine and sable round,
By the Indian in trackless forests found;
The sunbeams over the white world shine,
And we carry with us the purple wine.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

CAFES IN DAMASCUS.*

“And Mahomet turned aside, and would not enter
the fair city: ‘It is,’ said he, ‘too delicious.’”

LANGUIDLY the night wind bloweth
From the gardens round,
Where the clear Barrada floweth,
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute note's sweetest shiver
Can such music find,
As is on a wandering river,
On a wandering wind.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming
O'er the inward world,
While around the fragrant steaming
Of the smoke is curl'd.

* The cafes are perhaps the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosquei, fountains, and groves, are abundant around every Eastern capital; but cafes on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun while they admit the breeze.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Rising from the coffee berry,
Dark grape of the south ;
Or the pipe of polish'd cherry,
With its amber mouth.

Cool'd by passing through the water,
Gurgling as it flows—
Scented by the Summer's daughter,
June's impassioned rose.

By that Rose's spirit haunted
Are the dreams that rise,
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,
And of deep black eyes.

Thus, with some sweet dream's assistance,
Float they down life's stream ;
Would to Heaven, our whole existence
Could be such a dream !

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

"Is this the way to the celestial city?
"You are just in the way.
"—— They went up the mountains, to behold the
gardens and the orchards."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

O, FAR away ye are, ye lovely hills,
Yet can I feel the air
Grow sweet while gazing where
The valley with the distant sunshine fills.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Fair Morning ! lend thy wings, and let me fly
To thy eternal home,
Where never shadows come,
Where tears are wiped away from every eye.

I'm weary, weary of this earth of ours ;
I'm sick with the heart's want ;
My fever'd spirits pant
To cling to things less transient than its flowers.

I ask of the still night—it answers me,
This earth is not my home :
Great Father ! let me come,
A wanderer and a penitent, to Thee !

Ye far, fair mountains echo with my cry,
Unto your realm of bliss
The grave the threshold is ;
Let its dark portals open—let me die !

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Mrs. Hemans' last hours were cheered by the kindness of Sir Robert Peel : and the letter promising an appointment to her eldest son, was one of the latest that she received. This fact is my excuse for having deviated from my general rule of leaving contemporary portraits to speak for themselves. I frankly confess that I can never write till interested in my subjects. Now, a female writer cannot pretend to even an opinion on the political and public characters of the day. The above incident, on the contrary, belongs to the many who look back with admiration and gratitude to the gifted and the gone.

Dim through the curtains came the purple
twilight slowly,
Deepening like death's shadow around that
silent room ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

There lay a head, a radiant head, but lowly,
And the pale face like a statue shone out
amid the gloom.

Never again will those white and wasted fin-
gers

Waken the music they were wont to wake
of yore,

A music that in many a beating heart yet lin-
gers,

The sweeter and the sadder that she will
breathe no more.

It is a lovely world that the minstrel leaves be-
hind him,

It is a lovely world in which the minstrel
lives ;

Deep in its inmost life hath the soul of love
enshrined him,

And passionate and general the pleasures
which he gives.

But dear-bought is the triumph ! what dark
fates are recorded

Of those who held sweet mastery o'er the
pulses of the lute,

Mournfully and bitterly their toil has been re-
warded,

For them the tree of knowledge puts forth
its harshest fruit.

Glorious and stately the ever-growing laurel,

Flinging back the summer sunshine, defy-
ing winter's snow ;

Yet its bright history has the darkly pointed
moral,

Deadly are the poisons that through its
green leaves flow.

And she, around whose couch the gentle day
light, dying,

Seems like all nature's loving, last farewell

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

She, with the world's heart to her own soft one
relying,
How much of song's fever and sorrow could
she tell !
Yet upon her lip a languid smile is shining :
Tokens of far-off sympathy have sooth'd
that hour of pain ;
Its sympathy has warm'd the pallid cheek, re-
clining
On the weary pillow whence it will not rise
again.
It is the far-off friend, the unknown she is
blessing,
The statesman who has paused upon toils'
hurried way,
To learn the deepest charm that power has in
possessing,
The power to scatter benefits and blessing
round its sway.

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

THEY were poor, and by their cabin,
Pale want sat at the door ;
And the summer to their harvest
Brought insufficient store.

On one side, the fierce ocean
Proclaim'd perpetual war ;
On the other, mighty nations
Were threatening from afar.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Foes and seas denied a footing,
On the very ground they trod ;
But they had their native courage,
And they had their trust in God.

They made the sea defender
Of the lately threaten'd shore ;
And their tall and stately vessels
Sailed the conquer'd waters o'er.

To the poor and scanty cabin,
Pour'd wealth from East and West ;
And freedom came with commerce,
From all old times her guest.

Dyke by dyke they beat their enemies,
As they had beat the sea ;
Till Faith stood by her altar,
Secure—triumphant—free.*

LORD MELBOURNE.

It is a glorious task to guide
The vessel though the dashing tide

* The brilliant theory of a republic has never been reduced to more rational practice than in the history of Holland. Commerce, religious toleration, security of life and property, and universal instruction—these have been the principles of the states from the very first. Liberty can have no securer foundations. We know of nothing finer in all history, than their unequal but triumphant struggle with *le Grand Monarque*. The spirit which animated the young and gallant Prince of Orange was that of the whole nation. "You will see the ruin of your country," was the prophecy of those who looked to the inferior means, not to the superior spirit. "Never," was the heroic reply, "for I will die in her last ditch."

THE EVENING STAR.

When dark is the tumultuous sea
And thunder clouds are on the lea ;
While war-notes mount upon the wind
From the fierce storm that rides behind.

And such a task it is to steer
A people in their high career,
When old opinions war, and change
Is sudden, violent, and strange ;
And men recall the past, to say,
So shall not be the coming day.

Such time is passing o'er our land,
New thoughts arise—new hopes expand,
And man knows in his own strong will
It is his purpose to fulfill ;
In the fierce contest of such hour,
How mighty is the leader's power !

More glorious than the conqueror's brand,
The rule intrusted to such hand.
From it the past and present claim
The rights they teach, the hopes they frame.
Do what the island of the free ;
What England should expect of thee !

THE EVENING STAR.

Ah, loveliest ! that through my casement
gleaming,
Bringeth thy native heaven along with thee,
Touching with far-off light that lovelier dream-
ing,
Which but for that, all earthly else would be.

LANDON'S POEMS

The smoke is round the housetops slowly
wreathing,
Until, upgather'd in one gloomy cloud,
It rises like the city's heavy breathing,
Material, dense, the sunshine's spreading
shroud.

Night knows not silence, for that living ocean
Pants night and day with its perpetual flow ;
Stirring the unquiet air with restless motion,
From that vast human tide which rolls be-
low.

Trouble and discontent, and hours whose dial
Is in the feverish heart which knows not
rest ;
These give the midnight's sinking sleep denial,
These leave the midnight's dreaming couch
unprest.

But thou, sweet Star, amid the harsh and real,
The cares that harass night with thoughts
of day,
Dost bring the beautiful and the ideal,
Till the freed spirit wanders far away.

Then come the lofty hope—the fond remem-
brance,
All dreams that in the heart its youth renew,
Till it doth take, fair planet, thy resemblance,
And fills with tender light, and melts with
dew.

What though it be but a delicious error,
The influence that in thy beauty seems,
Still let love—song—and hope—make thee
their mirror :
O, life and earth, what were ye without
dreams !

FELICIA HEMANS.

No more, no more—O, never more returning,
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth ;
No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious
yearning,

Cling to those hopes which have no mortal
birth.

Thou art gone from us, and with thee de-
parted,

How many lovely things have vanish'd too :
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,
And feelings, teaching us our own were true.

Thou hast been round us, like a viewless
spirit,

Known only by the music on the air ;
The leaf or flowers which thou hast named
inherit

A beauty known but from thy breathing
there :

For thou didst on them fling thy strong emo-
tion,

The likeness from itself the fond heart gave ;
As planets from afar look down on ocean,
And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their
treasures,

As floats thy various melody along ;
We know the softness of Italian measures,
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.

A general bond of union is the poet,
By its immortal verse is language known,
And for the sake of song do others know it—
One glorious poet makes the world his own.

LANDON'S POEMS.

And thou, how far thy gentle sway extended !
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea ;
Many a stranger and far flower was blended
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.
The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters
Paused, in the pine-woods, words of thine to
hear ;
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was
dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly ?—never
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.
We see the goal, but know not the endeavor,
Nor what fond hopes have on the way been
lost.

What do we know of the unquiet pillow,
By the wan cheek and tearful eyelid prest,
When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tu-
multuous billow,
Whose very light and foam reveals unrest ?
We say the song is sorrowful, but know not
What may have left that sorrow on the
song ;
However mournful words may be, they show
not
The whole extent of wretchedness and
wrong.
They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd
only
In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.
Alas ! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—
Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing
In sweet clear light the hidden world below

FELICIA HEMANS.

By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless,
know ?

What is to feed such feeling, but to culture
A soil whence pain will never more depart ?

The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated,
By careless tongues and by ungenerous
words ;

While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.

Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing
numbers

Gave other lips the joy thine own had not ?
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slum-
bers

Which closed around thy mourning human
lot ?

What on this earth could answer thy requir-
ing,

For earnest faith—for love, the deep and
true,

The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,
But only from thyself its being drew.

How is the warm and loving heart requited
In this harsh world, where it awhile must
dwell !

Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd, and
slighted—

Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace !
Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows
cease.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Fame's troubled hour has clear'd, and now re-
plying
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.
Sleep with a light, the lovely and undying,
Around thy grave—a grave which is a
shrine.

GIBRALTAR—FROM THE SEA

Down 'mid the waves, accursed bark,
Down, down before the wind :
Thou canst not sink to doom more dark
Than that thou leavest behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake
Whose hand is on thy helm ;
Above, the heaving billows break—
Will they not overwhelm ?

The blood is red upon the deck,
Of murder, not of strife ;
Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck
Atone for that of life !

Many a brave heart has grown cold,
Though battle has been done ;
And shrieks have risen from the hold,
When human help was none.

We've sail'd amid the Spanish lines,
The black flag at the mast ;
And burning towns and rifled shrines
Proclaimed where we had past.

GIBRALTAR—FROM THE SEA.

The captive's low and latest cry
Has risen on the night ;
While night carousals mock'd the sky
With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—
How can he look so young ?
His locks of youth, his golden hair,
Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,
Not one has left a trace ;
The midnight cup, the neontide sun,
Have darken'd not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—
He has a girl's blue eyes ;
And yet I would far rather meet
The storm in yonder skies.

The fiercest of our pirate band
Holds at his name the breath ;
For there is blood on his right hand,
And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,
Yet careless is his eye ;
He looks with scorn upon the wave,
With scorn upon the sky.

Great God ! the sights that I have seen
When far upon the main ;
I'd rather that my death had been
Than see those sights again !

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone—
Wild voices rise from shore ;
I see one giant wave sweep on—
It breaks !—we rise no more.

RYDAL WATER AND GRASMERE LAKE.

THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

Not for the glory on their heads
Those stately hill-tops wear,
Although the summer sunset sheds
Its constant crimson there.
Not for the gleaming lights that break
The purple of the twilight lake,
Half dusky and half fair,
Does that sweet valley seem to be
A sacred place on earth to me.

The influence of a moral spell
Is found around the scene,
Giving new shadows to the dell,
New verdure to the green.
With every mountain top is wrought
The presence of associate thought,
A music that has been ;
Calling that loveliness to life
With which the inward world is rife.

His home—our English poet's home—
Amid these hills is made ;
Here, with the morning, hath he come,
There, with the night delay'd.
On all things is his memory cast,
For every place wherein he past
Is with his mind array'd,
That, wandering in a summer hour,
Ask'd wisdom of the leaf and flower.

RYDAL WATER.

Great poet, if I dared to throw
My homage at thy feet,
'Tis thankfulness for hours which thou
Hast made serene and sweet ;
As wayfarers have incense thrown
Upon some mighty altar stone,
Unworthy, and yet meet,
The human spirit longs to prove
The truth of its uplooking love.

Until thy hand unlock'd its store,
What glorious music slept !
Music that can be hush'd no more
Was from our knowledge kept.
But the great Mother gave to thee
The poet's universal key,
And forth the fountains swept—
A gushing melody forever,
The witness of thy high endeavor.

Rough is the road which we are sent,
Rough with long toil and pain ;
And when upon the steep ascent,
A little way we gain,
Vex'd with our own perpetual care,
Little we heed what sweet things are
Around our pathway blent ;
With anxious steps we hurry on,
The very sense of pleasure gone.

But thou dost in this feverish dream
Awake a better mood ;
With voices from the mountain stream,
With voices from the wood.
And with their music dost impart
Their freshness to the world-worn heart,
Whose fever is subdued

LANDON'S POEMS.

By memories sweet with other years,
By gentle hopes and soothing tears.

A solemn creed is thine, and high,
Yet simple as a child
Who looketh hopeful to yon sky
With eyes yet undefiled.
By all the glitter and the glare
This life's deceits and follies wear,
Exalted, and yet mild;
Conscious of those diviner powers
Brought from a better world than ours.

Thou hast not chosen to rehearse
The old heroic themes;
Thou has not given to thy verse
The heart's impassion'd dreams.
Forth flows thy song as waters flow
So bright above—so calm below,
Wherein the heaven seems
Eternal as the golden shade,
Its sunshine on the stream hath laid.

The glory which thy spirit hath,
Is round life's common things,
And flingeth round our common path,
As from an' angel's wings,
A light that is not of our sphere,
Yet lovelier for being here;
Beneath whose presence springs
A beauty never mark'd before,
Yet once known, vanishing no more.

How often with the present sad,
And weary with the past,
A sunny respite have we had,
By but a chance look cast

HURDWAR.

Upon some word of thine, that made
The sullenness forsake the shade,
Till shade itself was past :
For Hope divine, serene, and strong,
Perpetual lives within thy song.

Eternal as the hills thy name—
Eternal as thy strain ;
So long as ministers of Fame
Shall Love and Hope remain.
The crowded city in its streets,
The valley, in its green retreats,
Alike thy words retain.
What need hast thou of sculptured stone ?
Thy temple, is thy name alone.

HURDWAR—THE GATE OF VISHNOO.

FLING wide the sacred city gates,
Wide on the open air :
A higher Conqueror awaits,
Than he whose name they bear.

He comes not in the strength of war,
He comes not in its pride ;
No banners are around his car,
No trumpets at his side.

Not in the midst of armed bands
The Christian Chief appears ;
No swords are in his followers' hand,
They strive with prayers and tears.

LANDON'S POEMS.

For faint and weak those followers seem,
Yet mighty is their voice :
The Ganges' old and holy stream
Will in its depths rejoice.

Low is the voice with which they plead—
A voice of peace and love ;
Peaceful and loving is the creed
Whose emblem is the dove.

Far in the east a star arose,
And with its rising brought,
God's own appointed hour to those
By whom it had been sought.

And still that guiding star hath shone
O'er all its light hath won ;
And it will still keep shining on
Until its work be done.

A glorious ending at its birth
Was to that planet given ;
For never will it set on earth
Till earth is lost in heaven.

Fling wide the ancient city's gates,
The hours of night are past ;
And Christ, the Conqueror, awaits
Earth's holiest and her last.



GIBRALTAR.

FROM THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR.

HIGH on the rock that fronts the sea
Stands alone our fortress-key ;

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Ladye of the southern main,
Ladye, too, of stately Spain.

Look which way her eye she bends,
Where'er she will her sway extends ;
Free on air her banner thrown,
Half the world it calls its own.

Let her look upon the strand—
Never was more lovely land ;
Had her rule dominion there,
It were free as it is fair.

Let her look across the waves,
They are but her noblest slaves ;
Sweeping north or south, they still
Bear around her wealth and will.

Siege and strife these walls have borne,
By the red artillery torn ;
Human life has pour'd its tide,
In the galleries at her side.

But the flag that o'er her blows,
Rival nor successor knows ;
Lonely on the land and sea,
Where it has been, it will be.

Safe upon her sea-beat rock,
She might brave an army's shock ;
For the British banner keeps
Safe the fortress where it sweeps.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE Admiral stood upon the deck,
Before a shot was thrown ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

Before him rode a Frenchman's fleet,
Behind him lay his own.

Six gallant ships upon the sea
Their stately shadows cast ;
In all of them St. George's flag
Was waving at the mast.

Dark was the shadow on the sea,
And dark upon the sky ;
In stillness like the coming storm,
The English fleet sail'd by.

Our Admiral he gave the word—
Up rose the gallant crew ;
And far across the sounding seas
Their iron welcome threw.

The earthly thunder of the deep
Pour'd from the Breda's side ;
With welcome fiery as their own,
The Fleur-de-lis replied.

"Signal to form our battle-line !"
The English admiral said ;
At once above the rising smoke
The signal-flags are spread.

The wind sprung up—a hotter fire
Is carried o'er the flood ;
The deck whereon the seamen stand,
Is slippery with blood.

The smoke that rises from the guns
Rolls on the heavy air ;
So thick above 'twere vain to ask
If heaven itself be there.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

The thunder growls along the deep,
The echoing waves reply;
Yet, over all is heard the groan,
Deep, faint, of those who die.

The wind goes down, down drop the sails,
Awhile the conflict stops;
A last chain-shot sweeps o'er the deck—
Our Admiral—he drops!

What careth he for life or wound?
The flowing blood they check:
Again, though helpless as a child,
They bear him to the deck.

With heavy eyes he looks around—
An angry man was he;
He sees three English frigates lie
All idle on the sea.

“Out on the cowards!” mutter'd he,
Then turn'd to where, beside,
The Ruby, his true consort, lay
A wreck upon the tide.

There is no time for thought or word,
The French are coming fast;
Again the signal-flag is hung
Unnoticed at his mast.

A raking fire sweeps through her deck,
The Breda has resign'd;
For the first time her sails are spread,
And with the foe behind.

LANDON'S POEMS.

They take the dying Admiral,
They carry him ashore;
They lay him on the bed of death
From whence he rose no more.

But not unhonored is his name—
Recall'd and honor'd long;
His name on many a song that speeds
The midnight watch along.

But for the cowards who could leave
The brave man to his doom,
Theirs was the scorned memory,
And theirs the nameless tomb.

6 They died—their long dishonor flung
Forever on the wave;
Time brings no silence to the shame
Cast on the coward's grave.

ROLAND'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

O Heaven! the deep fidelity of love!

WHERE, like a courser starting from the
spur,
Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine,
A little island rests; green cypresses
Are its chief growth, bending their heavy
boughs
O'er gray stones marking long-forgotten
graves.

ROLAND'S TOWER.

A convent once stood here ; and yet remain
Relics of other times, pillars and walls,
Worn away and discolor'd, yet so hung
With wreaths of ivy that the work of ruin
Is scarcely visible. (How like this is
To the so false exterior of the world !
Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful ;
But mildew, rot, and worm, work on beneath,
Until the heart is utterly decay'd.)
There is one grave distinguish'd from the rest,
But only by a natural monument :—
A thousand deep-blue violets have grown
Over the sod. (I do love violets :
They tell the history of woman's love ;
They open with the earliest breath of spring ;
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light ;
And, if they perish, perish with a sigh
Delicious as that life. On the hot June
They shed no perfume ; the flowers may remain,
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past ;
Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion :
The violet breath of love is purity.)

On the shore opposite, a tower stands
In ruins, with a mourning-robe of moss
Hung on the gray and shatter'd walls, which
fling
A shadow on the waters ; it comes o'er
The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the
gloom
Adversity throws on the heart's young glad-
ness.

I saw the river on a summer eve ;
The sun was setting over fields of corn—

L A N D O N ' S P O E M S .

'Twas like a golden sea ;—and on the left
Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone
 forth like gems,
Rubies, and lighted amber ; and thence spread
A wide heath cover'd with thick furze, whose
 flowers,
So bright, are like the pleasures of this world,
Beautiful in the distance, but, once gain'd,
Little worth, piercing through the thorns
 which grow
Around them ever. Wilder and more steep
The banks upon the river's other side :
Tall pines rose up like warriors ; the wild rose
Was there in all its luxury of bloom,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and
 sun :
And on the steeps were crosses gray and old,
Which told the fate of some poor traveler.
The dells were fill'd with dwarfed oaks and
 firs ;
And on the heights which master'd all the
 rest,
Were castles, tenanted now by the owl,
The spider's garrison : there is not one
Without some strange old legend of the days
When love was life and death—when lady's
 glove
Or sunny curl were banners of the battle.—
My history is of the tower which looks
Upon the little island.

L O R D H E R B E R T sat him in his hall : the
 hearth
Was blazing as it mock'd the storm without
With its red cheerfulness : the dark hounds
 lay
Around the fire ; and the old knight had doff'd

ROLAND'S TOWER.

His hunting-cloak, and listened to the lute
And song of the fair girl who at his knee
Was seated. In the April hour of life,
When showers are led by rainbows, and the
heart

Is all bloom and green leaves, was ISABELLE :
A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er
which

They past, kept the bright curls from off the
forehead ; thence

They wander'd to her feet—a golden shower.
She had that changing color on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well ; those deep-
blue eyes,

Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad—
They were too passionate for happiness.
Light was within her eyes, bloom on her
cheek,

Her song had raised the spirit of her race
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told
Of the young ROLAND's deeds—how he had
stood

Against a host and conquer'd ; when there
came

A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet
Had stranger ask'd for shelter and in vain !
The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was
drain'd ;

Again they gather'd round the hearth, again
The maiden raised her song ; and at its close,
“ I would give worlds,” said she, “ to see this
chief,

This gallant ROLAND ! I could deem him all
A man must honor and a woman love !”

“ Lady, I pray thee not recall those words,
For I am ROLAND !” From his face he threw

The hood and pilgrim's cloak—and a young
knight
Knelt before ISABELLE !

They loved—they were beloved. O, happiness !

I have said all that can be said of bliss
In saying that they loved. The young heart
has

Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild
pulse ;

And it is love that works the mind, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once—
Loved as youth—woman—genius loves ;—
though now

My heart is chill'd and sear'd and taught to
wear

That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles ;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been ! Love is like the
glass

That throws its own rich color over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad
red ;

And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love ; and then
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms can
feel

The beating of the heart ; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once—
A light the eyes can never see again ;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

ROLAND'S TOWER.

And time past by—
As time will ever pass, when Love hath lent
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and
spring
Had wedded with the summer, when a steed
Stood at LORD HERBERT's gate—and ISA-
BELLE
Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given
Her blue scarf for his colors. He was gone
To raise his vassals; for LORD HERBERT's
towers
Were menaced with a siege, and he had
sworn
By ISABELLE's white hand that he would
claim
Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue
Rhine
Grew red with blood:—LORD HERBERT's
banner flies,
And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would ride
At his right hand to battle? ROLAND! where,
O where is ROLAND?

ISABELLE has watch'd
Day after day, night after night, in vain,
Till she has wept in hopelessness, and
thought
Upon old histories, and said with them,
"There is no hope in man's fidelity!"
ISABELLE stood upon her lonely tower;
And, as the evening star rose up, she saw
An armed train bearing her father's banner
In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
To greet the victors:—they had reach'd the
hall

LANDON'S POEMS.

Before herself. What saw the maiden there ?
A bier !—her father laid upon that bier !
ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face
Bow'd on his hands and hid ; but ISABELLE
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form,
And threw her on his breast. He shrank
away

As she were death, or sickness, or despair.
“ISABELLE, it was I who slew thy father !”
She fell almost a corpse upon the body.
It was too true ! With all a lover's speed,
ROLAND had sought the thickest of the fight
He gain'd the field just as the crush began ;—
Unwitting of his colors, he had slain
The father of his worshipp'd ISABELLE !

They met once more ;—and ISABELLE was
changed

As much as if a lapse of years had past ;
She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye
Had wept away its luxury of blue.
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore
A robe of black, with a white crucifix ;—
It told her destiny—her youth was vow'd
To heaven ; and in the convent of the isle
That day she was to enter. ROLAND stood
Like marble, cold, and pale, and motionless :
The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length he snatch'd the
scarf

That ISABELLE had tied around his neck,
And gave it her—and pray'd that she would
wave

Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening star,
That he might know she lived. They parted—
never

THE COVENANTERS.

Those lovers met again ! But ROLAND built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt.
And every evening saw the white scarf wav'd,
And heard the vesper hymn of ISABELLE
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening—and he did not see the scarf—
He watch'd and watch'd in vain ; at length his

hope

Grew desperate, and he pray'd his ISABELLE
Might have forgotten him :—but midnight
came

And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul ; and then
He knew that ISABELLE was dead ! Next day
They laid her in her grave ;—and the moon
rose

Upon a mourner weeping there :—that tomb
Was ROLAND's death-bed !

a very pretty legend

THE COVENANTERS.

Mine home is but a blacken'd heap,
In the midst of a lonesome wild ;
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep,
Where human faces smiled.

I rock'd the cradle of seven fair sons,
And I work'd for their infancy ;
But, when like a child in mine own old age,
There are none to work for me !

NEVER ! I will not know another home.
The summers have past on, with their blue
skies,
Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-
kiss'd fruit,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Since here I first took up my last abode—
And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
A home for beasts, and not for human kind,
This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the
vale

Below is beautiful. I know the time
When it look'd very beautiful to me!
Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
Stands black and leafless, as if scorched by
fire,

While round it the ground seems as if a curse
Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,
Then cover'd with its leaves and acorn crop,
A little cottage stood: 'twas very small,
But had an air of health and peace. The roof
Were every morning vocal with the song
Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nests
Were built in safety underneath the thatch;
A honeysuckle on the sunny side
Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets.
Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs
Were there in comely plenty: and some
flowers,

Heath from the mountains, and the wilding
bush

Gemm'd with red roses, and white apple
blossoms,

Were food for the two hives, whence all day
long

There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at eventide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health,
And youth, and happiness; these were my
children,

That cottage was mine home. . . .

THE COVENANTERS.

There came a shadow o'er the land, and
men

Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darken'd with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murder'd infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forego the faith
They had grown up in. I was one of these:
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given
To me and mine such comfort? But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame
Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last
night

The white walls of my cottage stood; they
bound

And flung me down beside the oak to watch
How the red fire gather'd, like that of hell.
There sprang one to the lattice and leant forth,
Gasping for the fresh air—my own fair girl—
My only one! The vision haunts me still;
The white arms raised to Heaven, and the
long hair,

Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head,
Upright from terror. In th' accursed glare
We knew each other; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony—a crush—
The roof fell in—I saw my child no more!
A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-
cloud,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Half darkness and half fire. At length sense
came

With a remembering, like that which a dream
Leaves, of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,
The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars,
The silence, were realities; and then
I lay on the cold stones and wept aloud,
And pray'd the fever to return again,
And bring death with it. Yet I did escape—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;
I thought then I would seek my desolate
home,

And die where it had been. I reach'd the
place—

The ground was bare and scorch'd, and in
the midst

Was a black heap of ashes. Frantically
I groped amid them, ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and
bones,

Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Stainless and golden, as but then just sever'd,
A love-gift from the head;—I knew the hair:
It was my daughter's! There I stood, and
howl'd

Curses upon that night. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step;—even on that heap
Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,
That voice, were sweet familiar ones—one
child—

My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!
That night he had escaped. . . .

ARION.

We left the desolate valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace,
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,
And roused them to avenge their many
wrongs.

Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty ;
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was
spilt

Or ever the deliverance was accomplish'd.
We fled in the dark night. At length the
moon

Rose on the midnight—when I saw the face
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set
In the death-agony, and from his side
The life-blood came like tears ; and then I
pray'd

That he would rest, and let me stanch the
wound.

He motion'd me to fly, and then lay down
Upon the rock and died ! This is his grave,
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I
dwell

Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath ?

ARION.

A TALE.

THE winds are high, the clouds are dark,
But stay not thou for storm, my bark ;
What is the song of love to me,
Unheard, my sweet EGLÆ, by thee ?

LANDON'S POEMS.

Fair lips may smile, and eyes may shine,
But lip nor eye will be like thine;
And every blush that mantles here,
But images one more bright and dear.
My spirit of song is languid and dead,
If not at thine altar of beauty fed.
Again I must listen thy gentle tone,
And make its echo of music my own;
Again I must look on thy smile divine,
Again I must see the red flowers twine
Around my harp, enwreath'd by thine hand,
And waken its chords at my love's command.
I have dwelt in a distant but lovely place,
And worshipp'd many a radiant face,
And sipp'd the flowers from the purple wine,
But they were not so sweet as one kiss of
thine.

I have wander'd o'er land, I have wander'd
o'er sea,
But my heart has ne'er wander'd, EGLÆ, from
thee.

And GREECE, my own, my glorious land,
I will take no laurel but from thy hand.
What is the light of a poet's name,
If it is not his country that hallows his fame?
Where may he look for guerdon so fair,
As the honor and praise that awaits him there?
His name will be lost, and his grave forgot,
If the tears of his country preserve them not! . .
. . . He laid him on the deck to sleep,
And pleasant was his rest, and deep;
He heard familiar voices speak,
He felt his love's breath on his cheek;
He look'd upon his own blue skies,
He saw his native temples rise:
Even in dreams he wept to see
What he had loved so tenderly.

ARION.

The sailors look'd within the hold,
And envied him his shining gold ;
They wak'd him, bade him mark the wave,
And said 'twas for ARION's grave !
He watch'd each dark face that appear'd,
And saw each heart with gold was sear'd ;
Then roused his spirit's energy
And stood prepared in pride to die !
He cast one look upon his lyre—
He felt his heart and hand on fire,
And pray'd the slaves to let him pour
His spirit in its song once more.
He sung—the notes at first were low,
Like the whispers of love, or the breathings of
 woe :

The waters were hush'd, and the winds were
 stay'd,

As he sang farewell to his Lesbian maid !
Even his murderers paused and wept,
But look'd on the gold and their purpose kept.
More proudly he swept the chords along,
'Twas the stirring burst of a battle song—
And with the last close of his martial strain
He plunged with his lyre in the deep blue
 main !

. . . The tempest has burst from its blacken'd
 dwelling,

The lightning is flashing, the waters are
 swelling

In mountains, crested with foam and with
 froth,

And the wind has rush'd like a giant forth ;
The deck is all spray, the mast is shatter'd,
The sails, like the leaves in the autumn, are
 scatter'd.

The mariners pale with fear, for a grave
Is in the dark bosom of every wave.

The billows rush'd—one fearful cry
Is heard of human agony !
Another swell—no trace is seen
Of what upon its breast has been ! . .
But who is he, who o'er the sea
Rides like a god, triumphantly
Upon a dolphin ? All is calm
Around, the air he breathes is balm,
And quiet as beneath the sky
Of his own flowery Arcady ;
And all grows peaceful as he rides
His dolphin through the glassy tides ;
And ever as he music drew
From his sweet harp, a brightening hue,
Like rainbow tints, a gentle bound,
Told how the creature loved the sound.
ARION, some god has watch'd over thee,
And saved thee alike from man and the sea
The night came on, a summer night,
With snowy clouds and soft starlight ;
And glancing meteors, like the flash
Sent from a Greek girl's dark eyelash
O'er a sky as blue as her own blue eyes,
Borne by winds as perfumed and light as her
sighs.

The zenith moon was shedding her light
In the silence and glory of deep midnight,
When the voice of singing was heard from
afar,

Like the music that echoes a falling star ;
And presently came gliding by
The Spirit of the melody ;
A radiant shape, her long gold hair
Flew like a banner on the air,
Save one or two bright curls that fell
Like gems upon a neck whose swell

ARION.

Rose like the dove's, when its mate's caress
Is smoothing the soft plumes in tenderness;
And one arm, white as the sea-spray,
Amid the chords of music lay.
She swept the strings, and fix'd the while
Her dark eye's wild luxuriant smile
Upon ARION; and her lip,
Like the first spring-rose that the bee can sip
Curl'd half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness

There is a voice of music swells
In the ocean's coral groves;
Sweet is the harp in the pearly cells,
Where the step of the sea-maid roves.
The angry stern when it rolls above,
At war with the foaming wave,
Is soft and low as the voice of love,
Ere it reach her sparry cave.
When the sun seeks his glorious rest,
And his beams o'er ocean fall,
The gold and the crimson, spread on the west,
Brighten her crystal hall.
The sands of amber breathe perfume,
Gemm'd with pearls like tears of snow
Around in wreaths the white sea-flowers bloom,
The waves in music flow.
Child of the lyre, is not this a spot
That would suit the minstrel well?
Then haste thee and share the sea-maid's lot,
Her love and her spar-built cell.

ARION scarcely heard the strain,
Her song was lost, her smile was vain,
He had a charm, all charms above,
To guard his heart—the charm of love.

LANDON'S POEMS.

He floated on. The morning came,
With lip of dew and cheek of flame;
He look'd upon his native shore,
His voyage, his perilous voyage is o'er.
There stood a temple by the sea,
Raised to its queen, AMPHITRITE:
ARION enter'd, and kneeling there
He saw a girl, like spring-day fair,
Feeding with incense the sacred flame,
And he heard her hymn, and it breathed his
name.

O Love! a whole life is not worth this bliss—
EGLÆ has met her ARION's kiss!—
They raised an altar upon the sea-shore,
And every spring they cover'd it o'er
With fruits of the wood and flowers of the
field,
And the richest perfumes that the East could
yield:
And as the waves roll'd, they knelt by the
side,
And pour'd their hymn to the Queen of the
Tide.

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOK'D upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare

CRESCENTIUS.

The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand—
He raised them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he look'd with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh :
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And worst of all his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger, gone,
The sword which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye,
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.

LANDON'S POEMS.

It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame
A nation's funeral cry :
Rome's wail above her only son.
Her patriot and her latest one.

THE CRUSADER.

HE is come home from the land of the
sword and shrine,
From the sainted battles of Palestine ;
The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast ;
His courser is black as black can be,
Save the brow star white as the foam of the
sea,
And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,
The last love-gift of his lady fair :
It bore for device a cross and a dove,
And the words, "I am vow'd to my God and
my love !"
He comes not back the same that he went,
For his sword has been tried, and his strength
has been spent ;
His golden hair has a deeper brown,
And his brow has caught a darker frown,
And its lip hath lost its boyish red,
And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is
spread ;
But stately his step, and his bearing high,
And wild the light of his fiery eye ;

THE CRUSADER.

And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for
her knight.

But he rides for the home he has pined to see
In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reach'd the castle—the gate was thrown
Open and wide, but he stood there alone ;
He enter'd the door—his own step was all
That echo'd within the deserted hall ;
He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
And for banner there waved one pale wall-
flower :

And for sound of the trumpet and sound of
the horn,

Came the scream of the owl on the night-
wind borne ;

And the turrets were falling, the vassals were
flown,

And the bat ruled the halls he had thought
his own.

His heart throb'd high—O never again
Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his
spirit's pain !

He never might think on his boyish years
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm
tears

Which Hope and Memory shed when they
meet.

The grave of his kindred was at his feet ;
He stood alone, the last of his race,
With the cold wide world for his dwelling-
place.

The home of his fathers gone to decay—
All but their memory was pass'd away ;
No one to welcome, no one to share,
The laurel he no more was proud to wear :

LANDON'S POEMS.

He came in the pride of his war success,
But to weep over every desolateness.
They pointed him to a barren plain,
Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen
were slain;
They showed him the lowly grave, where
slept
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept;
But they could not show him one living thing
To which his wither'd heart could cling. . . .

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle-line;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he bears is, "I fight for a
grave:"
He found it—that warrior has died with the
brave!

THE WARRIOR.

A SKETCH.

THE warrior went forth in the morning
light—
Waved like a meteor his plume of white,
Scarce might his gauntleted hand restrain
The steed that snorted beneath the rein:
Yet curb'd he its pride, for upon him there
Gazed the dark eye of his ladye fair.
She stood on the tower to watch him ride—
The maiden whose hand on his bosom had
tied

THE WARRIOR.

The scarf she had work'd :—she saw him depart

With a tearless eye, though a beating heart ;
But when the knight of her love was gone,
She went to her bower to weep alone.

The warrior past—but first he took
At the castle-wall one parting look,
And thought of the evening when he should
bring

His lady his battle offering ;
Then like a thought he dashed o'er the plain,
And with banner and brand came his vassal
train.

It was a thrilling sound to hear
The bugle's welcome of warlike cheer ;
It was a thrilling sight to see
The ranks of that gallant company ;
Many were there, stately and tall,
But EDITH'S knight was the first of all.
The day is past, and the moonbeams weep
O'er the many that rest in their last cold sleep ;
Near to the gash'd and nerveless hand
Is the pointless spear and the broken brand ;
The archer lies like an arrow spent,
His shafts all loose and his bow unbent ;
Many a white plume torn and red,
Bright curls rent from the graceful head,
Helmet and breastplate scatter'd around,
Lie a fearful show on the well-fought ground :
While the crow and the raven flock over head
To feed on the hearts of the helpless dead,
Save when scared by the glaring eye
Of some wretch in his last death agony.

Lighted up is that castle-wall,
And twenty harpers wait in the hall ;

LANDON'S POEMS

On the board is mantling the purple wine,
And wreaths of white flowers the maidens
twine;
For distant and faint is heard the swell
Of bugles and voices from yonder dell.
The victors are coming; and by the tower
Had EARTH watch'd for the midnight hour.

O, that lone sickness of the heart,
Which bids the weary moments depart,
Yet dreads their departing; the cross she held
fast,
And kiss'd off the tears—they are come at
last!
But has not the bugle a plaining wail,
As the notes of its sadness come on the gale;
Why comes there no shout of the victor's
pride,
As red from the battle they homeward ride?
Yet high o'er their ranks is their white banner
borne,
While beneath droops the foeman's, blood-
stain'd and torn.
Said not that young warrior thus it should be,
When he talk'd to his EARTH of victory?
Yet, maiden, weep o'er thy loneliness,
Is not yon dark horse riderless?
She flew to the gate—she stood there alone—
Where was he who to meet her had flown?
The dirge grew plain as the troop came near,
They bear the young chieftain cold on his bier!

APOLOGUE:

THE THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A SPANISH
SAYING—"AIR—FIRE—WATER—SHAME."

WATER.

SEEK for me in the Arab maid's bower,
Where the fountain plays over the jasmine
flower.

Seek for me in the light cascade
The minstrel lists in the greenwood shade ;
Seek me at morn 'mid the violet's dyes :
Seek me where rainbows paint April skies :
In the blue rush of rivers, the depths of the
sea,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

FIRE.

Seek for me where the war-shots meet,
Where the soldier's cloak is his winding-
sheet ;
Seek for me where the lava wave
Bursts from Etna's secret cave ;
Seek for me where Christmas mirth
Brightens the circle of love round your hearth ;
Where meteor-flames glance, where the stars
are bright ;
Where the beacon flashes at the dead mid-
night ;
Where the lightning scathes the tall oak tree,
If we should sever, there seek for me

AIR.

Seek for me where the Spanish maid
Hearkens at eve to the serenade ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

Seek for me where the clouds are dark,
Where the billows foam round the sinking
bark;
Where the aspen leaf floats on the summer's
gale,
Where the rose bends low at the nightingale's
tale;
Where the wind-harp wakens in melody,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

SHAME.

Seek not me, if we should sever:
Parted once, we part forever.

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Sketches indeed, from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves;
But, like all other earthly elements,
O'ercast with clouds, now dark, now touch'd with
light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those,
That count the pulses of the beating heart.

'Tis strange how much is mark'd on me-
mory,
In which we may have interests, but no part;
How circumstances will bring together links
In destinies the most dissimilar.
This face, whose rudely-pencill'd sketch you
hold,
Recalls to me a host of pleasant thoughts,

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

And some more serious.—This is EULALIE,
Once the light of Rome for that fine skill
With which she woke the lute when answer-
ing

With its sweet echoes and melodious words.
She had the rich perfection of that gift,
Her Italy's own ready song, which seems
The poetry caught from a thousand flowers;
The diamond sunshine, and the lulling air,
So pure, yet full of perfume; fountains tuned
Like natural lutes, from whispering green
leaves;

The low peculiar murmur of the pines:
From pictured saints that look their native
heaven—

Statues whose grace is a familiar thing;
The ruin'd shrine of mournful loveliness;
The stately church, awfully beautiful;
The climate, and their language, whose least
word

Is melody—these overfill the heart,
Till, fountainlike, the tips o'erflow with song,
And music is to them an element.

—I saw EULALIE: all was in the scene
Graceful association, slight surprise,
That are so much in youth. (It was in June,
Night, but such night as only is not day—
For moonlight, even when most clear, is sad:
We cannot but contrast its still repose
With the unceasing turmoil in ourselves.)

—We stood beside a cypress, whose green spire
Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.
Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray,
The marble show'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,
Entire enough to cast a deep black shade;

LONDON'S POEMS.

And a few statues, beautiful but cold—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that
 seem
To mock the change in which they had no
 part—
Fit images of the dead. Pensive enough,
Whatever aspect desolation wears ;
But this, the wrecking work of yesterday,
Hath somewhat still more touching ; here we
 trace
The waste of man too much. When years
 have past
Over the fallen arch, the ruin'd hall,
It seems but course of time, the one great
 doom,
Whose influence is alike upon us all ;
The gray tints soften, and the ivy wreath
And wild flowers breathe life's freshness round,
 but here
We stand before decay ; scarce have the walls
Lost music left by human step and voice ;
The lonely hearth, the household desolate,
Some noble race gone to the dust in blood ;
Man shames of his own deeds, and there we
 gaze
Watching the progress not of time, but death.
—Low music floated on the midnight wind,
A mournful murmur, such as opes the heart
With memory's key, recalling other times,
And gone-by hopes and feelings, till they have
An echo sorrowful, but very sweet ;
“Hush !” said my comrade—“it is EULALIE ;
Now you may gaze upon the loneliness
Which is her inspiration.” Soft we pass'd
Behind a fragment of the shadowy wall.
—I never saw more perfect loveliness.
It ask'd, it had no aid from dress ; her robe

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Was white, and simply gather'd in such folds
As suit a statue: neck and arms were bare;
The black hair was unbound, and like a veil
Hung even to her feet; she held a lute,
And, as she paced the ancient gallery, waked
A few wild chords, and murmur'd low sweet
words,

But scarcely audible, as if she thought
Rather than spoke;—the night, the solitude,
Fill'd the young Pythoness with poetry.
—Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear and
soft,

That shadowy brightness which is born of
tears,

And raised toward the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven; her
cheek—

Emotion made it colorless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of
thought,

Yet flushes in a moment into rose;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which
come

When the heart wants a language; but she
pass'd,

And left the place to me a haunted shrine,
Hallow'd by genius in its holiest mood
—At Count ZARIN's palazzo the next night
We were to meet, and expectation wore
Itself with fancies—all of them were vain.
I could not image aught so wholly changed.
Her robe was Indian red, and work'd with
gold,

And gold the queen-like girdle round her
waist.

Her hair was gather'd up in grape-like curls;

LANDON'S POEMS.

An emerald wreath, shaped into vine leaves,
made

Its graceful coronal. Leant on a couch
The centre of a group, whose converse light
Made a fit element, in which her wit
Flash'd like the lightning :—on her cheek the
rose

Burnt like a festal lamp; the sunniest smiles
Wander'd upon her face. I only knew
EULALIE by her touching voice again.

—They had been praying her to wake the
lute :

She would not, wayward in her mood that
night ;

When some one bade her mark a little sketch
I brought from England of my father's hall ;
Himself was outlined leaning by an oak,
A grayhound at his feet. " And is this dog
Your father's sole companion ?"—with these
words

She touch'd the strings :—that melancholy
song,

I never may forget its sweet reproach.

—She ask'd me how I had the heart to leave
The old man in his age ; she told how lorn
Is solitude ; she spoke of the young heart
Left in its loneliness, where it had known
No kindness but from strangers, forced to be
Wayfarer in this bleak and bitter world,
And looking to the grave as to a home.

—The numbers died in tears, but no one
sought

To stay her as she pass'd with veiled face
From the hush'd hall. One gently whisper'd
me,

EULALIE is an orphan ! * * *

Yet still our meetings were 'mid festival,

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Night after night. It was both sad and strange,
To see that fine mind waste itself away,
Too like some noble stream, which, unconfined,
Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls,
And sparkling eddies; or coop'd up to mak
The useless fountain of a palace hall.
—One day I spoke of this; her eager soul
Was in its most unearthly element,
We had been speaking of the immortal dead.
The light flash'd in her eyes. " 'Tis this
which makes

The best assurance of our promised heaven;
This triumph intellect has over death—
Our words yet live on other's lips; our
thoughts

Actuate others. Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing
moulds.

Welcome a grave with memories such as
these,

Making the sunshine of our moral world!"

"This proud reward you see, and yet can
leave!

Your songs sink on the ear, and there they
die,

A flower's sweetness, but a flower's life.

An evening's homage is your only fame;

'Tis vanity, EULALIE."—Mournfully

She shook the raven tresses from her brow,

As if she felt their darkness omen-like.

"Speak not of this to me, nor bid me think;

It is such pain to dwell upon myself,

And know how different I am from all

LANDON'S POEMS.

I once dream'd I could be. Fame! stirring
fame,

I work no longer miracles for thee.

I am as one who sought at early dawn
To climb with fiery speed some lofty hill :
His feet are strong in eagerness and youth ;
His limbs are braced by the fresh morning air,
And all seems possible :—this cannot last.

The way grows steeper, obstacles arise,
And unkind thwartings from companions near.
The height is truer measured, having traced
Part of its heavy length ; his sweet hopes
droop

Like prison'd birds that know their cage has
bars ;

The body wearies, and the mind is worn—
That worst of lassitude :—hot noon comes on ;
There is no freshness in the sultry air,
There is no rest upon the toilsome road ;
There is the summit, which he may not reach,
And round him are a thousand obstacles.

“I am a woman :—tell me not of fame
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
And fling back arrows, where the dove would
die.

Look on those flowers near yon accacia tree—
The lily of the valley—mark how pure
The snowy blossoms—and how soft a breath
Is almost hidden by the large dark leaves.
Not only have those delicate flowers a gift
Of sweetness and of beauty, but the root—
A healing power dwells there ; fragrant and
fair,

But dwelling still in some beloved shade.
Is not this woman's emblem ?—she whose
smile

Should only make the loveliness of home—

The Sun, Moon and Earth
no. 17
A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Who seeks support and shelter from man's
heart,

And pays it with affection quiet, deep—
And in his sickness—sorrow—with an aid
He did not deem in aught so fragile dwelt.

Alas! this has not been my destiny!

Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.

Yon Eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;

Ay, it has radiant color—every leaf

Is as a gem from its own country's mines,

'Tis redolent with sunshine; but with noon

It has begun to wither:—look within,

It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;

It has dwelt too much in the open day,

And so have I: and both must droop and die!

I did not choose my gift;—too soon my heart,

Watchlike, had pointed to a later hour

Than time had reach'd: and as my years

pass'd on,

Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,

And thoughts found words, the passionate

words of song.

And all to me was poetry. The face,

Whose radiance glided past me in the dance,

Awoke a thousand fantasies to make

Some history of her passing smile or sigh.

The flowers were full of song:—upon the rose

I read the crimson annals of true love;

The violet flung me back on old romance;

All was association with some link

Whose fine electric throb was in the mind.

I paid my price for this—'twas happiness.

My wings have melted in their eager flight,

And gleams of heaven have only made me
feel

Its distance from our earth more forcibly.

LANDON'S POEMS.

My feelings grow less fresh, my thoughts less
kind :

My youth has been too lonely, too much left
To struggle for itself ; and this world is
A northern clime, where every thing is chill'd.
I speak of my own feelings—I can judge
Of others but by outward show, and that
Is falser than the actor's studied part,
We dress our words and looks in borrow'd
robes :

The mind is as the face—for who goes forth
In public walks without a vail at least ?
'Tis this constraint makes half life's misery.
'Tis a false rule : we do too much regard
Other's opinions, but neglect their feelings ;
Thrice happy if such order were reversed.
O why do we make sorrow for ourselves,
And, not content with the great wretchedness
Which is our native heritage—those ills
We have no mastery over—sickness, toil,
Death, and the natural grief which comrades
death—

Are not all these enough, that we must add
Mutual and moral torment, and inflict
Ingenious tortures we must first contrive ?
I am distrustful—I have been deceived
And disappointed—I have hoped in vain.
I am vain—praise is opium, and the lip
Cannot resist the fascinating draught,
Though knowing its excitement is a fraud—
—Delirious—a mockery of fame,
I may not image the deep solitude
In which my spirit dwells. My days are past
Among the cold, the careless, and the false.
What part have I in them, or they in me ?
Yet I would be beloved ; I would be kind ;
I would share others' sorrows, others' joys ;

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

I would fence in a happiness with friends.
I cannot do this:—is the fault mine own?
Can I love those who but repay my love
With half caprice, half flattery? or trust,
When I have full internal consciousness
They are deceiving me? I may be kind,
And meet with kindness, yet be lonely still;
For gratitude is not companionship.—
We have proud words that speak of intellect;
We talk of mind that magnifies the world,
And makes it glorious: much of this is true.
All time attests the miracles of man:
The very elements, whose nature seems
To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
His way has been upon the pathless sea;
The earth's dark bosom search'd; bodiless air
Works as his servant; and from his own mind
What rich stores he has won: the sage, the
bard,
The painter, these have made their nature
proud;
And yet how life goes on, its great outline
How noble and ennobling!—but within
How mean, how poor, how pitiful, how mix'd
With base alloy; how Disappointment tracks
The steps of Hope; how Envy dogs success;
How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
And worn 'mid scoffs! Trace the young
poet's fate;
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are
caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.

What marvel if he somewnat overrates
His talents and his state! These scenes soon
change.

The vain, who sought to mix their name with
his;

The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle—all these have been gratified,
And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly,
For that it was not dream'd of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;
Vanity craves for its accustomed food;
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
His feelings poetry; and discontent
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no
more

Its early music:—social life is fill'd
With doubts and vain aspirings; solitude,
When the imagination is dethroned,
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?

“Methinks we must have known some former
state

More glorious than our present, and the heart
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
By past magnificence; and hence we pine
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
With bitter tears for their own vanity.
Remembrance makes the poet: 'tis the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things,
The more his power, the greater is his grief.
—Are we then fallen from some noble star,

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
And we feel capable of happiness
Only to know it is not of our sphere ?

“I have sung passionate songs of beating
hearts ;

Perhaps it had been better had they drawn
Their inspiration from an inward source.
Had I known even an unhappy love,
It would have flung an interest round life
Mine never knew. This is an empty wish ;
Our feelings are not fires to light at will
Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries ;
We may control them, but may not create,
And love less than its fellows. I have fed
Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits
Imagination yields—fruits which unfit
The palate for the more substantial food
Of our own land—reality. I made
My heart too like a temple for a home ;
My thoughts were birds of paradise, that
breathed

The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.
—The knight whose deeds were stainless as
his crest,

Who made my name his watchword in the
field ;

The poet with immortal words, whose heart
I shared with beauty ; or the patriot,
Whose eloquence was power, who made my
smile

His recompense amid the toil which shaped
A nation's destiny : these, such as these,
The glorified—the passionate—the brave—
In these I might have found the head and
heart

I could have worshipp'd. Where are such as
these ?

—Not mid gay cavaliers, who make the dance
 Pleasant with graceful flatteries; whose words
 A passing moment might light up my cheek,
 But haunted not my solitude. The fault
 Has been my own; perhaps I ask'd too much,
 Yet let me say what firmly I believe
 Love can be—ay, and is. I hold that Love
 Which chooseth, from a thousand, only one
 To be the object of that tenderness
 Natural to every heart; which can resign
 Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
 Can bear with absence; hath no part in hope
 For Hope is somewhat selfish—Love is not—
 And doth prefer another to itself,
 Unchangeable and generous, what, like Love,
 Can melt away the dross of worldliness;
 Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
 Of that pure gold which is the fitting shrine
 For fire, as sacred as e'er came from Heaven?
 No more of this:—one word may read my
 heart,

And that one word is utter weariness!
 Yet sometimes I look round with vain regret,
 And think I will restring my lute, and nerve
 My woman's hand for nobler enterprise;
 But the day never comes. Alas! we make
 A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
 But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high re-
 solves

Look down upon our slumbering acts."

I soon left Italy: it is well worth
 A year of wandering, were it but to feel
 How much our England does outweigh the
 world.

A clear cold April morning was it, when I
 first

Rode up the avenue of ancient oaks,

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

A hundred years upon each stately head.
The park was bright with sunshine, and the
 deer
Went bounding by; freshness was on the
 wind,
Till every nerve was braced; and once the air
Came with Arabian sweetness on its wing—
It was the earliest growth of violets.
A fairy foot had left its trace beside—
Ah, EMILY had nursed my favorite flowers.
Nearer I came, I heard familiar sounds—
They are the heart's best music; saw the
 blaze
Through the wide windows of the dear old
 hall;
One moment more, my eager footstep stood
Within my father's home, beside his hearth.
—Three times those early violets had fill'd
Their turns with April dew, when the
 changed cheek
Of EMILY wore signs of young decay.
The rose was too inconstant, and the light
Too clear in those blue eyes; but southern
 skies
Might nurse a flower too delicate to bear
The winds of March, unless in Italy.
I need not tell thee how the soothing air
Brought tranquil bloom that fed not on itself,
To EMILY's sweet face: but soon again
We talk'd of winter by our own wood fire,
With cheerful words that had no tears to hide.
—We passed through Rome on our return,
 and there
Sought out EULALIE. Graceful as her wont
Her welcome to my bride; but O, so changed!
Her cheek was colorless as snow; she wore
The beauty of a statue, or a spirit

LANDON'S POEMS.

With large and radiant eyes:—her thrilling
voice

Had lost its power, but still its sweetness kept.
One night, while seated in her favorite hall,
The silken curtains all flung back for air,
She mark'd my EMILY, whose idle gaze
Was fix'd on that fair garden. "Will you
come

And wander in the moonlight?—our soft dew
Will wash no color from thine island cheek."'
She led the way by many a bed, whose hues
Vied with the rainbow—through sweet-scented
groves,

Golden with oranges: at length the path
Grew shadowy with darker, older trees,
And led us to a little lonely spot.
There were no blossoming shrubs, but sweep-
ing pines

Guarded the solitude; and laurel boughs
Made fitting mirrors for the lovely moon,
With their bright shining leaves; the ivy lay
And trail'd upon the ground; and in the midst
A large old cypress stood, beneath whose shade
There was a sculptured form; the feet were
placed

Upon a finely-carved rose-wreath; the arms
Were raised to Heaven, as if to clasp the stars.
EULALIE leant beside; 'twas hard to say
Which was the actual marble: when she
spoke,

You started, scarce it seem'd a human sound;
But the eyes' lustre told life linger'd still;
And now the moonlight seem'd to fill their
depths.

"You see," she said, "my cemetery here:—
Here, only here, shall be my quiet grave.
Yon statue is my emblem: see, its grasp

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

Is raised to Heaven, forgetful that the while
Its step has crush'd the fairest of earth's
flowers

With its neglect."——

Her prophecy was sooth ;
No change of leaf had that green valley known,
When EULALIE lay there in her last sleep !

Peace to the weary and the beating heart
That fed upon itself.



THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

A NAMELESS grave—there is no stone
To sanctify the dead ;
O'er it the willow droops alone,
With only wild flowers spread.

“ O, there is nought to interest here,
No record of a name ;
A trumpet call upon the ear,
High on the roll of fame.

“ I will not pause beside a tomb
Where nothing calls to mind,
Aught that can brighten mortal gloom,
Or elevate mankind ;—

“ No glorious memory to efface.
The stain of meaner clay ;
No intellect whose heavenly trace
Redeem'd our earth :—away !”

LANDON'S POEMS.

Ah, these are thoughts that well may rise
On youth's ambitious pride;
But I will sit and moralize
This lowly stone beside.

Here thousands might have slept, whose name
Had been to thee a spell,
To light thy flashing eyes with flame—
To bid thy young heart swell.

Here might have been a warrior's rest,
Some chief who bravely bled;
With waving banner, sculptured crest,
And laurel on his head.

That laurel must have had its blood,
That blood have caused its tear,
Look on the lovely solitude—
What! wish for warfare here?

A poet might have slept—what! he
Whose restless heart first wakes
Its life-pulse into melody,
Then o'er it pines and breaks?

He who hath sung of passionate love,
His life a feverish tale;
O, not the nightingale, the dove
Would suit its quiet vale.

See, I have named your favorite two—
Each had been glad to crave
Rest 'neath this turf's unbroken dew,
And such a nameless grave!

FANTASIES.

INSCRIBED TO T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

1.

I'm weary, I'm weary—this cold world of
ours !
I will go dwell afar, with fairies and flowers
Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance
Where each step is a study, a falsehood each
glance ;
Where the vain are displaying, the vapid are
yawning ;
Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawn-
ing
Are wasted, as fashion, that tyrant, at will
Makes war on sweet Nature, and exiles her
still.

2.

I'm weary, I'm weary—I'm off with the
wind ;
Can I find a worse fate than the one left be-
hind ?
—Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in
air,
O show me your kingdom !—O let me dwell
there !
I see them, I see them !—how sweet it must
be
To sleep in yon lily !—is there room in't for
me ?
I have flung my clay fetters ; and now I but
wear
A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.

LANDON'S POEMS.

Go harness my chariot, the leaf of an oak,
A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette;
I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.
Go fetch me a courser: yon reed is but slight,
Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.
I must have a throne—ay, yon mushroom
may stay,
It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gather'd
next day:
And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign,
For, alas! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are
but vain.

A SUMMER EVENING'S TALE.

Come, let thy careless sail float on the wind;
Come, lean by me, and let thy little boat
Follow like thee its will; come, lean by me.
Freighted with roses which the west has flung,
Over its waters, on the vessel glides,
Save where the shadowy boughs shut out the
sky,
And make a lovely darkness, while the wind
Stirs the sad music of their plaining leaves.
The sky grows paler, as it burns away
Its crimson passion; and the falling dew
Seems like the tears that follow such an hour.
I'll tell thee, love, a tale,—just such a tale
As you once said my lips could breathe so
well;

A SUMMER EVENING S TALE.

Speaking as poetry should speak of love,
And asking from the depths of mine own
heart

The truth that touches, and by what I feel
For thee, believe what others' feelings are.
There, leave the sail, and look with earnest
eyes ;

Secm not as if the worldly element
In which thou movest were of thy nature part,
But yield thee to the influence of those thoughts
That haunt thy solitude :—ah, but for those
I never could have loved thee ; I, who now
Live only in my other life with thee ;
Out on our beings' falsehood !—studied, cold,
Are we not like that actor of old time,
Who wore his mask so long, his features took
Its likeness !—thus we feign we do not feel,
Until our feelings are forgotten things,
Their nature warp'd in one base selfishness ;
And generous impulses, and lofty thoughts,
Are counted folly, or are not believed :
And he who doubts or mocks at excellence
(Good that refines our nature, and subdues,)
Is rivetted to earth by sevenfold chains.
O, never had the poet's lute a hope,
An aim so glorious as it now may have,
In this our social state, where petty cares .
And mercenary interests only look
Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
From the bold future, and the stately past,—
Where the smooth surface of society
Is polish'd by deceit, and the warm heart
With all its kind affections' early flow,
Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
At least for others ;—'tis the poet's gift
To melt these frozen waters into tears,
By sympathy with sorrows not our own,

LANDON'S POEMS.

By wakening memory with those mournful
notes,

Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
To touch the selfish and to shame the vain
Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
Lofty and pure, and meant for general good ;
If thou hast not some power that may direct
The mind from the mean round of daily life,
Waking affections that might else have slept,
Or high resolves, the petrified before,
Or rousing in that mind a finer sense,
Of inward and external loveliness,
Making imagination serve as guide
To all of heaven that yet remains on earth—
Thine is a useless lute : break it, and die.

Love mine, I know my weakness, and I
know

How far I fall short of the glorious goal
I purpose to myself ; yet if one line
Has stolen from the eye unconscious tears
Recall'd one lover to fidelity
Which is the holiness of love, or bade
One maiden sicken at cold vanity,
When dreaming o'er affection's tenderness,
The deep, the true, the honor'd of my song.
If but one worldly soil has been effaced,
That song has not been utterly in vain.
All true deep feeling purifies the heart.
Am I not better by my love for you ?
At least, I am less selfish ; I would give
My life to buy you happiness ;—Hush, hush !
I must not let you know how much I love,

A SUMMER EVENING S TALE.

So to my tale.—'Twas on an eve like this,
When purple shadows floated round, and light,
Crimson and passionate, o'er the statues fell,
Like life, for that fair gallery was fill'd
With statues, each one an eternity
Of thought and beauty; there were lovely
 shapes,

And noble ones; some which the poet's song
Had touch'd with its own immortality;
Others whose glory flung o'er history's page
Imperishable lustre. There she stood,
Forsaken ARIADNE; round her brow
Wreath'd the glad vine leaves; but it wore
 a shade

Of early wretchedness, that which once flung
May never be effaced: and near her leant
ENDYMION, and his spiritual beauty wore
The likeness of divinity; for love
Doth elevate to itself, and she who watch'd
Over his sleeping face, upon it left
The brightness of herself. Around the walls
Hung pictures, some which gave the summer
 all

Summer can wish, a more eternal bloom;
And others in some young and lovely face
Imbodied dreams into reality.
There hung a portrait of St. ROSALIE,
She who renounced the world in youth, and
 made

Her heart an altar but for heavenly hopes—
Thrice bless'd in such sacrifice. Alas!
The weakness, yet the strength of earthly ties!
Who hath not in the weariness of life
Wish'd for the wings of morning or the dove,
To bear them heavenward, and have wish'd
 in vain?

For wishes are effectual but by will,

LANDON'S POEMS.

And that too much is impotent and void
In frail humanity; and time steals by
Sinful and wavering, and unredeem'd.

Bent by a casement, whence her eye could
dwell,

Or on the countenance of that sweet saint,
Or the fair valley, where the river wound
Like to a fairy thing, now light, now shade,
Which the eye watches in its wandering,
A maiden pass'd each summer eve away.
Life's closing color was upon her cheek,
Crimson as that which marks the closing day :
And her large eyes, the radiant and the clear,
Wore all the ethereal beauty of that heaven
Were she was hastening. Still her rosebud
mouth

Wore the voluptuous sweetness of a spring
Haunted by fragrance and by melody,
Her hair was gather'd in a silken net,
As if its luxury of auburn curls
Oppress'd the feverish temples all too much ;
For you might see the azure pulses beat
In the clear forehead painfully ; and oft
Would her small hands be press'd upon her
brow

As if to still its throbbing. Days pass'd by,
And thus beside that casement would she
spend

The summer evenings. Well she knew her
doom,

And sought to linger with such loveliness :
Surely it sooth'd her passage to the grave.

One gazed upon her, till his very life
Was dedicate to that idolatry
With which young Love makes offering of
itself.

In the vast world he only saw her face.

A SUMMER EVENING'S TALE.

The morning blush was lighted up by hope—
The hope of meeting her; the noontide hours
Were counted for her sake; in the soft wind,
When it has pass'd o'er early flowers, he
caught

The odor of her sigh; upon the rose
He only saw the color of her cheek.
He watched the midnight stars until they
wore

Her beauty's likeness—love's astrology.

His was the gifted eye, which grace still
touch'd

As if with second nature; and his dreams,
His childish dreams, were lit by hues from
heaven—

Those which make genius. Now his visions
wore

A grace more actual, and one worship'd face
Inspired the young sculptor, till like life
His spirit warm'd the marble. Who shall say
The love of genius is a common thing,
Such as the many feel—half selfishness,
Half vanity?—for genius is divine,
And, like a god, doth turn its dwelling-place
Into a temple; and the heart redeem'd
By its fine influence is immortal shrine
For love's divinity. In common homes
He dies, as he was born, in nothingness.
But love, inspiring genius, makes the world
Its glorious witness; hence the poet's page
Wakens its haunting sympathy of pain;
And hence the painter with a touch creates
Feelings imperishable. 'Twas from that hour
CANOVA took his inspiration: love
Made him the sculptor of all loveliness;
The overflowing of a soul imbued
By most ideal grace, the memory

LONDON'S POEMS.

Which lingers round first passion's sepulchre.
—Why do I say first love?—there is no
second.

Who asks in the same year a second growth
Of spring leaves from the tree, corn from the
field?—

They are exhausted. Thus 'tis with the
heart:—

'Tis not so rich in feeling or in hope
To bear that one be crush'd, the other faded,
Yet find them ready to put forth again.
It does not always last; man's temper is
Often forgetful, fickle, and throws down
The temple he can never build again;
But when it does last, and that asks for
much,—

A fix'd yet passionate spirit, and a mind
Master of its resolves,—when that love lasts,
It is in noblest natures. After years
Tell how CANOVA felt the influence.
They never spoke: she look'd too spiritual,
Too pure for human passion; and her face
Seem'd hallow'd by the heaven it was so
near.

And days pass'd on;—it was an eve in June—
How ever could it be so fair a one?—
And she came not: hue after hue forsook
The clouds, like Hope, which died with them,
and night

Came all too soon and shadowy. He rose,
And wander'd through the city, o'er which
hung

The darkness of his thoughts. At length a
strain

Of ominous music wail'd along the streets:
It was the mournful chanting for the dead,
And the long tapers flung upon the air

A SUMMER EVENING S TALE.

A wild red light, and show'd the funeral train :
Wreaths—O what mockeries !—hung from the
bier ;

And there, pale, beautiful, as if in sleep,
Her dark hair braided graceful with white
flowers,

She lay,—his own beloved one !

No more, no more !—love, turn thy boat to
land,—

I am so sorrowful at my own words.

Affection is an awful thing !—Alas !

We give our destiny from our own hands,

And trust to those most frail of all frail things,

The chances of humanity.

—The wind hath a deep sound, more stern
than sweet ;

And the dark sky is clouded ; tremulous,

A few far stars—how pale they look to-
night !—

Touch the still waters with a fitful light.

There is strange sympathy between all things,

Though in the hurrying weariness of life

We do not pause to note it : the glad day,

Like a young king surrounded by the pomp

Of gold and purple, sinks but to the shade

Of the black night :—the chronicle I told

Began with hope, fair skies, and lovely shapes,

And ended in despair. Even thus our life

In these has likeness ; with its many joys,

Its fear, its eagerness, its varying page,

Mark'd with its thousand colors, only tends

To darkness, and to silence, and the grave !

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

SHE sate beside the rock from which arose
A mountain rivulet's blue wanderings ;
And there, with careless hand, cast leaves and
flowers
To float upon the surface, or to sink,
As the wind listed, for she took no heed,
Nor watch'd their progress. Suddenly she
ceased
While pass'd a cloud across her deep blue
eyes :
" Are ye not symbols of me, ye fair flowers ?
Thus in more recklessness my willful hand
Has wasted the whole beauty of a spring,
And I have thrown your fragrant lives away
In one vain moment's idleness." 'Tis strange
How the heart, overpress'd with its own
thoughts,—
And what oppresses the young heart like
love ?—
Grows superstitious, finds similitudes
And boding fears in every change and chance.
She bow'd her face upon her hands and wept,
When suddenly her bright hair was flung
back,
Her cheek was turn'd to crimson, and the
tears
Lay like dew upon the rose. " Mine AGATHA !
What ! weeping, love ! I am not late to-
night ;
Our meeting star but trembles in the sky,
In light as glistening as thine own sweet
eyes."

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

His words had a strange sound; she had
forgot
Her sorrow and its cause in the deep joy
His presence brought. She gazed upon his
face,
As if 'twould vanish if she did not gaze:
She stay'd her breath to listen to his words,
Scarce daring credit her own happiness.
There stood they, with the rich red light of
eve
Yet lingering, like a glory, on their heads,
In the snow mirror of the mountain peak;—
A bright laburnum grew beside,—its boughs
Flung over them a golden shower: the wave
That wander'd at their feet was clear as Hope;
Their shapes were outlined in it; and one
star,
Reflected too, shone like an augury
Of good between them.—There they leant,
while hours
Pass'd, as time had no boundaries. O earth,
Yet art thou touch'd by heaven, though only
touch'd,—
Thy pleasures are but rainbows, which unite
The glad heavens with thee in their transient
beauty,
Then melt away again upon the clouds.
O youth, and love, which is the light of youth,
Why pass ye as the morning?—life goes on,
But like a bark that, first in carelessness,
And afterward in fear of each rough gale,
Has flung her richest freightage overboard.
Who is there, though young still, yet having
lost
The warmth, the freshness, morning's dew
and light,
Can bear to look back on their earlier hours,

When faith made its own happiness, and the
heart

Was credulous of its delight, and gave
Its best affections forth so trustingly,
Content to-love, not doubting of return ?

'Twas AGATHA broke the sweet silence
first :

" My father told me he had seen to-day
The gathering, HERMAN, of your hardy
troops :

You led them, mounted on your snow-white
steed.—

He bade me fling to-night a double chain
Of sighs and smiles, for the young warrior's
truth

Was sorely tried by absence. You will go,
Like our bold river, into other lands,
On its own proud free course ; whilst I shall
send

After thee hopes and prayers, like the poor
leaves

That I have cast upon the waves to perish."

She spoke in mirth ; yet as she spoke, her
words

Caught such a sadness in their omen tone,
In silence HERMAN took her hand, and gazed
Upon her face as he would picture it

Within his inmost soul. A brow more fair
Ne'er caught the silver softness of moonlight.

Her cheek was as the mirror of her heart,
Eloquent in its blushes, and its hues

Now varied like the evening's ;—but 'tis vain
To dwell on youthful lovers' parting hour.

A first farewell, with all its passionate words,
Its lingering looks, its gushing tears, its hopes
Scarcely distinguish'd from its fears, its

vows,—

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

'They are its least of suffering ; for the heart
Feels that it needs them not, yet breathes them
still,

Making them oracles. But the last star
Sinks down amid the mountains :—he must
go ;

By daybreak will his gallant vassals look
To hear their chieftain's bugle. Watch'd she
there

His dark plume cast its shadow on the snows,
His rapid foot bound on from crag to crag :—
The rocks have hid him from her eager view,
But still she hears the echo of his step,—
That dies too into silence ; then she feels
Her utter loneliness :—he is quite gone !

Long days have pass'd—that evening star
hath left

Its throne of beauty on the snow-crown'd
hill,

Yielding its place to winter's thousand
lights !—

Long days have pass'd :—again the twilight
hour

Smiles in the influence of that lovely star ;
The bright laburnum's golden wealth is
heap'd,

The spring's first treasure, and beneath its
shade

Rests AGATHA alone :—what ! still alone ?

A few short words will tell what change
has wrought

In their once love : it is a history
That would suit half mankind. In its first
spring,—

For the heart has its spring of bud and bloom
Even as has the year,—it found a home
For all its young affections, gentle thou hts,

LANDON'S POEMS.

In his true maiden's bosom ; and the life
He dream'd of was indeed a dream—'twas
made

Of quiet happiness : but forth he went
Into the wild world's tumult. As the bloom
Fades from the face of nature, so the gloss
Of his warm feelings faded with their fresh-
ness ;

Ambition took the place of Love, and Hope
Fed upon fiery thoughts, aspiring aims ;
And the bold warrior, favorite of his king,
If that he thought of his first tenderness,
Thought of it but with scorn, or vain excuse,
And in her uncomplaining silence read
But what he wish'd,—oblivion ; and at last
Her very name had faded, like the flower
Which we have laid upon our heart, and there
Have suffer'd it to die. A second spring
Has loosed the snowy waters, and has fill'd
The valleys with her joy ; but, AGATHA,
It is not spring for thee ; it has not brought
Its sunny beauty to thy deep blue eyes,
Its dew to freshen thy lips' languid rose,
And its bloom is not for thy cheek. One
year,

And thou didst hide thy misery, and seem,
With thy gay songs and smiles and gladsome
words,

Still in thine aged father's sight the same.
His pride was wounded by young Herman's
falsehood,

But not his happiness ; and when he died,
It was with blessings breathed in trusting
hope

Upon that dear child's head, whose tender-
ness

Had made him half forget the path he trod,

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

Was hurrying to the grave. But he was
dead,

And AGATHA stood in his lonely halls,
An orphan, last of all her race and name,
Without one tie of kindred or of love
To bind her to the earth. Yet few there were
That dream'd the hidden grief that lurk'd
within.

Too kind, too gentle not to be beloved,
Many a vassal mourn'd the coming death,
Whose sign was written on his lady's cheek.

She died in silence, without sign or word
That might betray the memory of her fate;
But when they heard her last request, to lie
Beneath the shade of the laburnum tree,
Which grew beside the mountain rivulet,
Many a cheek grew red, and brow grew dark,
And many a whisper'd word recall'd the time
When, in unworldly and in happy youth,
The valley's chieftain and the mountain girl
Made it their favorite haunt; all call'd to mind
Then was the morning color on her cheek,
Then her life was as summer in its smile,
And all felt, as they laid her in the grave,
It was the lorn rest of the broken heart.

Years pass'd:—the green moss had o'er-
grown the stone

Which mark'd the orphan maiden's lowly
grave,

When rode an armed train beside the stream.
Why does One pause beneath the lonely tree,
And watch the starlight fall on the white
stone?

That martial step, that haughty brow, so
traced

With lines of the world's welfare, are not
such

As linger with a ready sympathy
 O'er the foot-prints of sorrow ; yet that cheek
 Was startled into paleness as he read
 AGATHA !—and the mossy date which told
 She had been tenant of that tomb for years.
 HERMAN,—for he it was, had sought the vale,
 But upon warlike mission—if he thought
 Of his once love, it was but how to shun
 The meek reproaching of her mournful eye,
 Or else to think she had like him forgot.
 But dead !—so young !—he had not dream'd
 of this.—

He knelt him down, and like a child he
 wept ;—

Gentle affections struggled with, subdued—
 Tenderness, long forgotten, now burst forth
 Like raindrops from the summer sky. Those
 tears

Pass'd, and their outward trace ; but in his
 heart

A fountain had sprung up, which dried no
 more.

He went on in his course, proud, bold, and
 never

The name of AGATHA fell from his lips.
 But he died early, and in his last field
 He pray'd the brother of his arms to take
 His heart, and lay it in the distant grave
 Where AGATHA was sleeping.

THE CONISTON CURSE :

A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

There is a tradition of such a curse attached to one of the old mansions in the north of England ; I am not aware of any cause for the malediction. This will, I trust, be sufficient excuse for placing its origin in a period when such a circumstance was most likely to have taken place ; when enough of superstition remained for terror to have produced its fulfilment.

THEY knelt upon the altar steps, but other
looks were there
Than the calm and inward looks which suit
the evening hour of prayer
Many a cheek was deadly pale, while some
were flush'd with red,
And hurriedly and falteringly the holy words
were said.

They knelt their last, they sang their last ; for
deep the king hath sworn,
The silent cells should strangely change be-
fore the coming morn ;
The cloister'd votary henceforth is free from
vow or vail,
Her gray robes she may doff, and give her
bright hair to the gale.

And pardon be to them, if some, in their first
hour of bloom,
Thought all too lightly in their hearts 'twas
not so hard a doom ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

For they were young, and they were fair, and
 little in their shade
Knew they of what harsh elements the jarring
 world was made.

There knelt one young, there knelt one fair,
 but unlike those around,
No change upon her stately mien or on her
 brow was found,
Save haughtier even than its wont now seem'd
 that lady's face,
And never yet was brow more proud among
 her haughty race.

Betroth'd to one who fell in war, the last of
 all her name,
In her first youth and loveliness the noble
 maiden came;
Vigil and prayers and tears perchance, had
 worn her bloom away,
When held that youthful prioress in St.
 Edm'd's shrine her sway.

She gave her broad lands to its use, she gave
 her golden dower—
Marvel ye that ill she brook'd the chance that
 ruled the hour?
And it may be more fiercely grew her pious
 zeal allied
To this her all of earthly power—her all of
 earthly pride.

Comes from the isle a heavy sound, such steps
 as tread in steel,
The clash of sword, the ring of shield, the
 tramp of armed heel;

THE CONISTON CURSE.

The prioress bade her nuns upraise the ves-
per's sacred tone,
She led the hymn, but mute the rest—no voice
rose but her own :

For open now the gates were flung, in pour'd
the soldier train,
And shout and shriek, and oath and prayer,
rang through the holy fane ;
Then forth the prioress stepp'd, and raised the
red cross in her hand—
No warrior of her race e'er held more fearless
battle brand.

“Now turn, Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, I bid
thee turn and flee,
Nor wait till Heaven, by my sworn lips, lay
its dread curse on thee !
Turn back Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, turn from
our sainted shrine,
And years of penance may efface this godless
deed of thine.”

Rough was Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, and hasty
in his mood,
And, soldier-like, then answer'd he, in angry
speech and rude :
“I would not back although my path were
lined with hostile swords,
And deem'st thou I will turn aside for only
woman's words !”

She raised her voice, the curse was pass'd ;
and to their dying day
The sound, like thunder in their ears, will
never pass away ;

LONDON'S POEMS.

Still haunted them those flashing eyes, that
brow of funeral stone,
When the words were said, she vail'd her
face—the prioress was gone.

No more in that calm sanctuary its vestal
maids abide,
Save one, Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, and that
one is thy bride;
The sister band to other homes at will might
wander free,
And their lonely prioress had fled a pilgrim
o'er the sea.

Seven years St. EDITH's votary has wander'd
far and near,
Barefoot and fasting, she has call'd on every
saint to hear:
Seven years of joy and festival have pass'd
away like hours,
Since that priory had changed its state to a
baron's lordly towers.

There was reveling in that stately hall, and
in his seat of pride
The Lord of Coniston was placed, with his
lady by his side;
And four fair children there were ranged be-
side their parents' knee,
All glad and beautiful—a sight for weary eyes
to see.

Rang the old turrets with the pledge—"Now
health to thee and thine;
And long and prosperous may thy name last
in thy gallant line!"

THE CONISTON CURSE.

When a voice rose up above them all, and
that voice was strange and shrill,
Like autumn's wind when it has caught win-
ter's first shriek and chill ;

And forth a vail'd figure stepp'd, but back she
flung her vail,
And they knew St. EDITH's prioress by her
brow so deadly pale ;
No sickly paleness of the cheek whence health
and hope have fled,
But that deadly hue, so wan, so cold, which
only suits the dead.

“ The prey of the ungodly is taken by God's
hand—
I lay the endless curse of change upon this
doomed land :
They may come and possession take, even as
thou hast done,
But the father never, never shall transmit it
to his son.

“ Yet I grieve for the fair branches, though of
such evil tree ;
But the wierd is laid, and the curse is said,
and it rests on thine and thee.”
Away she pass'd, though many thought to
stay her in the hall ;
She glided from them, and not one had heard
her footstep fall.

And one by one those children in their earli-
est youth declined,
Like sickening flowers that fade and fall be-
fore the blighting wind ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

And their mother she too pined away, stricken
by the same blast,
Till Sir JOHN DE CONISTON was left, the
lonely and the last.

He sat one evening in his hall, still pride was
on his brow,
And the fierce spirit lingering there nor time
nor grief could bow.
Yet something that told failing strength was
now upon his face,
When enter'd that dark prioress, and fronted
him in place.

"Sir JOHN, thy days are number'd and never
more we meet
Till we yield our last dread reckoning before
God's judgment seat
My words, they are the latest sounds thine ear
shall ever take—
Then hear me curse again the land which is
cursed for thy sake.

"O, Coniston, thy lands are broad, thy stately
towers are fair,
Yet wo and desolation are for aye the tenants
there;
For Death shall be thy keeper, and two of the
same race
Shall ne'er succeed each other in thy fated
dwelling-place!"

The curse is on it to this day: now others
hold the land;
But be they childless, or begirt with a fair
infant band,

THE OMEN.

Some sudden death, some wasting ill, some
sickness taints the air,
And touches all,—no master yet has ever left
an heir.

THE OMEN.

“O how we miss the young and bright,
With her feet of wind, her eyes of light,
Her fragrant hair like the sunny sea
On the perfumed shores of Araby,
Her gay step light as the snow-white deer,
And her voice of song ! O ! we miss her here.
There is something sad in the lighted hall ;
Without her can there be festival !
There is something drear in the meteor dance,
When we do not catch her laughing glance :
But pledge we her health.” Each one took
up,
In that ancient hall, the red wine-cup :
Each started back from the turbid wine—
What could have dimm’d its purple shine ?
Each turn’d for his neighbor’s look to ex-
press
The augury himself dared not to guess.

Swept the vaulted roof along,
A sound like the echo of distant song,
When the words are lost, but you know they
tell
Of sorrow’s coming and hope’s farewell.
Such sad music could only bear
Tale and tidings of long despair.

LANDON S POEMS.

Pass'd the sound from the ancient hall ;
You heard in the distance its plaining fall,
Till it died away on the chill night-wind :
But it left its fear and its sadness behind ;
And each one went to his pillow that night
To hear fearful sound, and see nameless
sight ;
Not such dreams as visit the bower
Of the gay at the close of the festal hour

But next morning rose : 'twas a cheerful
time
For the sunshine seemed like the summer
prime,
While the bright laurel leaves round the case-
ments spread,
And the holly with berries of shining red,
The heaven of blue, and the earth of green,
Seem'd not as if the winter had been.
Welcomed they in the Christmas morn,
With the sound of the carol, the voice of the
horn.
There was white snow lay on the distant hill,
The murmuring river was cold and still ;
But their songs were so glad that they miss'd
not its tone,
And the hearth-fire was bright as an August
noon.
As if youth came back with the joyous strain,
The aged lord welcomed in the train
Of guest and vassal ; for glad seem'd he
To make and to share their festivity.

Though he may not see his EDITH's brow
Though far away be his fair child now,
Over the sea, and over the strand,
In the sunny vales of Italian land,

THE OMEN.

He may reckon now the days to spring,
When her native birds and she will take
wing,

Blithe and beautiful, glad to come
With the earliest flowers to their own dear
home.

Pass a short space of dark cold days,
Of drear nights told by the pinewood's blaze,
And the snow showers will melt into genial
rain,

And the sunshine and she be back again.
And when she returns with her sweet guitar,
The song and the tale she has learn'd afar,
And caught the sweet sound to which once
he clung,

The southern words of her mother's tongue,
With her soft cheek touched with a rosier
dye,

And a clearer light in her deep dark eye,
He will not mourn that the winter hour
Has pass'd unfelt by his gentle flower.
It is Christmas day—'tis her natal morn,
Away be all thoughts of sorrowing borne;
'There is no prayer a vassal can frame
Will fail to-day, if breathed in her name;
Henceforth that guest is a bosom friend
Whose wish a blessing for her may send.

Her picture hung in that hall, where to-day
Gather'd the guests in their festal array;
'Twas a fragile shape, and a fairy face,
A cheek where the wild rose had sweet birth-
place;
But all too delicate was the red,
Such rainbow hues are the soonest fled.
The sweet mouth seem'd parted with fragrant
air,

LANDON'S POEMS.

A kiss and a smile were companions there :
Never was the wild fawn's eye more bright,
Like the star that heralds the morning's light ;
Though that trembling pensiveness it wore
Which bodes of a lustre too soon to be o'er.
But to mark these signs long gazing took :
Seem'd it at first but that your look
Dwelt on a face all glad and fair,
'Mid its thousand curls of sunny hair
They raised the cup to pledge her name ;
Again that strange sad music came,
But a single strain,—loud at its close
A cry from the outer crowd arose.

All rushed to gaze ; and, winding through
The length of the castle avenue,
There was a hearse with its plumes of snow,
And its night-black horses moved heavy and
slow.

One moment—they came to the festal hall,
And bore in the coffin a velvet pall.
A name was whisper'd ; the young, the fair,
Their END was laid in her last sleep there.
It was her latest prayer to lie
In the churchyard beneath her native sky ;
She had ask'd and pined for her early home ;
She had come at last,—but how had she
come ?

O ! that aged lord, how bore he this grief,
This rending off of his last green leaf .
He wasted away as the child that dies
For love of its absent mother's eyes ;
Ere the spring flowers o'er her grave were
weeping,
The father beside his child was sleeping.

SAPPHO.

" She was one
Whose lyre the spirit of sweet song had hung
With myrtle and with laurel ; on whose head . .
Genius had shed his starry glories . . .
. . . transcripts of woman's loving heart
And woman's disappointment."

SHE leant upon her harp, and thousands
look'd
On her in love and wonder—thousands knelt
And worship'd in her presence—burning
tears,
And words that died in utterance, and a
pause
Of breathless, agitated eagerness
First gave the full heart's homage : then came
forth
A shout that rose to heaven ; and the hills,
The distant valleys, all rang with the name
Of the Æolian Sappho—every heart
Found in itself some echo to her song.
Low notes of love—hopes beautiful and fresh,
And some gone by forever—glorious dreams,
High aspirations, those thrice gentle thoughts
That dwell upon the absent and the dead,
Were breathing in her music—and these are
Chords every bosom vibrates to. But she
Upon whose brow the laurel crown is placed,
Her colors varying with deep emotion—
There is a softer blush than conscious pride
Upon her cheek, and in that tremulous smile
Is all a woman's timid tenderness :
Her eye is on a Youth, and other days

LANDON'S POEMS.

And young warm feelings have rushed on her
soul
With all their former influence,—thoughts
that slept
Cold, calm as death, have waken'd to new
life—
Whole years' existence have pass'd in that
glance . . .
She had once loved in very early days :
That was a thing gone by : one had call'd
forth
The music of her soul : he loved her too
But not as she did—she was unto him
As a young bird, whose early flight he train'd,
Whose first wild songs were sweet, for he had
taught
Those songs—but she look'd up to him with
all
Youth's deep and passionate idolatry ;
Love was her heart's sole universe—he was
To her, Hope, Genius, Energy, the God
Her inmost spirit worship'd—in whose smile
Was all e'en minstrel pride held precious ;
praise
Was prized but as the echo of his own.

But other times and other feelings came :
Hope is love's element, and love with her
Sicken'd of its own vanity She
lived
'Mid bright realities and brighter dreams
Those strange but exquisite imaginings
That tinge with such sweet colors minstrel
thoughts ;
And fame, like sunlight, was upon her path :
And strangers heard her name, and eyes that
never

SAPPHO.

Had look'd on Sappho, yet had wept with
her.

Her first love never wholly lost its power,
But, like rich incense shed, although no trace
Was of its visible presence, yet its sweetness
Mingled with every feeling, and it gave
That soft and melancholy tenderness
Which was the magic of her song That
Youth

Who knelt before her was so like the shape
That haunted her spring dreams—the same
dark eyes,

Whose light had once been as the light of
heaven!—

Others breathed winning flatteries—she
turn'd

A careless hearing—but when Phaon spoke,
Her heart beat quicker, and the crimson light
Upon her cheek gave a most tender an-
swer . . .

She loved with all the ardor of a heart
Which lives but in itself: her life had pass'd
Amid the great creations of the mind:
Love was to her a vision—it was now
Heighten'd into devotion But a
soul

So gifted and so passionate as hers
Will seek companionship in vain, and find
Its feelings solitary Phaon soon
Forgot the fondness of his Lesbian maid;
And Sappho knew that genius, riches, fame,
May not soothe slighted love. - - - -

- - - There is a dark rock looks on the blue
sea;

'Twas there love's last song echo'd—there
she sleeps,

Whose lyre was crown'd with laurel, and
whose name
Will be remember'd long as Love or Song
Are sacred—the devoted Sappho!

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

LEONARDI. 'Tis finish'd now : look on my
picture, Love !

ALVINE. O, that sweet ring of graceful fig-
ures ! one
Flings her white arms on high, and gayly
strikes

Her golden cymbals—I can almost deem
I hear their beatings ; one with glancing feet
Follows her music, while her crimson cheek
Is flush'd with exercise, till the red grape
'Mid the dark tresses of a sister nymph
Is scarcely brighter : there another stands,
A darker spirit yet, with joyous brow,
And holding a rich goblet : O, that child !
With eyes as blue as spring-days, and those
curls

Throwing their auburn shadow o'er a brow
So arch, so playful—have you bodied forth
Young Cupid in your colors ?

LEONARDI. No—O no,
I could not paint Love as a careless boy,—
That passionate divinity, whose life
Is of such deep and intense feeling ! No,
I am too true, too earnest, and too happy,
To ever image by a changeful child
That which is so unchangeable. But mark

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

How sweet, how pale, the light that I have
thrown

Over the picture : it is just the time
When Dian's dewy kiss lights up the dreams
That make Endymion's sleep so beautiful.
Look on the calm blue sky, so set with stars ;
Is it not like to what we both recall ?
Those azure shadows of a summer night,
That veil'd the cautious lutanist who waked
Thy slumbers with his song. How more than
fair,

How like a spirit of that starry hour,
I used to think you, as your timid hand
Unbar'd the casement, and you leant to hear,
Your long hair floating loose amid the vines
Around your lattice ; and how very sweet
Your voice, scarce audible, with the soft fear
That mingled in its low and tender tones !

ALVINE. Nay, now, I will not listen to the
tales

Our memory is so rich in. I have much
For question here. Who is this glorious
shape,

That, placed on a bright chariot in the midst,
Stands radiant in his youth and loveliness ?
Around his sunny locks there is a wreath
Of the green vine leaves, and his ivory brow
Shines out like marble, when a golden ray
Of summer light is on it, and his step
Scarce seems to touch his pard-drawn car, but
floats

Buoyant upon the air ;—and who is she
On whom his ardent gaze is turn'd ? So
pale,—

Her dark hair gather'd round her like a
shroud,

LONDON'S POEMS.

Yet far more lovely than the sparkling
nymphs

Dancing around that chariot. Yet how
sweet,

Though dimm'd with tears, those deep blue
eyes,

Half turn'd and half averted timidly

From the youth's lightning glance. O tell
me now

One of those legends that I love so well :

Has not this picture some old history ?

LEONARDI. 'Tis one of those bright fictions
that have made

The name of Greece only another word

For love and poetry ; with a green earth—

Groves of the graceful myrtle—summer skies

Whose stars are mirror'd in ten thousand
streams,

Winds that move but in perfume and in
music,

And, more than all, the gift of woman's
beauty.

What marvel that the earth, the sky, the
sea,

Were fill'd with all those fine imaginings

That love creates, and that the lyre preserves !

ALVINE. But for the history of that pale
girl

Who stands so desolate on the seashore ?

LEONARDI. She was the daughter of a
Cretan king—

A tyrant. Hidden in the dark recess

Of a wide labyrinth, a monster dwelt,

And every year was human tribute paid

By the Athenians. They had bowed in war,

And every spring the flowers of all the city,

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Young maids in their first beauty—stately
youths,
Were sacrificed to the fierce King! They
died

In the unfathomable den of want,
Or served the Minotaur for food. At length
There came a royal Youth, who vow'd to
slay

The monster or to perish!—Look, Alvine,
That statue is young Theseus.

ALVINE. Glorious!

How like a god he stands, one haughty hand
Raised in defiance! I have often look'd
Upon the marble, wondering it could give
Such truth to life and majesty.

LEONARDI. You will not marvel Ariadne
loved!

She gave the secret clue that led him safe
Through all the labyrinth, and she fled with
him.

ALVINE. Ah, now I know your tale: he
proved untrue.

This ever has been woman's fate,—to love,
To know one summer day of happiness,
And then to be most wretched!

LEONARDI. She was left

By her so heartless lover while she slept.
She woke from pleasant dreams—she dreamt
of him—

Love's power is felt in slumber—woke and
found

Herself deserted on the lonely shore?

The bark of the false Theseus was a speck
Scarce seen upon the waters, less and less,
Like hope diminishing, till wholly past
I will not say, for you can fancy well,
Her desolate feelings as she roam'd the beach,

LONDON'S POEMS.

Hurl'd from the high t heaven of happy
love !

But evening crimson'd the blue sea—a sound
Of music and of mirth came on the wind,
And radiant shapes and laughing nymphs
danced by,

And he, the Theban God, looked on the
maid,

And look'd, and loved, and was beloved
again.

This is the moment that the picture gives :
He has just flung her starry crown on high
And bade it there a long memorial shine
How a god loved a mortal. He is springing
From out his golden car—another bound—
Bacchus is by his Ariadne's side !

ALVINE. She loved again ! O cold incon-
stancy !

(This is not woman's love : her love should
be

A feeling pure and holy as the flame
The vestal virgin kindles, fresh as flowers
The spring has but just colored, innocent
As the young dove, and changeless as the
faith

The martyr seals in blood.) 'Tis beautiful
This picture, but it wakes no sympathy.

LEONARDO. Next time, Alvine, my pencil
shall but give

Existence to the memory of love's truth.

ALVINE. Do you recall a tale you told me
once,

Of the forsaken Nymph that Paris left
For new love and ambition ? at his death
He bade them bear him to Enone's arms !
She never had forgotten him : her heart,

Which beat so faithfully, became his pillow ;

UNKNOWN FEMALE HEAD.

She closed his eyes, and pardon'd him and
died!

LEONARDI. Love, yes; I'll paint their
meeting: the wan youth
Dying, but yet so happy in forgiveness;
The sweet Enone, with her gentle tears,
Fill'd with meek tenderness, her pensive
brow

Arching so gracefully, with deep blue eyes
Half hidden by the shadowy lash—a look
So patient, yet so fraught with tenderest feel-
ing,

Like to an idol placed upon the shrine
Of faith, for all to worship. She shall be,
Saving thine own inimitable smile,
In all like thee, Alvine!



UNKNOWN FEMALE HEAD.

I know not of thy history, thou sad
Yet beautiful faced Girl:—the chestnut
braid
Bound darkly round thy forehead, the blue
veins

Wandering in azure light, the ivory chin
Dimpled so archly, have no characters
Graven by memory; but thy pale cheek,
Like a white rose on which the sun hath
look'd

Too wildly warm, (is not this passion's le-
gend?)

The drooping lid whose lash is bright with
tears,

A lip which has the sweetness of a smile

LANDON'S POEMS.

But not its gayety—do not these bear
The scorch'd footprints sorrow leaves in pass-
ing
O'er the clear brow of youth?—It may but
be
An idle thought, but I have dream'd thou
wert
A captive in thy hopelessness: afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter. I can see thee wasting,
Sick for thy native air, loathing the light
And cheerfulness of men; thyself the last
Of all thy house, a stranger and a slave!

LEANDER AND HERO.

It is a tale that many songs have told,
And old, if tale of love can e'er be old;
Yet dear to me this lingering o'er the fate
Of two so young, so true, so passionate!
And thou, the idol of my harp, the soul
Of poetry, to me my hope, my whole
Happiness of existence, there will be
Some gentlest tones that I have caught from
thee.

Will not each heart-pulse vibrate as I tell
Of faith even unto death unchangeable!
Leander and his Hero! they should be,
When youthful lovers talk of constancy,
Invoked. O, for one breath of softest song,
Such as on summer evenings floats along,
To murmur low their history! every word

LEANDER AND HERO.

That whispers of them, should be like those
heard

At moonlight casements, when the awaken'd
maid

Sighs her soft answer to the serenade.

She stood beside the altar, like the queen,
The bright-eyed queen that she was worship-
ping.

Her hair was bound with roses, which did
fling

A perfume round, for she that morn had
been

To gather roses, that were clustering now

Amid the shadowy curls upon her brow.

One of the loveliest daughters of that land,
Divinest Greece! that taught the painter's
hand

To give eternity to loveliness ;

One of those dark-eyed maids, to whom be-
long

The glory and the beauty of each song

Thy poets breathed, for it was theirs to
bless

With life the pencil and the lyre's dreams

Giving reality to vision'd gleams

Of bright divinities. Amid the crowd

That in the presence of young Hero bow'd,

Was one that knelt with fond idolatry

As if in homage to some deity,

Gazing upon her as each gaze he took

Must be the very last—that intense look

That none but lovers give, when they would
trace

On their heart's tablets some adored face.

The radiant priestess from the temple past ;

Yet there Leander stayed, to catch the last

Wave of her fragrant hair, the last low fall
Of her white feet, so light and musical ;

And then he wander'd silent to a grove,
To feed upon the full heart's ecstasy.

The moon was sailing o'er the deep blue sky

Each moment shedding fuller light above,
As the pale crimson from the west departs.
Ah, this is just the hour for passionate hearts
To linger over dreams of happiness,
All of young love's delicious loveliness !

The cypress waved upon the evening air

Like the long tresses of a beauty's hair ;

And close beside was laurel ; and the pale

Snow blossoms of the myrtle tree, so frail

And delicate, like woman ; 'mid the shade

Rose the white pillars of the colonnade

Around the marble temple, where the Queen

Of love was worshipp'd, and there was seen,

Where the grove ended, the so glorious sea

Now in its azure sleep's tranquillity.

He saw a white vail wave—his heart beat
high :

He heard a voice, and then a low-toned sigh.

Gently he stole amid the shading trees—

It is his love—his Hero that he sees !

Her hand lay motionless upon the lute,

Which thrill'd beneath the touch ; her lip was
mute,

Only her eyes were speaking ; dew and light

There blended like the hyacinth, when night

Has wept upon its bosom ; she did seem

As consciousness were lost in some sweet
dream—

That dream was love ! Blushes were on her
cheek,

And what, save love, do blushes ever speak ?

LEANDER AND HERO.

Her lips were parted, as one moment more,
And then the heart would yield its hidden
store.

'Twas so at length her thought found utter-
ance :

Light, feeling, flash'd from her awaken'd
glance—

She paused—then gazed on one pale star
above,

Pour'd to her lute the burning words of love !
Leander heard his name ! How more than
sweet

That moment, as he knelt at Hero's feet,
Breathing his passion in each thrilling word,
Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.

That night they parted—but they met
again !

The blue sea roll'd between them—but in vain !
Leander had no fear—he cleft the wave !

What is the peril fond hearts will not brave ?

Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,

Delicious were the kind and gentle things

Each to the other breathed ; a starry sky,

Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury ;

The measure of its happiness is full

When all around shares its own enchanted
lull.

There were sweet birds to count the hours,
and roses,

Like those which on a blushing cheek re-
poses ;

Violets fresh as violets could be ;

Stars overhead, with each a history

Of love told by its light ; and waving trees,

And perfumed breathings upon every breeze :

These were beside them when they met. And
day,

LANDON'S POEMS.

Though each was from the other far away
Had still its pleasant memories; they might
Think what they had forgotten the last night,
And make the tender thing they had to say
More warm and welcome from its short delay.
And then their love was secret,—O, it is
Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss
Sacred to us alone, no other eye
Conscious of our enchanted mystery,
Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
Giving us happiness unutterable!

I would compare this secrecy and shade
To that fair island, whither Love convey'd
His Psyche, where she lived remote from all:
Life one long, lone, and lovely festival;
But when the charm, concealment's charm,
was known,

O then good-by to love, for love was flown!
Love's wings are all too delicate to bear
The open gaze, the common sun and air.

There have been roses round my lute; but
now

I must forsake them for the cypress bough
Now is my tale of tears:—One night the sky,
As if with passion darken'd angrily,
And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled
main

Like hasty threats, and then were calm again:
That night young Hero by her beacon kept
Her silent watch, and blamed the night and
wept.

And scarcely dared to look upon the sky;
Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—
With, "Surely in such a storm he cannot
brave,

If but for my sake only, wind and wave," * *
At length Aurora led young Day and blush'd,

HEAD OF ARIADNE.

In her sweet presence sea and sky were
hush'd;
What is there beauty cannot charm? her
power
Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour;
And light and soft the breeze which waved
the vail
Of Hero, as she wander'd, lone and pale,
Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye
Roving in tearful, dim uncertainty.
Not long uncertain,—she mark'd something
glide
Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide.
On rush'd she in that desperate energy,
Which only has to know, and, knowing, die;
It was Leander!

HEAD OF ARIADNE.

O, WHY should Woman ever love,
Throwing her chance away,
Her little chance of summer shine,
Upon a rainbow ray?

Look back on each old history,
Each fresh remember'd tale;
They'll tell how often love has made
The cheek of woman pale;—

Her unrequited love, a flower
Dying for air and light;
Her love betray'd, another flower
Withering before a blight.

LONDON'S POEMS.

Look down within the silent grave ;
How much of breath and bloom
Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice
Offer'd to the lone tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,
How many bitter cares
Belle the smile with which the lip
Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face ! O, never blush
Has pass'd o'er one more fair,
And never o'er a brighter brow
Has wander'd raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths
Of curl are flung behind,
And mark how pensively the brow
Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete !—another proof
Of woman's weary lot ;
Their April doom of sun and shower—
To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured, torn,
A sky of storm above,
A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts—
Ah, why must woman love !

NEREID FLOATING ON A SHELL.

Thy dwelling is the coral cave,
Thy element the blue sea wave,

A NEREID FLOATING ON A SHELL.

Thy music the wild billows dashing,
Thy light the diamond's crystal flashing
I'd leave this earth to dwell with thee.
Bright-hair'd daughter of the sea!
It was an hour of lone starlight
When first my eye caught thy sweet sight.
Thy white feet press'd a silver shell,
Love's own enchanted coracle;
Thy fair arms waved like the white foam
The seas dash from their billowy home;
And far behind, thy golden hair,
A bright sail, floated on the air;
And on thy lips there was a song,
As music wafted thee along.
They say, sweet daughter of the sea,
Thy look and song are treachery;
Thy smile is but the honey'd bait
To lure thy lover to his fate.
I know not and I care still less;
It is enough of happiness
To be deceived. O, never yet
Could love doubt—no, one doubt would set
His fetter'd pinions free from all
His false but most delicious thrall.
Love cannot live and doubt; and I,
Vow'd slave to my bright deity,
Have but one prayer: Come joy, come ill,
If you deceive, deceive me still;
Better the heart in faith should die
Than break beneath love's perjury.

AN OLD MAN OVER THE BODY
OF HIS SON.

I AM too proud by far to weep,
Though earth has naught so dear
As was the Soldier Youth to me
Now sleeping on that bier.
It were a stain upon his fame,
Would do his laurel crown a shame,
To shed one single tear.
It was a blessed lot to die
In battle, and for liberty !

He was my first, my only child,
And when my race was run,
I was so proud to send him forth
To do as I had done.
It was his last, his only field ,
They brought him back upon his shield,
But victory was won.
I cannot weep when I recall
Thy land has cause to bless thy fall.

When others tell their children all
The fame that warriors win,
I must sit silent, and but think
On what my child has been.
It is a father's joy to see
The young eyes glow exultingly
When warlike tales begin ;
And yet I know no living one
I would change for my sleeping Son.

THE THESSALIAN FOUNTAIN

Gleamings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rosebud morn,
Glance o'er my spirit—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

A SMALL clear fountain, with green willow
trees

Girgling it round, there is one single spot
Where you may sit and rest, its only bank ;
Elsewhere the willows grew so thick together :
And it were like a sin to crush that bed
Of pale and delicate narcissus flowers,
Bending so languidly, as still they found
In the pure wave a love and destiny ;
But here the moss is soft, and when the wind
Has been felt even through the forest screen—
For round, like guardians to the willows,
stand

Oaks large and old, tall firs, dark beech, and
elms

Rich with the yellow wealth that April
brings,—

A shower of rose-leaves makes it like a bed
Whereon a nymph might sleep, when, with
her arm

Shining like snow amid her raven hair,
She dreamt of the sweet song wherewith the
faun

Had lull'd her, and awakening from her rest
When through the leaves an amorous sunbeam
stole

And kiss'd her eyes ; the fountain were a bath

LANDON'S POEMS.

For her to lave her ivory feet, and coo
The crimson beauty of her sleep-warm cheek,
And bind her ruffled curls in the blue mirror
Of the transparent waters. But these days
Of visible poetry have long been past !—
No fear that the young hunter may profane
The haunt of some immortal; but there still—
For the heart clings to old idolatry,
If not with true belief, with tenderness,—
Lingers a spirit in the woods and flowers
Which have a Grecian memory,—some tale
Of olden love or grief link'd with their bloom,
Seem beautiful beyond all other ones.
The marble pillars are laid in the dust,
The golden shrine and its perfume are gone ;
But there are natural temples still for those
Eternal though dethroned Deities,
Where from green altars flowers send up their
incense ;
This fount is one of them. - -

L'AMORE DOMINATORE.

THEY built a temple for the God,
'Twas in a myrtle grove,
Where the bee and the butterfly
Vied for each blossom's love.

The marble pillars rose like snow,
Glittering in the sunshine ;
A thousand roses shed their breath,
Like incense, o'er the shrine.

L'AMORE DOMINATORE.

And there were censers of perfume,
Vases with their sweet showers,
And wreaths of every blended hue
That lights the summer flowers.

And, like the breathing of those flowers
Made audible, a sound
Came, lulling as a waterfall,
From lutes and voices round.

I look'd upon the altar,—there
The pictured semblance lay
Of him the temple's lord; it shone
More beautiful than day.

It was a sleeping child, as fair
As the firstborn of spring;
Like Indian gold waved the bright curls
In many a sunny ring.

His cheek was flush'd with its own rose,
And with the crimson shed
From the rich wings that like a cloud
Were o'er his slumbers spread.

And by him lay his feather'd shafts,
His golden bow unbent;—
Methought that, even in his sleep,
His smile was on them sent.

I heard them hymn his name—his power;
I heard them, and I smiled;
How could they say the earth was ruled
By but a sleeping child?

I went then forth into the world
To see what might be there;
And there I heard a voice of wo,
Of weeping, and despair.

LANDON S POEMS.

I saw a youthful warrior stand
In his first light of fame,—
His native city fill'd the air
With her deliverer's name.

I saw him hurry from the crowd
And fling his laurel crown,
In weariness, in hopelessness,
In utter misery, down.

And what the sorrow, then I ask'd,
Can thus the warrior move,
To scorn his meed of victory?
They told me it was love.

I sought the forum, there was one
With dark and haughty brow,—
His voice was as the trumpet's tone,
Mine ear rings with it now.

They quail'd before his flashing eye,—
They watch'd his lightest word—
When suddenly that eye was dim,
That voice no longer heard.

I look'd upon his lonely hour,
The weary solitude;
When over dark and bitter thoughts
The sick heart's left to brood.

I mark'd the haughty spirit's strife
To rend its bonds in vain:
Again I ask'd the cause of all,
And heard love's name again.

Yet on I went; I thought that Love
To woman's gentle heart,
Perhaps, had flung a lighter shaft,
Had given a fairer part.

LANDON'S POEMS.

I look'd upon a lovely face,
Lit by a large dark eye;
But on the lash there was a tear
And on the lip a sigh.

I ask'd not why that form had droop'd,
Nor why that cheek was pale?
I heard the maiden's twilight song,
It told me all her tale.

I saw an urn, and round it hung
An April diadem
Of flowers, telling they mourn'd one
Faded and fair like them.

I turn'd to tales of other days,
They spoke of breath and bloom;
And proud hearts that were bow'd by love
Into an early tomb.

I heard of every suffering
That on this earth can be:
How can they call a sleeping child
A likeness, Love, of thee?

They cannot paint thee—let them dream
A dark and nameless thing;
Why give the likeness of the dove
Where is the serpent's sting?

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

And days fled by,
A cloud came o'er my destiny,
The dream of passion soon was past,
A summer's day may never last,
Yes, every feeling then knew change,
One only hope was left—revenge!
He wedded with another—tears
Are very vain, and as for fears
I know them not—I deeply swore
No lip should sigh where mine before
Had seal'd its vow, no heart should rest
Upon the bosom mine had prest.
Life had no ill I would not brave
To claim him, even in the grave!

FAIR is the form that in yon orange bower,
Like a lone spirit, bends beside the lamp,
Whose silver light is flung o'er clustering
 rose,
And myrtle with pearl buds and emerald
 leaves.
Green moss and azure violets have form'd
The floor, and fragrant bloom the canopy,
And perfumed shrubs and pillars, round whose
 stems
The vine has crept, and mix'd its purple
 fruit
Amid the rich-hued blossoms. Citron trees,
And beds of hyacinths, have sent their sweets
Upon the odorous dew of the night gale,
Which, playing with the trembling lamp,
 flings round
A changeful light—now glancing on the
 flowers,
And brightening every hue—now lost in
 shade.

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

Look out upon the night ! There is no star
In beauty visible—the moon is still
Sojourning in her shadowy hall—the clouds
Are thickening round ; but though the tem-
pest's wing

Will herald in the morning, all is still,
And calm, and soothing now,—no rougher
sounds

Than the low murmur of the mountain rill,
And the sweet music of the nightingale,
Are on the air. But a far darker storm,
The tempest of the heart, the evil war
Of fiery passions, is fast gathering
O'er that bright creature's head, whose fairy
bower

And fairy shape breathe but of happiness.
She is most beautiful ! The richest tint
That e'er with roselight dyed a summer
cloud,

Were pale beside her cheek ; her raven hair
Falls even to her feet, though fasten'd up
In many a curl and braid with bands of
pearl ;

And that white bosom and those rounded
arms

Are perfect as a statue's, when the skill
Of some fine touch has moulded it to beauty.
Yet there are tears within those radiant eyes,
And that fair brow is troubled ! She is
young ;

But her heart's youth is gone, and innocence,
And peace, and soft and gentle thoughts, have
fled

A breast, the sanctuary of unhallow'd fires.
That love has led to guilt. At each light
stir

Of but a waving branch, a falling leaf,

L A N D O N S P O E M S .

A deeper crimson burnt upon her cheek,
Each pulse beat eagerly, for every sound
To her was Fernand's step, and then she
sank

Pallid and tearful, with that sickening throb
Of sadness only love and fear can know.
The night pass'd on—she touch'd the silver
chords,

And answer'd with her voice her lone guitar.
It pleased her for a while ;—it soothes the
soul

To pour its thoughts in melancholy words ;
And if aught can charm sorrow, music can.
The song she chose was one her youth had
loved

Ere yet she knew the bitterness of grief,
But thought tears luxury :—

O take that starry wreath away,
Flip ~~off~~ not those roses o'er my lute !
The brow that thou wouldst crown is pale,
The chords thou would awaken, mute.

Look on those broken gems that lie
Beside those flowers, withering there ;
Those leaves were blooming round my lute,
Those gems were bright amid my hair.

And they may be a sign to tell
Of all the ruin love will make :
He comes in beauty, and then leaves
The hope to fade, the heart to break !

The song died in low sobs. " I ever felt
That it would come to this,—that I should
be
Forsaken and forgotten ! I would give

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

Life, more than life, those precious memories
Of happiness and Fernand—I'd forget
That I have been beloved, all I have known
Of rapture, all the dreams that long have been
My sole existence, but to feel again
As I felt ere I loved—ere I had given
My every hope as passion's sacrifice !"
Her face was hidden in her hands ; but tears
Trickled through her slight fingers—tears,
 those late
Vain tributes to remorse ! At length she
 rose,
And paced with eager steps her scented
 bower,
Then trimm'd her lamp, and gather'd flowers
 and leaves,
Twined them in wreaths, and placed them
 gracefully ;
Then felt the vanity of all her care,
And scatter'd them around. The morning
 broke,
And hastily she left the shade, to hide
From all her anxious heart—her misery !
That day she knew her fate—heard that Fer-
 nand
Was now betroth'd to the high-born Blanche.
Hermione wept not, although her heart
Swell'd nigh to bursting ; but she hid her
 thoughts :
Next morning she was gone ! - - - -
 The palace was all lustre ; like a dome,
A fairy dome, the roofs were all one blaze
With lamp and chandelier ; the mirrors shone
Like streams of light, and, waving gracefully,
The purple draperies hung festoon'd with
 wreaths,

LANDON'S POEMS.

That shed their incense round. Hall after
hall

Open'd in some new splendor. Proud the
feast

The duke to-night gives for his peerless child,
And Castile's noblest are all met to greet
Blanche and her gallant lover: princely
forms

And ladies beautiful, whose footsteps fell
Soft as the music which they echo'd; ligh
And melody, and perfume, and sweet shapes,
Mingled together like a glorious dream.—

Hermione is there! She has forsaken
Her woman's garb, her long dark tresses
float

Like weeds upon the Tagus, and no one
Can in that pale and melancholy boy
Recall the lovely woman. All in vain
She look'd for him she sought; but when one
pass'd

With raven hair and tall, her heart beat
high—

Then sank again, when her impatient
glance

Fell on a stranger's face. At length she
reach'd

A stately room, richer than all the rest,
For there were loveliest things, though not
of life:

Canvas, to which the painter's soul had
given

A heaven of beauty; and statues, which were
touch'd

With art so exquisite, the marble seem'd
Animate with emotion. It is strange,
Amid its deepest feelings, how the soul
Will cling to outward images as thus

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

It could forget its sickness ! There she gazed,
And envied the sad smile, the patient look,
Of a pale Magdalene : it told of grief,
But grief long since subdued. Half curtain'd
round

By vases fill'd with fragrant shrubs, were
shapes

Of Grecian deities and nymphs. She drew
Sad parallels with her of Crete, who wep
O'er her Athenian lover's perjury.
She left the hall of paintings, and pursued
A corridor which open'd to the air,
And enter'd in the garden : there awhile,
Beneath the shadow of a cypress tree,
She breathed the cooling gale. Amid the
shade

Of those bright groves were ladies lingering,
Who listened to most gentle things, and then
Blush'd like the roses near them ; and light
groups

Of gladsome dancers; gliding o'er the turf,
Like elfins reveling by the moonlight.
She look'd up to the lovely face of heaven :—
It was unclouded, and the rolling moon
Pass'd o'er the deep blue sky like happiness,
Leaving a trace of light. She gazed
around,—

There was no gloom but that within her
heart.

Ah, this is very loneliness to feel
So wholly destitute, without one thing
That has a portion in our wretchedness !

Then two came by—that voice to her was
death—

It was her false Fernand's ! A lovely girl
Hung on his arm, so soft, so delicate,

LANDON'S POEMS.

It seem'd a breath might sweep her from the
earth ;

And Fernand bent with so much tenderness
To catch the music of the timid voice,
Which dared not breathe its love-vow au-
dibly.

Hermione rush'd thence, as if her step
Had been upon the serpent's lair. That
night

She brooded o'er her wrongs, and bitterly
Pray'd for revenge ! - - - And this is Wo-
man's fate :

All her affections are call'd into life
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,
Her trusting heart, fill'd with weak tender-
ness,

Is left to bleed or break ! - - -

The marriage feast was spread, the guests
were round,

The halls were fill'd with mirth, and light,
and song.

High o'er the rest the youthful pair were
placed,

Beneath a canopy of fretted gold
And royal purple. With a shout they drank
Health and long blessedness to the fair bride !
And Fernand call'd for wine, to pledge them
back

His thanks. A slender Page approach'd, and
held

The golden cup ; - - - There is a marble
look

In the dark countenance of that pale boy
Ill suiting one so youthful. Fernand drain'd
The liquor to the dregs ; yet, while he drank,
He felt the eagle glance of that strange Page

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

Fix on him like a spell. With a wild laugh
Of fearless taunting, he took back the cup—
That laugh rang like a demon's curse! The
sounds
Of revelry one moment paused—they heard
Mutter'd the words—"Vengeance!" "Her-
mione!"
Blanche broke the silence by her shriek—Fer-
nand
Had fallen from his seat, his face was black
With inward agony—that draught bore fate:
That Page had poison'd him!—In dread they
turn'd
To where the murderer was: she had not
moved,
But stood with fixed eyes! the clouds of
death
Were on her face—she too had pledged the
cup!

THE LOVER'S ROCK

O why should Fate such pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining;
Or why so sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?
This world's wealth, when I think upon't
Is pride and a' the lave on't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave on't."—BURNS.

Most beautiful, most happy! must there
be
Clouds on thy sky, and thorns upon thy
path?

ANDON'S POEMS.

Love, why art thou so wretched? thou so
form'd

To be the blessedness of life, the last
Sweet relic left of Eden! Yet on thee,
Even on thee, the curse is laid! Thy cup
Has its full share of bitterness. The heart
Is chill'd, crush'd, and constrain'd by the cold
world,

Outraged and undervalued; the fine throb
Of feeling turned to ministers of grief;
All is so false around, affection's self
Becomes suspected. But of all drear lots
That love must draw from the dark urn of
fate,

There is one deepest misery—when two
hearts,

Born for each other, yet must beat apart.
Aye, this is misery, to check, conceal
That which should be our happiness and
glory;

To love, to be beloved again, and know
A gulf between us:—aye, 'tis misery!
This agony of passion, this wild faith,
Whose constancy is fruitless, yet is kept
Inviolat:—to feel that all life's hope,
And light, and treasure, cling to one from
whom

Our wayward doom divides us. Better far
To weep o'er treachery or broken vows,—
For time may teach their worthlessness:—or
pine

With unrequited love;—there is a pride
In the fond sacrifice—the cheek may lose
Its summer crimson; but at least the rose
Has wither'd secretly—at least, the heart
That has been victim to its tenderness,
Has sigh'd unecho'd by some one as true,

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

As wretched as itself. But to be loved
With feelings deep, eternal as our own,
And yet to know that we must quell those
feelings

With phantom shapes of prudence, worldly
care—

For two who live but in each other's life,
Whose only star in this dark world is love !
Alas, that circumstance has power to part
The destiny of true lovers !

Yonder rock

Has a wild legend of untoward love
Fond, faithful, and unhappy ! There it
stands

By the blue Guadalquivir ; the green vines
Are like a girdle round the granite pillars
Of its bare crags, and its dark shadow falls
Over an ancient castle at the base.

Its lord had a fair daughter, his sole child,—
Her picture is in the old gallery still ;
The frame is shatter'd, but the lovely face
Looks out in all its beauty ; 'tis a brow
Fresh, radiant as the spring,—a pencill'd arch,
One soft dark shadow upon mountain snow.
A small white hand flings back the raven
curls

From off the blue-vein'd temples ; on her
cheek

There is a color like the moss rosebud
When first it opens ere the sun and wind
Have kiss'd away its delicate slight blush.
And such a fairy shape, as those fine moulds
Of ancient Greece, whose perfect grace has
given

Eternity to beauty. She was loved !
And the wild songs that tell how she was
loved

LANDON'S POEMS.

Yet haunt their native valley. He was one
Who had each great and glorious gift, save
gold ;

Music was ever round his steps :—to him
There was deep happiness in nature's wild
And rich luxuriance, and he had the pride,
The buoyant hope, that genius ever feels
In dreaming of the path that it will carve
To immortality. A sweeter dream
Soon fill'd the young Leandro's heart : he
loved,

And all around grew Paradise,—Inez
Became to him existence, and her heart
Soon yielded to his gentle constancy.

They had roam'd forth together : the bright
dew

Was on the flowers that he knelt and gave,
Sweet tribute, to his idol. A dark brow
Was bent upon them—'tis her father's brow !
And Inez flung her on his neck and wept.
He was not one that prayers or tears might
move ;

For he had never known that passion's
power,

And could not pardon it in others. Love
To him was folly and a feverish dream,
A girl's most vain romance—he did but
mock

Its truth and its devotion. " You shall win
Your lady love," he said, with scornful smile,
" If you can bear her, ere the sun is set,
To yonder summit : 'tis but a light burden,
And I have heard that lovers can do won-
ders !"

He deem'd it might not be ; but what has
love

E'er found impossible ! - - - .

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

Leandro took his mistress in his arms
Crowds gather'd round to look on the pale
youth,

And his yet paler Inez : but she hid
Her face upon his bosom, and her hair,
Whose loose black tresses floated on the
wind,

Was wet with tears ! - - They paused to rest
awhile

Beneath a mulberry's cool sanctuary—
(Ill-omen'd tree, two lovers met their death
Beneath thy treacherous shade ! 'Twas in
old time

Even as now :)—it spread its branches round,
The fruit hung like dark rubies 'mid the
green

Of the thick leaves, and there like treasures
shone

Balls of bright gold, the silkworm's summer
palace.

Leandro spoke most cheerfully, and soothed
The weeping girl beside him ; but when next
He loosed her from his arms he did not speak,
And Inez wept in agony to look

Upon his burning brow. The veins were
swell'd,

The polish'd marble of those temples now
Were turn'd to crimson—the large heavy
drops

Roll'd over his flush'd cheek—his lips were
parch'd,

And moisten'd but with blood : each breath he
drew

Was a convulsive gasp ! She bathed his
face

With the cool stream, and laid her cheek to
his—

LANDON'S POEMS.

Bade him renounce his perilous attempt,
And said, at least they now might die together !

He did not listen to her words, but watch'd
The reddening west—the sun was near the
wave :

He caught the fainting Inez in his arms—
One desperate struggle—he has gain'd the
top,

And the broad sun has sunk beneath the
river !

A shout arose from those who watch'd ; but
why

Does still Leandro kneel, and Inez hang
Motionless round his neck ? The blood has
gush'd—

The lifeblood from his heart ! a vein had
burst.

- - - And Inez was dead too ! - - -

THE PAINTER.

"I know not which is the most fatal gift
Genius or love, for both alike are ruled
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence."

HE was a lonely and neglected child !
His cheek was colorless, save when the flush
Of strong emotion master'd its still white-
ness :

His dark eyes seemed all heaviness and
gloom,
So rarely were they raised. His mother's
love

THE PAINTER.

Was for her other children : they were fair,
And had health's morning hues and sunny
looks.

She had not seen him, when he watch'd the
sun

Setting at eve, like an idolater,
Until his cheek grew crimson in the light
Of the all-radiant heaven, and his eyes
Were passionately eloquent, all fill'd
With earth's most glorious feelings. And his
father,

A warrior and a hunter, one whose grasp
Was ever on the bridle or the brand,
Had no pride in a boy whose joy it was
To sit for hours by a fountain side
Listening its low and melancholy song.
Or wander through the gardens silently,
As if with leaves and flowers alone he held
Aught of companionship. In his first years
They sent him to a convent, for they said
Its solitude would suit with Guido's mood.
And there he dwelt, while treasuring those
rich thoughts
That are the food on which young genius
lives.

He rose to watch the sunlight over Rome
Break from its purple shadows, making glad
Even that desolate city, whose dim towers,
Ruins, and palaces, seem as they look'd
Back on departed time. Then in the gloom
Of his own convent's silent burying ground,
Where, o'er the quiet dead, the cypresses
mourn'd,

He pass'd the noon, dreaming those dear day-
dreams,
Not so much hopes as fancies. Then at
eve,

LANDON'S POEMS.

When through the painted windows the red
sun

Rainbow'd the marble floor with radiant hues,
Where spread the ancient church's stately
arch,

He stay'd, till the deep music of the nymn,
Chanted to the rich organ's rolling notes,
Bade farewell to the day. Then to his cell
He went, and through the casement's iron
bars

The moon look'd on him, tenderly as Love,
Lighting his slumber. On the church's
wall

There hung one lovely portrait, and for
hours

Would Guido, in the fullness of his heart,
Kneel, watching till he wept. The subject
was

A dying Magdalene. Her long black hair
Spread round her like a shroud, one pale thin
hand

Pillow'd a cheek as thin and pale, and scarce
The blue light of the eyes was visible
For the death dampness on the darkened
lids;—

As one more effort to look on the cross,
Which seem'd just falling from the fainting
arm,

And they would close forever. In that look
There was a painter's immortality,
And Guido felt it deeply, for a gift
Like his whose work that was, was given
him,—

A gift of beauty and of power,—and soon
He lived but in the exquisite creations
His pencil call'd to life. But as his thoughts
Took wider range, he languish'd to behold

THE PAINTER.

More of a world he thought must be so fair,
So fill'd with glorious shapes. It chanced that
he

Whose hand had traced that pale sad loveli-
ness,

Came to the convent; with rejoicing wonder
He mark'd how like an unknown mine, whose
gold

Gathers in silence, had young Guido's mind
Increased in lonely richness; every day
New veins of splendid thought sprang into
life,

And Guido left his convent cell with one
Who, like a geni, bore him into scenes
Of marvel and enchantment. And then first
Did Guido feel how very precious praise
Is to young genius, like sunlight on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit. And time pass'd
on:—

The lonely and neglected child became
One whom all Rome was proud of, and he
dwelt

There in the sunshine of his spreading fame.

There was a melancholy beauty shed
Over his pictures, as the element
In which his genius lived was sorrow. Love
He made most lovely, but yet ever sad;
Passionate partings, such as wing the heart
Till tears are lifeblood; meetings, when the
cheek

Has lost all hope of health in the long part-
ing;

The grave, with one mourning in solitude:
These made his fame, and were his excel-
lence,—

The painter of deep tears. He had just
gain'd

LANDON'S POEMS.

The summer of his glory and of his days,
When his remembering art was call'd to give
A longer memory to one whose life
Was but a thread. Her history may be told
In one word—love. And what has love e'er
been

But misery to woman? Still she wish'd—
It was a dying fancy which betray'd
How much, though known how false its god
had been,
Her soul clung to its old idolatry,—
To send her pictured semblance to the false
one.

She hoped—how love will hope!—it might
recall

The young and lovely girl his cruelty
Had worn to this dim shadow; it might
wake

Those thousand fond and kind remembrances
Which he had utterly abandon'd, while
The true heart he had treasured next his
own

A little time, had never ceased to beat
For only him, until it broke. She leant
Beside a casement when first Guido look'd
Upon her wasted beauty. 'Twas the brow,
The Grecian outline in its perfect grace,
That he had learnt to worship in his youth,
By gazing on that Magdalene, whose face
Was yet a treasure in his memory;
But sunken were the temples,—they had lost
Their ivory roundness, yet still clear as day
The veins shone through them, shaded by the
braids,

Just simply parted back, of the dark hair,
Where grief's white traces mock'd at youth.
A flush,

THE PAINTER.

As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on
her cheek,

'Then linger'd there forever, look'd like
health

Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip;
Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,
Brightest when night is coming. Guido took
Just one slight sketch; next morning she was
dead!

Yet still he painted on, until his heart
Grew to the picture,—it became his world,—
He lived but in its beauty, made his art
Sacred to it alone. No more he gave
To the glad canvas green and summer dreams
Of the Italian valleys; traced no more
The dark eyes of its lovely daughters, look'd
And caught the spirit of fine poetry
From glorious statues: these were pass'd
away.

Shade after shade, line after line, each day
Gave life to the sweet likeness. Guido
dwelt

In intense worship on his own creation,
Till his cheek caught the hectic tinge he
drew,

And his thin hand grew tremulous. One
night—

The portrait was just finish'd, save a touch,
A touch to give the dark light of the eyes—
He painted till the lamps grew dim, his hand
Scarce conscious what it wrought; at length
his lids

Closed in a heavy slumber, and he dream'd
That a fair creature came and kiss'd his brow,
And bade him follow her: he knew the look,
And rose. Awakening, he found himself
Kneeling before the portrait:—'twas so fair

LANDON'S POEMS.

He deem'd it lived, and press'd his burning
lips
To the sweet mouth ; his soul pass'd in that
kiss,—
Young Guido died beside his masterpiece !

THE SPANISH PAGE.

OR, THE CITY'S RANSOM.

SHE was a chieftain's daughter, and he a cap-
tive boy,
Yet, playmates and companions, they shared
each childish joy ;
Their dark hair often mingled, they wander'd
hand in hand,
But at last the golden ransom restored him to
his land.
A lovely town is Seville, amid the summer
air,
But, though it be a little town, Xenilla is as
fair ;
Fair are the glittering minarets where the
purple daylight falls,
And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in
its walls.

But its pleasant days are over, for an army
girds it round,
With the banner of the red cross, and the
Christian trumpet's sound ;

THE SPANISH PAGE.

They have sworn to raze the city that in the
sunshine stood,
And its silvery singing fountains shall flow
with Moslem blood.
Fierce is the Christian leader, a young and
orphan lord,
For all the nobles of his house fell by the
Moorish sword ;
Himself was once a captive, till redeem'd by
Spanish gold,
Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an
hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reach'd where
a maiden lay,
Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from
earth away.
Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the
court below,
But the maiden's dream of childhood was dis-
turb'd by wail and wo.
She question'd of the tumult ; her pale slaves
told the cause ;
The color mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath
she draws ;
She call'd her friends around her, she whis-
per'd soft and low,
Like music from a wind-touch'd lute her lan-
guid accents flow.

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her
weary head ;
They look'd upon the dark-eyed maid—they
look'd upon the dead.

LANDON'S POEMS.

That evening, ere the sunset grew red above
the town,
A funeral train upon the hills came winding
slowly down ;
They come with mournful chanting, they bear
the dead along,
The sentinels stood still to hear that melan-
choly song :
To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they
laid it at his feet,
Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale face
to meet.

As if in quiet slumber the Moorish maid was
laid,
And her white hands were folded, as if in
death she pray'd ;
Her long black hair on either side was parted
on her brow,
And her cold cheek was colder than marble or
than snow.
Yet lovelier than a living thing she met the
warrior's gaze,
Around her was the memory of many happy
days.
He knew his young companion, though long
dark years had flown ;
Well had she kept her childish faith—she was
in death his own.

“ Bring ye this here, a ransom for those de-
voted walls ! ”
None answer'd—but around the tent a deeper
silence falls ;

THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.

None knew the maiden's meaning, save he
who bent above,

Ah! only love can read within the hidden
heart of love.

There came from these white silent lips more
eloquence than breath,

The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of
death.

He felt their old familiar love had ties he
could not break,

The warrior spared the Moorish town for that
dead maiden's sake.



THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.

No more the voice of feasting is heard amid
those halls,

The grass grows o'er the hearthstone, the fern
o'ertops the walls;

And yet those scenes are present, as they were
of our age—

Such is the mighty mastery of one enchanted
page.

The name of Scott awakens a world within
the heart;

The scenes are not more real wherein our-
selves have part.

Beneath the tree in sunshine—beside the
hearth in snow,

What hours of deep enjoyment to him and his
we owe!

LANDON'S POEMS.

And yet recall the giver—recall him as those
saw
Before his glorious being obey'd our nature's
law ;
His strength has soon departed—his cheek is
sunk and wan—
He is, before his season, a worn and weary
man.

The fine creative spirit that lit his path of
yore,
Its light remains for others—it warms him-
self no more
The long and toilsome midnight, the fever and
the haste,
The trouble and the trial, have done their
work of waste.

And such is still the recompense appointed
for the mind,
That seeketh, with its eyes afar, the glory of
its kind.
The poet yields the beautiful that in his being
lives :
Unthankful, cold, and careless, are they to
whom he gives.

They dwell amid his visions—for new delights
they cry ;
But he who form'd the lovely may lay him
down and die.
Then comes the carved marble—then late re-
morse is shown,
And the poet's search for sympathy ends in a
funeral stone.

GIBRALTAR.

SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE.

At first, I only buried one,
And she was borne along
By kindred mourners to her grave,
With sacred rite and song.
At first they sent for me to pray
Beside the bed of death :
They bless'd their household, and they breath'd
Prayer in their latest breath.
But then men died more rapidly—
They had not time to pray ;
And from the pillow love had smooth'd
Fear fled in haste away.
And then there came the fasten'd door—
'Then came the guarded street—
Friends in the distance watch'd for friends ;
Watch'd,—that they might not meet.
And Terror by the hearth stood cold,
And rent all natural ties,
And men, upon the bed of death,
Met only stranger eyes :
The nurse—and guard, stern, harsh, and wan
Remain'd, unpitying, by ;
They had known so much wretchedness,
They did not fear to die.
Heavily rung the old church bells,
But no one came to prayer :
The weeds were growing in the street,
Silence and Fate were there.
O'er the first grave by which I stood,
Tears fell, and flowers were thrown,
The last grave held six hundred lives,
And there I stood alone.

THE BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE.

Love! summer flower, how soon thou art decay'd,
Opening amid a paradise of sweets,
Dying with wither'd leaves and canker'd stem!
The very memory of thy happiness
Departed with thy beauty; breath and bloom
Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hast made
So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,
Left but a desolation.

'T WAS one of those sweet spots which seem
just made
For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt;
The maiden's blush would look so beautiful
By those white roses, and the poet's dream
Would be so soothing, lull'd by the low notes
The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply
Is murmur'd by the wind: the grass beneath
Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs
Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as
love.

The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce
His rays may pierce through the dim shade,
yet still

Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,
And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright
As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stay'd
to gaze

Upon this Eden of the painter's art,
And, looking on its loveliness, forgot
The crowded world around them!—But a spell
Stronger than the green landscape fix'd the
eye—

THE BASQUE GIRL.

The spell of woman's beauty !—By a beech
Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,
There stood a radiant girl ! her chestnut hair—
One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell
In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow
And grace were like the swan's ; she wore the
garb

Of her own village, and her small white feet
And slender ankles, delicate as carved
From Indian ivory, were bare—the turf
Seem'd scarce to feel their pressure. There
she stood !

Her head lean'd on her arm, the beech's trunk
Supporting her slight figure, and one hand
Prest to her heart, as if to still its throbs !—
You never might forget that face,—so young,
So fair, yet traced with such deep characters
Of inward wretchedness ! The eyes were dim,
With tears on the dark lashes ; still the lip
Could not quite lose its own accusom'd smile ;
Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch
And tender playfulness : you look'd and said,
What can have shadow'd such a sunny brow ?
There is so much of natural happiness
In that bright countenance, it seems but form'd
For spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter
dews,

You turn'd away—then came—and look'd
again,

Watching the pale and silent loveliness,
Till even sleep was haunted by that image.
There was a sever'd chain upon the ground—
Ah, love is even more fragile than its gifts !
A tress of raven hair :—O, only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows ! A dead flower

LANDON'S POEMS.

Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree
Had two slight words graven upon its stem—
The broken heart's last record of its faith—
"ADIEU, HENRI!"

. . . I learnt the history of the lovely picture:

It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given
To one as far above her as the pine
Towers o'er the lowly violet: yet still
She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet
The many trammels of the world were flung
Around a heart whose first and latest pulse
Throbb'd but for beauty: him, the young, the
brave,

Chivalrous prince, whose name in after years
A nation was to worship—that young heart
Beat with its first wild passion—that pure
feeling

Life only once may know. I will not dwell
On how Affection's bark was launch'd and
lost:—

Love, thou hast hopes like summers, short and
bright,

Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,
Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness
Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known
Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere
Thy presence is confess'd; but, once reveal'd,
We bow us down in passionate devotion
Vow'd to thy altar, then the serpents wake
That coil around thy votaries—hopes that
make

Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,
And last, worst poison of thy cup—neglect!
. . . It matters little how she was forgotten,
Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.

THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

She pray'd her lover but to say farewell—
To meet her by the river where such hours
Of happiness had pass'd, and said she knew
How much she was beneath him; but she
pray'd

That he would look upon her face once more!
. . . He sought the spot—upon the beechen
tree

“ADIEU, HENRI!” was graven, and his heart
Felt cold within him! He turn'd to the wave,
And there the beautiful peasant floated—Death
Had seal'd Love's sacrifice!



THE PAINTER'S LOVE

YOUR skies are blue, your sun is bright;
But sky nor sun has that sweet light
Which gleam'd upon the summer sky
Of my own lovely ITALY!
'Tis long since I have breathed the air,
Which, fill'd with odors, floated there,—
Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by,
Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh;—
'Tis long since I have seen the vine
With Autumn's topaz clusters shine!
And watch'd the laden branches bending,
And heard the vintage songs ascending;
'Tis very long since I have seen
The ivy's death-wreath, cold and green,
Hung round the old and broken stone
Raised by the hands now dead and gone
I do remember one lone spot,
By most unnoticed or forgot—

Would that I too recall'd it not !
 It was a little temple, gray,
 With half its pillars worn away,
 No roof left, but one cypress tree
 Flinging its branches mournfully :
 In ancient days this was a shrine
 For goddess or for nymph divine.
 And sometimes I have dream'd I heard
 A step soft as a lover's word,
 And caught a perfume on the air,
 And saw a shadow gliding fair,
 Dim, sad as if it came to sigh
 O'er thoughts, and things, and time pass'd by !
 On one side of the temple stood
 A deep and solitary wood,
 Where chestnuts rear'd their giant length,
 And mock'd the fallen column's strength ;
 It was the lone wood-pigeon's home,
 And flocks of them would oftentimes come,
 And, lighting on the temple, pour
 A cooing dirge to days no more !
 And by its side there was a lake
 With only snow-white swans to break,
 With ebon feet and silver wing,
 The quiet waters' glittering.
 And when sometimes, as eve closed in,
 I waked my lonely mandolin,
 The gentle birds came gliding near,
 As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past, my happiness
 Was all too pure and passionless !
 I waked from calm and pleasant dreams
 To watch the morning's earliest gleams,
 Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew,
 Till my cheek caught its rosy hue ;
 And when uprose the bright-eyed moon,

THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

I sorrow'd day was done so soon ;
Save that I loved the sweet starlight,
The soft, the happy sleep of night !

Time has changed since, and I have wept
The day away ; and when I slept,
My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears
And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears,
Even in slumber held their reign,
And gnaw'd my heart, and rack'd my brain !
O such,—most withering, 'tis to feel
The hours like guilty creatures steal,
To wish the weary day was past,
And yet to have no hope at last !
All's in that curse, aught else above,
That fell on me—betrayed love !

There was a stranger sought our land,
A youth, who with a painter's hand
Traced out sweet valleys and our vines,
The moonlight on the ruin'd shrines,
And now and then the brow of pearl
And black eyes of the peasant girl ;
We met and loved—ah ! even now
My pulse throbs to recall that vow
Our first kiss seal'd, we stood beneath
The cypress tree's funereal wreath,
That temple's roof. But what thought I
Of aught like evil augury !
I only felt his burning sighs,
I only look'd within his eyes,
I saw no dooming star above,
There is such happiness in love !
I left, with him, my native shore,
Not as a bride who passes o'er
Her father's threshold with his blessing,
With flowers strewn and friends caressing,

LONDON'S POEMS.

Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer
The bashfulness of maiden fear ;
But I—I fled as culprits fly,
By night, watch'd only by one eye,
Whose look was all the world to me,
And it met mine so tenderly,
I thought not of the days to come,
I thought not of my own sweet home,
Nor of mine aged father's sorrow,—
Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow.
I left my home, and I was left
A stranger in his land, bereft
Of even hope ; there was not one
Familiar face to look upon.—
Their speech was strange. This penalty
Was meet ; but surely not from thee,
False love !—'twas not for thee to break
The heart but sullied for thy sake !—

I could have wish'd once more to see
Thy green hills, loveliest ITALY !
I could have wish'd yet to have hung
Upon the music of thy tongue ;
I could have wish'd thy flowers to bloom—
Thy cypress planted by the tomb !
This wish is vain, my grave must be
Far distant from my own country !
I must rest here. O lay me then
By the white church in yonder glen,
Amid the darkening elms, it seems,
Thus silvered over by the beams
Of the pale moon, a very shrine
For wounded hearts—it shall be mine !
There is one corner, green and lone,
A dark yew over it has thrown
Long, nightlike boughs ; 'tis thickly set
With primrose and with violet.

ON A STAR.

'Their bloom's now past ; but in the spring
They will be sweet and glistening.
There is a bird, too, of your clime,
That sings there in the winter time :
My funeral hymn his song will be,
Which there are none to chant, save he ;
And let there be memorial none,
No name upon the cold white stone ;
The only heart where I would be
Remember'd, is now dead to me !
I would not even have him weep
O'er his Italian love's last sleep.
O, tears are a most worthless token
When hearts they would have soothed are
broken !

ON A STAR.

BEAUTIFUL star, that art wandering through
The midnight ocean's waves of blue !
I have watch'd since thy first pale ray
Rose on the farewell of summer's day,—
From thy first sweet shrine on the twilight
hour,
To thy present blaze of beauty and power !
Would I could read my destiny,
Lovely and glorious star, in thee !
Yet why should I wish ?—I know too well
What thy tablet of light would tell
What, O what could I read there,
But the depths of Love's despair,—
Blighted feelings, like leaves that fall
The first from April's coronal,—
Hopes like meteors, that shine and depart—
An early grave, and a broken heart !

SONG.

Oh, never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy Hope lay down to sleep,
Like a child, among the flowers.

But Hope has waken'd since, and wept,
Like a rainbow, itself away ;
And the flowers have faded and fallen around,
We have none for a wreath to-day.

Now wisdom wakes in the place of Hope,
And our hearts are like winter hours :
Ah, after life has been little worth
That early dream of ours !

SONG.

I PRAY thee let me weep to-night,
'Tis rarely I am weeping ;
My tears are buried in my heart,
Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping

But O, to-night, those words of thine
Have brought the past before me ;
And shadows of long-vanish'd years
Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I loved in early youth,
The faithless and forgetting,
Whom, though they were not worth my love,
I cannot help regretting ;—

ONE DAY.

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,
But now the hard, the frozen ;
The errors I've too long pursued,
The path I should have chosen ;—

The hopes that are like failing lights
Around my pathway dying ;
The consciousness none others rise,
Their vacant place supplying ;—

The knowledge by experience taught,
The useless, the repelling ;
For what avails to know how false
Is all the charmer's telling ?

I would give worlds, could I believe
One half that is profess'd me ;
Affection ! could I think it Thee
When Flattery has caress'd me ?

I cannot bear to think of this,—
O leave me to my weeping !
A few tears for that grave, my heart,
Where hope in death is sleeping.

ONE DAY.

And this the change from morning to midnight.

THE sunshine of the morning
Is abroad upon the sky,
And glorious as that red sunshine
The crimson banners fly ;

LANDON'S POEMS.

The snow-white plumes are dancing,
Flash casques and helms of gold :
'Tis the gathering of earth's chivalry,
Her proud, her young, her bold.
The fiery steeds are foaming,
Sweeps by the trumpet blast,
I hear a long and pealing shout,
The soldier bands are past.

The sunshine of the morning
Is abroad upon the sea ;
And mistress of the wave and wind
Yon vessel seems to be.
Like the pine-tree of the forest
Her tall mast heavenward springs,
Her white sails bear her onward
Like the eagle's rushing wings.
That deck is nobly laden,
For gallant hearts are there ;
What danger is't they would not face,
The deed they would not dare ?

The sunshine of the morning
Is abroad upon the hills,
With the singing of the greenwood leaves
And of a thousand rills.
There springs the youthful hunter
With his winged spear and bow,
He hath the falcon's flashing eye,
The fleet foot of the roe.
He goes with a light carol,
And his own heart is light ;
On, on he bounds from rock to rock,
Rejoicing in his might.

The sunshine of the morning
Is abroad upon yon fane,

ONE DAY.

There, 'mid his country's monuments,
Dreams the young bard his strain.
Stand there on marble pedestal
The great of olden time :
Marvel ye the minstrel's brow is flush'd
With thoughts and hopes sublime ?

The moonshine of the midnight
Is abroad upon the plain :
Where gather'd morning's glorious ranks,
There welter now the slain.
Thousands are sunk there dying,
Pillow'd upon the dead ;
The banner lies by the white plume,
But both alike are red.

The moonshine of the midnight
Is abroad upon the seas :
The waves have risen in their might
To battle with the breeze.
That ship has been the victim ;
Stranded on yon bleak coast,
She has lost her mast, her winged sails,
And her deck its warlike boast.
O'er her bravest sweep the waters,
And a pale and ghastly band
Cling to the black rock's side, or pace
Like ghosts the sullen strand.

The moonshine of the midnight
Is abroad upon the hills ;
No hunter's step is ringing there
No horn the echo fills.
He is laid on a snow pillow,
Which his red heart-blood has dyed ;
One false step, and a jagg'd rock
Enter'd the hunter's side.

LONDON'S POEMS.

The moonshine of the midnight
Is shining o'er the fane :
Where the bard awoke the morning song
He'll never wake again.
Go thou to yon lone cavern,
Where the lonely ocean sweeps
There, silent as its darkness,
A maniac vigil keeps.
'Tis the bard : his curse is on him,
His fine mind is o'erthrown,
Contempt hath jarr'd its tuneful chords,
Neglect destroy'd its tone.

These are but few from many
Of life's checker'd scenes ; yet these
Are but as all.—pride, power, hope,
Then weakness, grief, disease.
O glory of the morning !
O ye gifted, young, and brave !
What end have ye, but midnight ?
What find ye, but the grave ?

LOVE'S LAST LESSON.

TEACH it me, if you can—forgetfulness !
I surely shall forget, if you can bid me ;
I who have worshipp'd thee, my god on earth,
I who have bow'd me at thy lightest word.
Your last command, " Forget me," will it not
Sink deeply down within my inmost soul ?
Forget thee !—ay, forgetfulness will be
A mercy to me. By the many nights
When I have wept for that I dared not sleep,

LOVE'S LAST LESSON.

A dream had made me live my woes again
Acting my wretchedness, without the hope
My foolish heart still clings to, though that
hope

Is like the opiate which may lull awhile,
Then wake to double torture ; by the days
Pass'd in lone watching and in anxious fears,
When a breath sent the crimson to my cheek,
Like the red gushing of a sudden wound ;
By all the careless looks and careless words
Which have to me been like the scorpion's
stinging ;

By happiness blighted, and by thee, forever ;
By the eternal work of wretchedness ;
By all my wither'd feelings, ruin'd health,
Crush'd hopes, and rifled heart, I will forget
thee !

Alas ! my words are vanity. Forget thee !
Thy work of wasting is too surely done.
The April shower may pass and be forgotten,
The rose fall and one fresh spring in its place,
And thus it may be with light summer love.
It was not thus with mine : it did not spring,
Like the bright color on an evening cloud,
Into a moment's life, brief, beautiful ;
Not amid lighted halls, when flatteries
Steal on the ear like dew upon the rose,
As soft, as soon dispersed, as quickly pass'd ;
But you first call'd my woman's feelings forth,
And taught me love ere I had dream'd love's
name.

I loved unconsciously ; your name was all
'That seem'd in language, and to me the world
Was only made for you ; in solitude,
When passions hold their interchange to-
gether,
Your image was the shadow of my thought ;

Never did slave, before his Eastern lord,
 Tremble as I did when I met your eye,
 And yet each look was counted as a prize ;
 I laid your words up in my heart like pearls
 Hid in the ocean's treasure cave. At last
 I learn'd my heart's deep secret : for I hoped,
 I dream'd you loved me ; wonder, fear, delight,
 Swept my heart like a storm ; my soul, my life,
 Seem'd all too little for your happiness ;
 Had I been mistress of the starry worlds
 That light the midnight, they had all been
 yours,
 And I had deem'd such boon but poverty ;
 As it was, I gave all I could—my love,
 My deep, my true, my fervent, faithful love ;
 And now you bid me learn forgetfulness :
 It is a lesson that I soon shall learn.
 There is a home of quiet for the wretched,
 A somewhat dark, and cold, and silent rest,
 But still it is rest,—for it is the grave.

She flung aside the scroll, as it had part
 In her great misery. Why should she write ?
 What could she write ? Her woman's pride
 forbade

To let him look upon her heart, and see
 It was in utter ruin ; and cold words,
 And scorn and slight, that may repay his own,
 Were as foreign language, to whose sound
 She might not frame her utterance. Down
 she bent

Her head upon an arm so white that tears
 Seemed but the natural melting of its snow,
 Touch'd by the flush'd cheek's crimson ; yet
 life-blood

Less wrings in shedding than such tears as
 those.

LOVE'S LAST LESSON.

And this then is loves's ending ! It is like
The history of some fair southern clime.
Hot fires are in the bosom of the earth,
And the warm'd soil puts forth its thousand
 flowers,
Its fruits of gold, summer's regality,
And sleep and odors float upon the air :
At length the subterranean element
Breaks from its secret dwelling-place, and lays
All waste before it ; the red lava stream
Sweeps like the pestilence ; and that which
 was
A garden in its colors and its breath,
Fit for the princess of a fairy tale,
Is as a desert, in whose burning sands,
And ashy waters, who is there can trace
A sign, a memory of its former beauty ?
It is thus with the heart ; love lights it up
With hopes like young companions, and with
 joys
Dreaming deliciously of their sweet selves.

This is at first ; but what is the result ?
Hopes that lie mute in their own sullenness,
For they have quarrell'd even with themselves,
And joys indeed like birds of Paradise :*
And in their stead despair coils scorpionlike
Stinging itself ; and the heart, burnt and
 crush'd
With passion's earthquake, scorch'd and
 wither'd up,
Lies in its desolation,—this is love.

* In Eastern tales, the bird of Paradise never rests on earth.

LONDON'S POEMS.

What is the tale that I would tell ? Not
one

Of strange adventure ; but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness ; one to be read
Daily in many a young and blighted heart.
The lady whom I spake of rose again
From the red fever's couch, to careless eyes
Perchance the same as she had ever been.
But O how altered to herself ! She felt
That birdlike pining for some gentle home
To which affection might attach itself,
That weariness which hath but outward part
In what the world calls pleasure, and that chill
Which makes life taste the bitterness of death.

And he she loved so well,—what opiate
Lull'd consciousness into its selfish sleep ?—
He said he loved her not ; that never vow
Or passionate pleading won her soul for him ;
And that he guess'd not her deep tenderness.

Are words, then, only false ? are there no
looks

Mute but most eloquent ; no gentle cares
That win so much upon the fair weak things
They seem to guard ? And had he not long
read

Her heart's hush'd secret in the soft dark eye
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek
Coloring all crimson at his slightest look ?
This is the truth ; his spirit wholly turn'd
To stern ambition's dream, to that fierce strife
Which leads to life's high places, and reck'd
not

What lovely flowers might perish in his path

APRIL.

And here at length is somewhat of revenge :
For man's most golden dreams of pride and
power
Are vain as any woman dreams of love ;
Both end in weary brow and wither'd heart,
And the grave closes over those whose hopes
Have lain there long before.

APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so fill'd
With sweet variety.

The apple-blossoms' shower of rose,
The pear-tree's pearly hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfume of the East
Had all their odors shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear ;
The bird's eye, like a sapphire star ;
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose ;
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

LANDON'S POEMS.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower ;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine ;
Then clouds again, but brighten'd with
The rainbow's color'd line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me !
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love ; O love should be
An ever-changing thing !
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright ;
Or form'd of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to-day ;
This moment's look of tenderness,
The next one must be gay.

Sweet April ! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be ;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

I do not remember one
single Romance, however
perfect, which does not end
in the death of both Hero
& Heroine; nor one instance
in which the Hero ever re-
mained as faithful as his
sweet heart - Granting it
now has more fidelity than
many, I should never then
think there were some ex-
ceptions -

"And whose name was
like morning's dew -
A name with which I
could not, alas, love,
A spirit-bright
One never dies, but is dead at -

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